March 9, 1940

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Collier's

THE N L WEEKLY

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THE NEW MUSSOLINI By Fr

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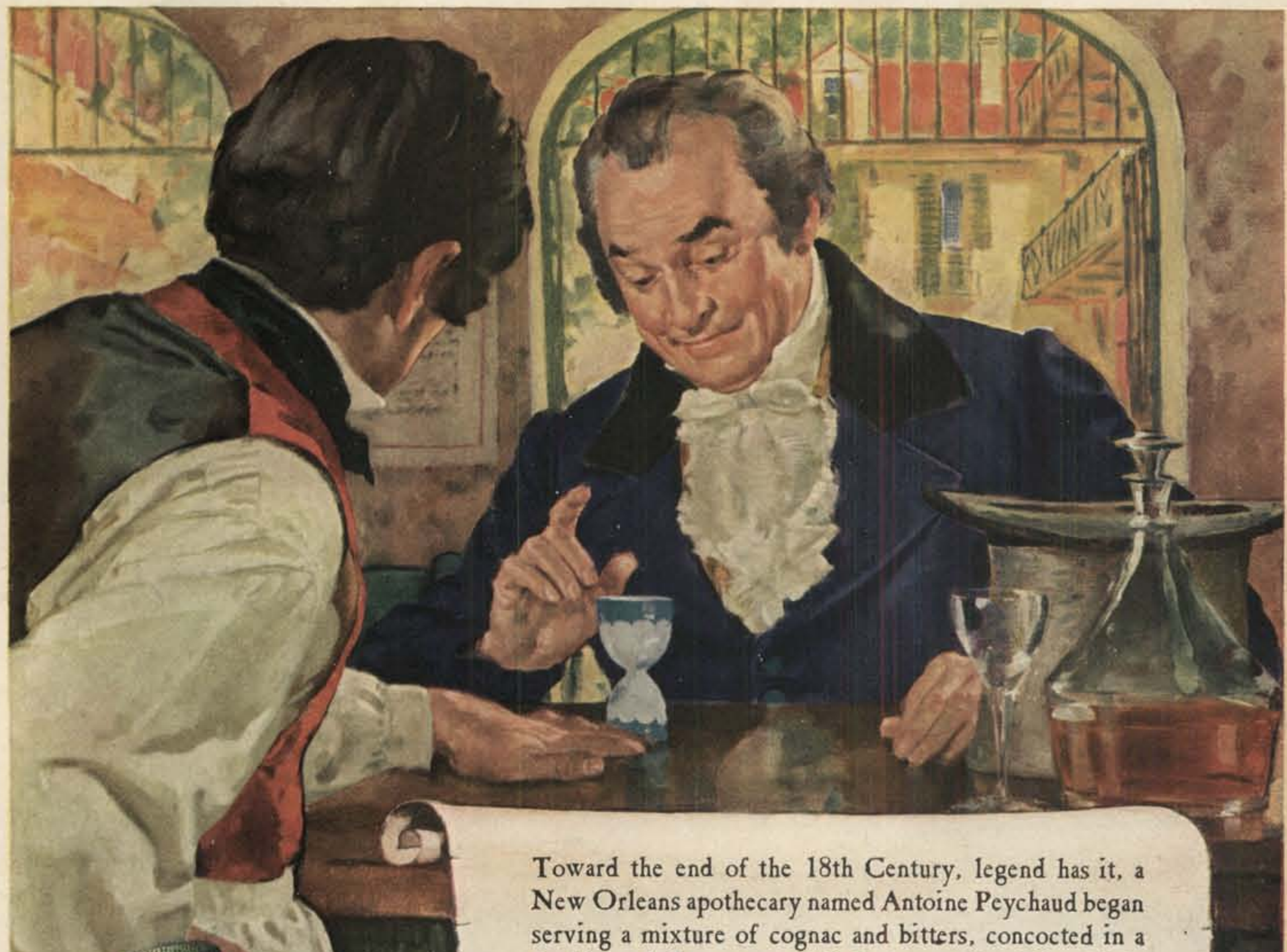
March 9, 1940

Do you know WHY WE SAY "COCKTAIL"?

No. 21 of a series:
FACTS
BEHIND OUR
HUMAN CUSTOMS



Toward the end of the 18th Century, legend has it, a New Orleans apothecary named Antoine Peychaud began serving a mixture of cognac and bitters, concocted in a double-ended egg cup called a *coquetier*. The drink, named for its container, soon caught on in the Americanized form of "cocktay." Today we call it "cocktail"!

• A Free Booklet Describing the Origin of Human Customs sent on request.

TURN
Glenmore
Glenmore
90 PROOF
ONE PINT
KENTUCKY
Straight
Bourbon
Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
Glenmore Distilleries Co.
INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

*H*ere's the Formula for a Finer Flavored Cocktail

Make it with GLENMORE. Its traditional difference . . . the full-bodied brilliance that sets it apart from other whiskies . . . works miracles in a mixed drink. Try it—just once. *Then* you'll appreciate the *quality* that has brought this unequalled record of popularity: GLENMORE is the only distillery to have produced More Than One Million Barrels of Fine Kentucky Bourbon.

FREE—we will gladly send you a copy of the Old Colonel's recipe booklet of famous Kentucky drinks.

Pour
Glenmore
. . . you get more

Gold Label—100 Proof
Silver Label—90 Proof

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LOUISVILLE—OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

Look for the Glenmore Colonel . . . symbol of the proudest names in Kentucky whiskies.

GLENMORE'S
KENTUCKY TAVERN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND

The Aristocrat of Bonds
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey—Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

GLENMORE'S
Tom Hardy
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

You ought to know
TOM HARDY
A Blend of Straight Whiskies
90 Proof

GLENMORE'S
mint Springs

Change to **MINT SPRINGS** *and keep the change*
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
86.8 Proof

Copr. 1940, Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.

Now See Which Car Gives Most for Your Money

Now, in "One-Two" order, you can see how "All 3" low-priced cars stack up on quality...how they compare with high-priced cars. ❶ See the 1940 Quality Chart. It shows you what each of "All 3" low-priced cars gives you in features that spell greater size, comfort, safety, economy. ❷ Take Plymouth's Luxury Ride. It's a thrilling experience that will open your eyes to the greater motoring pleasure low price now buys.

1940 QUALITY CHART
"Low-Priced Cars with Leading ... in Quality Features
YES
NO

PICK YOUR BEST BUY THE EASY "ONE-TWO" WAY

1. SEE THE QUALITY CHART FOR FACTS

2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE FOR PROOF

OF 22 IMPORTANT FEATURES FOUND IN LEADING HIGH-PRICED CARS—

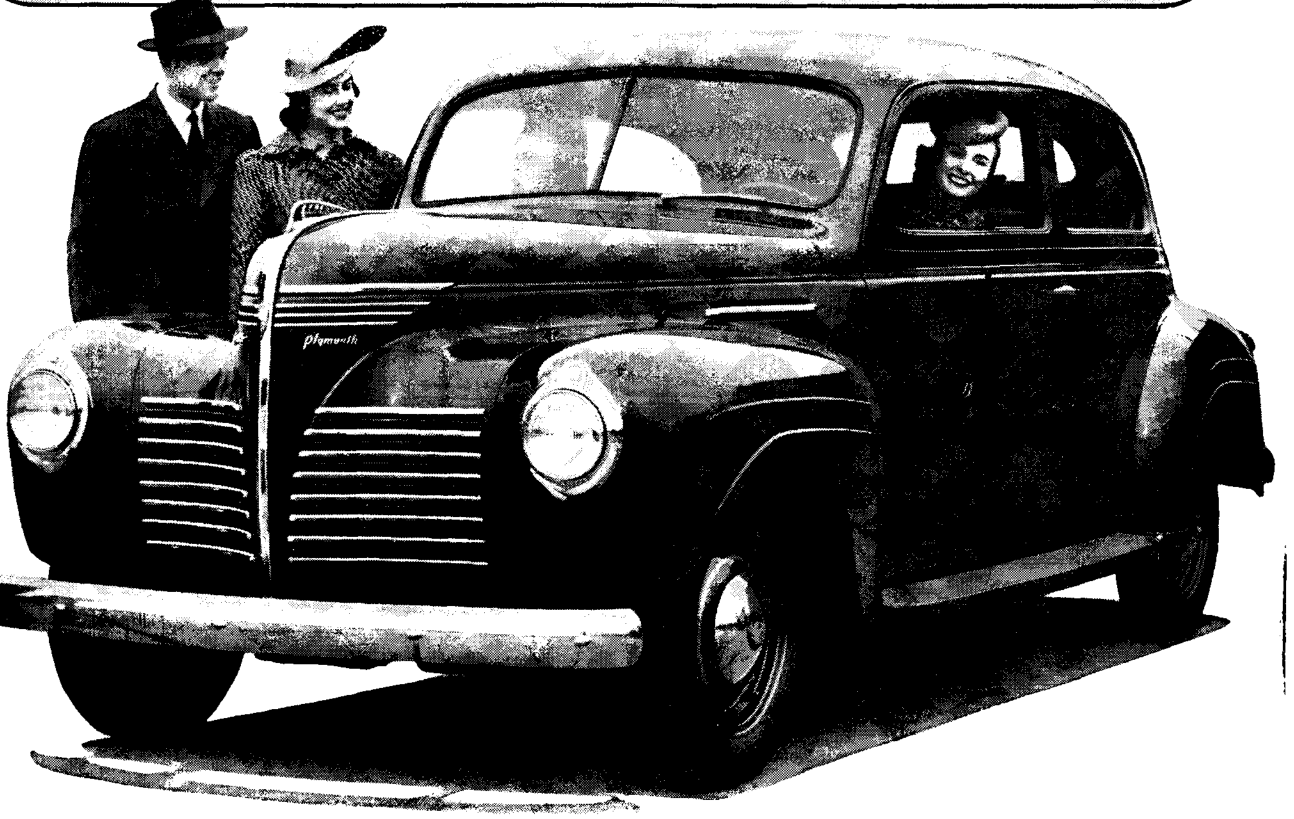
Plymouth has 21... Car "2" has 11... Car "3" has 8

IT'S EASY TO SEE why thousands all over the country are switching to the big 1940 Plymouth. Just compare "All Three" low-priced cars with the high-priced cars on the 1940 Quality Chart...and you'll make this astounding discovery...

The 1940 Plymouth gives you more quality features than the other two low-priced cars combined!

This year, *high-priced* cars resemble each other on 22 important features. But Plymouth is the only one of "All Three" *low-priced* cars that gives you a majority of these features.

The greater value of this 1940 Plymouth is clearly revealed on the Quality Chart. See it at your Plymouth dealer's. Then take Plymouth's Luxury Ride and discover the extra enjoyment of driving the *one low-priced car that's most like the high-priced cars!* You'll find the 1940 Plymouth is *easy to buy!* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.



TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.
BUSINESS MEN: SEE THE LOW-PRICED 1940 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL PICK-UP AND PANEL DELIVERY.

1940 PLYMOUTH

COUPES START AT $645 | SEDANS START AT $699

—Delivered in Detroit, Mich. Prices include Federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

March 9, 1940

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
W. B. COURTNEY Germany
FRANK GERVASI France
MARTHA GELLHORN Scandinavia
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
WM. HILLMAN European Manager
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

AGAINST the mysterious background of a fabulous land gripped in the machinations of power politics, Lawrence G. Blochman has woven his new exciting serial, "Appointment in India." In advance, we warn you to regard each male you meet with suspicion and don't trust the heroine too far. For it's a strange and terrifying story in which Occidental customs give way to the weird spell of the Orient.

Just in passing, we might remind you that Mr. Blochman knows his India. Fresh from the University of California's glee club, he went there fortified with a typewriter and a deck of well-marked cards, with which he performed Western tricks to confound Eastern fakirs. His best trick was to escape with his life. Then he wrote this serial, which we guarantee to keep you in suspense for the next ten weeks.

UNCLE SAM may soon have a new branch of his sea defense—a squadron of small wooden speedboats, equipped with torpedo tubes and machine guns. Each will be manned by six or eight tough young fellows who, when they go out for combat, will stand a better than excellent chance of never returning. That's why the boats are popularly known as the "Suicide Squadron." It will be a thrilling branch of the service if the Navy approves the tests—a branch that will pit small boats against the might of great warships. Walter Davenport gives you the low-down.

NEVER again would Maisie try to get her man by being sensible. She'd shown Dick Gordon how to make money; she'd got him out of jams; in short, she'd proved she could be a fine wife for him. Then what happened? Some young thing who couldn't even light her own cigarettes got hold of him, and exit Dick. So when Maisie met Jeff, she used a drastically different technique, which gave rise to some pretty startling developments. Only your author, George Bradshaw, could clear up the complications, which he does very entertainingly.

BY RADIO from Budapest, Frank Gervasi gives you the dope on Hungary, how it feels about the war, and what it hopes to get out of it. Harlan Ware contributes a grand story of an appealing kid who never failed to see "A Special Glory" in the dad he seldom met. Then there are articles and fiction by Ernest Haycox, W. D. Steele, Dale Clark, Kyle Crichton and other headliners. An all-star issue.

●

This Week

SHORT STORIES

RICHARD ENGLISH
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ERNEST HAYCOX
The Silver Saddle. Simple values are best. Page 22

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OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Romance in Crimson. The sixth of ten parts. Score one for the D. A. Page 24

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●

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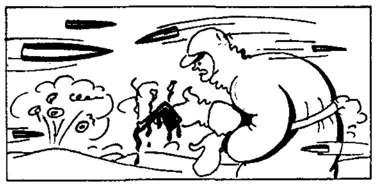
COVER HENRY HEIER

Any Week

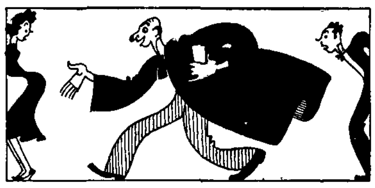
WE'VE had quite a number of letters about our editorial quoting Mr. Leland Stowe's transcript of the Finnish soldier's letter to his sister. We'd say that our correspondents are hopelessly divided as to whether America should plump for Finland, forthwith "sending Finns everything they need from us and sending it with all possible speed." But there's one point of agreement. It's about that automatic pistol, which, wrote the Finn to his sister, got "so hot that it broke to pieces." Sergeant J. G. Corrah of the United States Army assures us that "generals, majors, colonels and enlisted men, singly and in mass, can fall to pieces if the heat is strong enough but not a pistol." And Captain Theron O. Quarrles of Boston, Massachusetts, thinks that "somebody got excited." However the captain, the owner of nearly a hundred pistols and revolvers, does not desire to discourage that Finnish warrior. "I would be glad," writes he, "to send the fellow a couple of pistols that will not break into pieces no matter how many Reds he shoots with them." And Mr. Gordon Ghent of Douglas, Arizona, asks, "Are Mr. Stowe and his Finn sure that it wasn't a sword?"



WE ARE advised by Mr. Herbert Bayard Swope of New York City, of whom we've always been in considerable awe, that Mr. Moe Annenberg's racing information wires did not reach into the New York State tracks. At least, says Mr. Swope, they did not after 1934 when the present state racing commission, of which Mr. Swope is the chairman, took charge. Mr. Swope is referring, of course, to a statement made by John T. Flynn who wrote the Annenberg saga. And yet Mr. Annenberg's service included the results of the races at Belmont, Aqueduct, Jamaica, Empire and Saratoga tracks. "I think," writes Mr. Swope, "Annenberg's inside men wigwagged to men with field glasses in houses near the track."

WELL, maybe they did. And we think the service would have been improved if Mr. Annenberg's agents had then done what the assistant to one of Mr. Roosevelt's most vociferous department heads was told to do. The assistant, having returned from a tour of the Middle West, reported to his boss that he had interviewed scores of farmers and had found their faith flagging. "Telephone every one of them," cried the indomitable New Dealer, "and tell them to stop being discouraged."

ALMOST discouraged too, was Mr. Edward Arnold Perry of Washington, D. C., until he saw a member of the Supreme Court bolt three or four quick ones at a cocktail party. "What with one thing and another," says Mr. Perry, "I was well-nigh despairing of our future. But suddenly I saw Mr. Justice reach out and slap a lady on that part of her anatomy nearest him and call her baby. I tell you, sir, it returned my faith in our institutions."



AND who are we to blame you if you're somewhat weary of political marijuana? After reading column after column of dope compounded by experts, Mrs. E. G. Hoskinson of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, admits that she is benumbed. "What will happen," says Mrs. Hoskinson, "is that delegates will meet as usual and drag a rabbit out of a hat and call him the people's choice. But the trouble is that no matter what they call him, he will still be a rabbit." And Mr. Cole MacHough of Asheville, North Carolina, would complicate matters by forbidding any candidate to talk about himself. Instead each candidate would have to talk exclusively about his opponent. "But if I had my way," concludes Mr. MacHough, "each candidate would be under bond to tell the truth. He would have to produce proof of everything he says. Failure to do this would be penalized by a heavy fine and perhaps imprisonment and resignation from the race."

ANYWAY, Mr. Denton W. Admand of St. Louis got pretty tired listening to a neighbor in a railroad club car telling what he'd do if he were in the White House. So, apparently, did a gloomy-looking gentleman to whom the orator was addressing his remarks. Said the speaker: "Well, I don't pretend I got genius, but if I was President—" And the gloomy one cut in: "Yeah, you'd still be what you think he is."

AND probably prove it.... W. D.

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THAT WAS A NASTY BLOW-OUT ACCIDENT BACK THERE ... BLOW-OUTS ARE THE WORST ROAD HAZARD TODAY...
DON'T BE SO SURE OF THAT... I THINK SKIDS ARE MUCH WORSE THAN BLOW-OUTS

Why Argue? New Goodrich Tire Protects Against ***BOTH*** Skids and Blow-outs

1 MINUTE TO READ THIS MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE

● Skids! Blow-outs!—both are dangerous—both pack dynamite! That's why "half-way" protection can be as dangerous as none at all.

Yes, and that's all the more reason why you need this new Goodrich Safety Silvertown. Because here at last is a tire that doesn't "specialize" in just one kind of protection but gives you every great life-saving tire feature you can name—real protection against *both* skids and blow-outs in every ounce of cord and rubber.

Quickest Non-Skid Stops

'Way up the list of safety features in this new Silvertown is the Life-Saver Tread—that is specially designed to act on wet roads like a whole *rapid-fire* battery of windshield wipers. It sweeps the water right and left—forces it out through the deep drainage grooves—leaves a track so dry you can actually *light a match* on it! And when a pavement is swept *that* dry, it's easy to understand why this tire will stop you quicker, safer than you've ever stopped before!

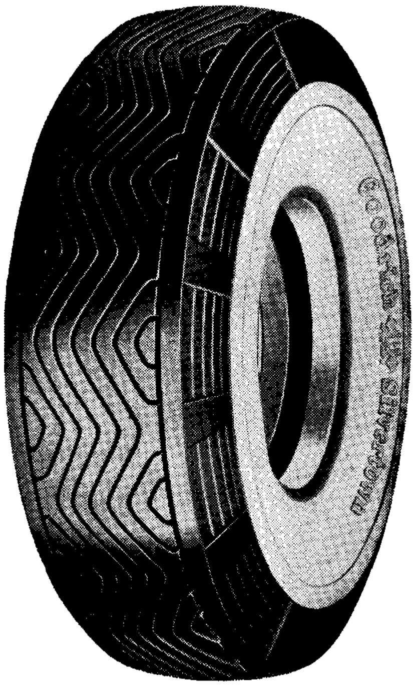
And, adding one safety feature to another, this Silvertown gives you the new, improved Golden Ply. By resisting internal heat, this *exclusive* Golden Ply provides scientific protection against high-speed blow-outs.

Don't take chances—especially when you can get this safety *right now* on the Liberal Budget Plan available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers—and set your own long, easy terms.

Special Offer!
FOR ONLY
10¢

MINIATURE REPRODUCTION OF
YOUR NEW 1940
LICENSE PLATE
On a Key Chain

Made of brass with rounded corners. Drive in to your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store and ask them to get one for you. No obligation. Only 10 cents to cover cost of handling.



The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION ◆ GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

This Boy Knows
Do YOU *Know?*

Where does the day begin?
How does television work?
What holds the stars up?
Why is the sky blue?
Why can't I see in the dark?

FREE! FREE! Every parent who reads this magazine is invited to have a free copy of "The Modern Magic Carpet," a beautiful booklet of pages and teaching pictures from The Book of Knowledge. Ten brilliant color plates are included. This is not a booklet to be read once and then thrown away. Your child will keep it and refer to it again and again. *Send for your copy today.*

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE
Answer Your Child's Daily Questions!

WHAT IS CURIOSITY TEACHING YOUR CHILD? Is there any subject on which your child has not asked you a dozen questions? Curiosity is the beginning of knowledge, so let the children ask as many questions as they like, and be sure they are answered correctly. Discourage your child's curiosity and the bright boy or girl soon becomes indifferent. The precious gift of interest, once lost, can never be recaptured.

But—*can* you answer all their questions? Why *do* the stars twinkle? *Why* is snow white? Can you explain these things so simply and clearly that a child will understand? The Book of Knowledge can! The Book of Knowledge does! Children who have this great work at home are constantly turning their curiosity into useful information. When the teacher wants a quick and intelligent answer in class, they are ready. They have made a long start in the race.

15,000 Pictures That Teach

Do you know how The Book of Knowledge captures the child's mind and makes learning a delight? The easy, friendly style of text and the arrangement of articles, like stepping-stones, are two great features. Another feature is the wonderful profusion of pictures, 15,000 of them, in color, gravure and halftone, gathered from all over the world. They show the secrets of the starry universe, make science clear, make history live again, and explain Nature's world. Teachers praise this "visual education in its simplest, finest form." The Book of Knowledge is used in schools in every state.

"Best" Says Angelo Patri

Angelo Patri, world-famous educator, calls The Book of Knowledge "the best reference work for children that I have ever seen."

Mrs. E. M. Ritter of Massachusetts, mother of two fine boys, says it is "a boon to the teacher and a boost to the child."

Lewis M. Terman, co-author of intelligence tests used in schools, writes: "A goodly proportion of the gifted children I have been studying seem to have been brought up on The Book of Knowledge."

It is already in the homes of more than 3,500,000 children. It has been translated into many foreign languages, and is helping children in almost every corner of the globe.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO FIND OUT! Your children will be delighted with "The Modern Magic Carpet." Send for your free copy.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for FREE BOOKLET

The Modern Magic Carpet
The Book of Knowledge
The Children's Encyclopedia

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE
2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

There are................children in my family, ages..............................
You may send me, without any charge or obligation whatever, the beautiful booklet, "The Modern Magic Carpet," taken from The Book of Knowledge, *The Children's Encyclopedia.*

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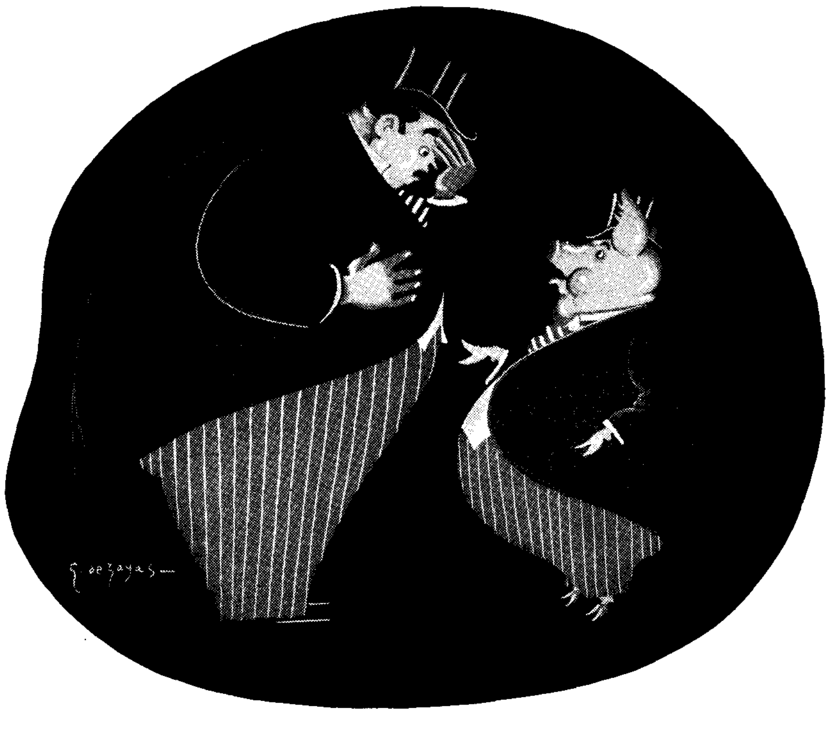
☐ Check if you own The Book of Knowledge Collier's 3-9-40



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In many ways, the pig more closely resembles man anatomically than does any other animal. Like man, the pig is found in all parts of the world, its body is comparatively hairless, its skin may be white, black, red or yellow; and it has a tarsal plate in the eyelid and a fully developed uvula in the throat. Even in its teeth the pig is closer to man than are the anthropoid apes.—*By Dr. Iago Galdston, New York, New York.*

Santa Anita Track, fifteen miles from Los Angeles, is the world's greatest horse-racing plant. Landscaped with 1,500,000 trees, shrubs and other plants, it has six restaurants, fifteen bars, 301 betting windows, 3,000 employees and accommodations for 75,000 spectators and 20,000 automobiles. During its 1940 season of 44 days, 1,400 horses will compete for purses totaling more than $700,000.

As Easter is celebrated on the Sunday following the first full moon after the vernal equinox, it may fall on any one of the 35 days beginning with March 22 and ending with April 25. Since 1 A. D. the festival has occurred a maximum number of 76 times on April 16 and a minimum number of 15 times on April 25. The 1940 date, March 24, has not occurred since 1799 and will not again until 2391.—*By Eric Tatom, Nashville, Tennessee.*

Natural gas, which is used in nearly half of the gas-consuming homes of this country, is not toxic and, therefore, does not asphyxiate those who happen to breathe it accidentally while asleep. However, being explosive and having neither color, taste nor odor, it is odorized so that leaks may be detected.

Of the numerous superstitions connected with the praying mantis, *Mantis religiosa*, few are older or more widespread than the belief that, when it assumes a kneeling position, it either sees an angel or hears the rustle of its wings.

Some years ago, an artist, upon presenting elaborate credentials and other papers concerning his reputation, was permitted to paint a portrait of the wife of an American President. After he had gone, it was discovered that his most important work, before coming to the White House, was a painting of a group of cows for an advertisement.—*By Gracemary Cox, Parma, Michigan.*

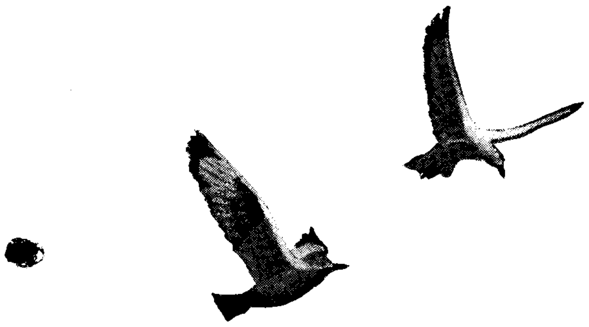
The only Stradivarius instruments that are now being scientifically preserved for present and future generations are the three violins, a viola and a violoncello in the Library of Congress. They are kept in an air-conditioned case to insure their proper physical care; and they are played frequently, by famous artists in concerts given in the building, to retain and keep alive their beautiful tones.

Six states still do not make automobile drivers take a road test, while three others—Louisiana, South Dakota and Wyoming—do not even require them to take out an operator's license.

Through its Good Neighbor Policy, the United States now has military and naval missions or military advisers in Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Guatemala, Haiti, Nicaragua and Peru. A score of technical experts have also been lent to nine South American republics. Furthermore, both West Point and Annapolis now have been opened to students from these countries.

The Chinese people recently responded to a government movement and wrote 500,000 letters to their fighting men to cheer, encourage and assure them that their countrymen appreciated their efforts and were solidly behind them.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



You're only Human After all

YOU THOUGHT you were old, and beyond those things—when *zingo*, it happens! You lose your heart on the first day of spring!

It's the wink of chromium that undoes you. You look—and it's a Nash — with so much flash and dash, joy and life packed into its eager frame — that it can't wait, and neither can you!

Next thing you know, you're grabbing your hat. For just one engine in the world has that "fire-on-four-wheels" feeling—it's Nash Manifold-Sealed power.

Then — what about this strangely swift but silent pace you're setting? Surely that's no conventional third gear. And you're right — you're in a *Fourth* Speed Forward.

But wait—nudge the throttle a little harder. That new Automatic Overtake makes you think you've hooked on to a comet!

If the air feels warmer, fresher—don't give Nature the credit. It's that new Nash automatic Weather Eye up front, making and maintaining weather to order.

Suddenly—you want to yell "whoa"! A stretch of washed out road ahead! But—like oil on troubled water—Nash's new springing magically irons out a glassy-smooth course.

You never felt such eager response! You can turn it on a quarter . . . stop on a dime . . . aim it like a rifle to the spot you want to go.

When you're ready for the Convertible Bed, you'll know—*you* and a Nash were made for each other!

• • •

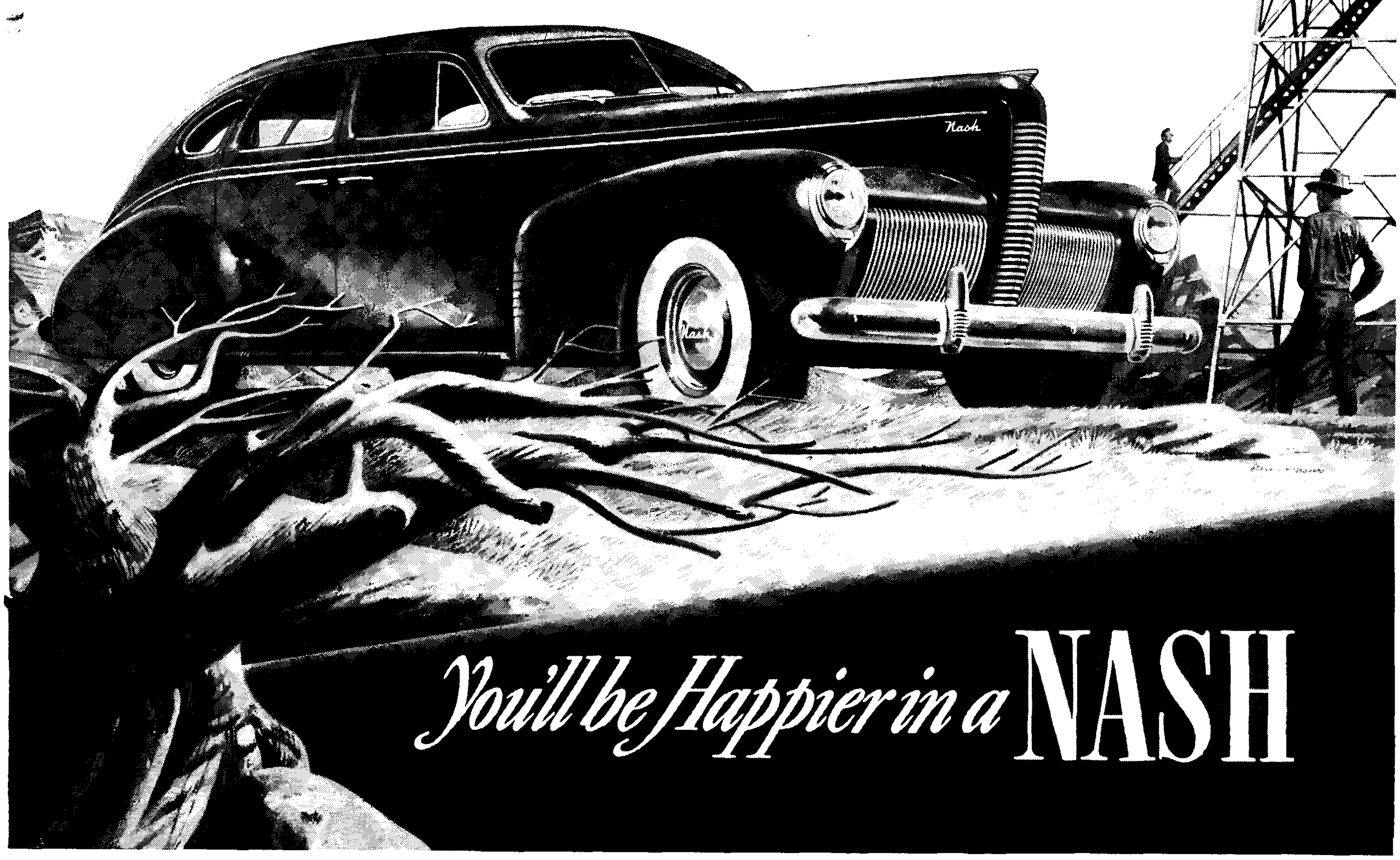
Here's the beginning of a beautiful friendship . . . good for the best 100,000 miles of a man's life.

For a Nash is *built* that way . . . with a *seven*-bearing crankshaft (instead of 3), a *double* frame . . . 300 to 400 more pounds of *finer* steel, for safety and long life. That Nash below is the 1940 economy champion in its class (Gilmore-Yosemite Run—23.76 miles a gallon).

Drive it today — and see how young you *really* are!

LOWER PRICES: from $795—delivered at Factory! 4-door Sedan (below) $875, includes Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes • White Sidewall Tires, Weather Eye, Rear Wheel-Shields, Fourth Speed Forward, are optional extras.

$795


Nash
You'll be Happier in a NASH

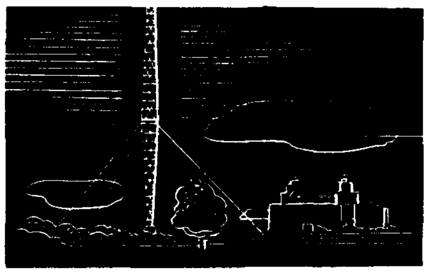
Your ears are our business

Western Electric makes—for the nation's ears—the telephones and the vast array of equipment necessary to provide Bell telephone service. Moreover, out of the telephone have come many other products which widen the hearing range of your ears—adding to public safety, convenience and pleasure. Here are some of these, made with the skill gained in seventy years' experience.

THE AUDIPHONE—based on techniques developed in Bell Telephone Laboratories—is helping many thousands with impaired hearing to hear clearly again. The Ortho-Technic model represents the most recent forward step in hearing aids.

THE AUDIOMETER makes it possible for your doctor to measure your hearing acuity with scientific accuracy. For many years, Western Electric instruments have been used in this important work—that leads to better hearing.

RADIO BROADCASTING is also an outgrowth of work in Bell Telephone Laboratories. More than 200 of this country's leading stations now use Western Electric equipment to put your favorite programs on the air.



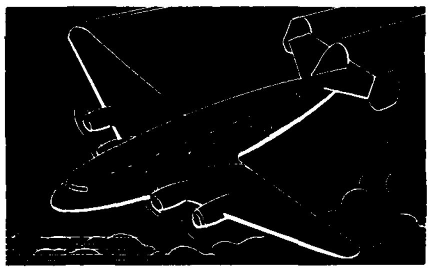
TALKING PICTURES, too, came out of telephone research. The principal producers and thousands of theatres use Western Electric sound apparatus for recording and reproducing pictures that entertain and instruct millions.

Now
Playing

PUBLIC ADDRESS equipment, which widens the hearing circle at large gatherings, is another young brother of your telephone. It serves many purposes in hotels, schools, hospitals, auditoriums, stadiums, airports and amusement parks.

POLICE RADIO—pioneered by the makers of your Bell telephone—is one of the law's most powerful weapons. Today Western Electric equipment is helping to increase arrests and decrease crimes—giving added protection to 45 million people.

THE FLYING TELEPHONE, which helps make possible today's splendid airline service, is the air-minded member of the family. All the major airlines and many private flyers now keep an ear to the ground with Western Electric equipment.



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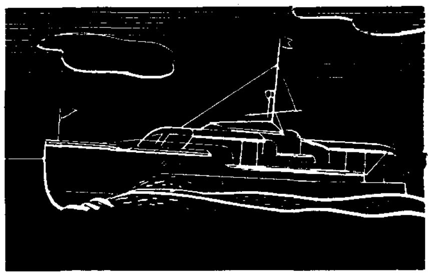

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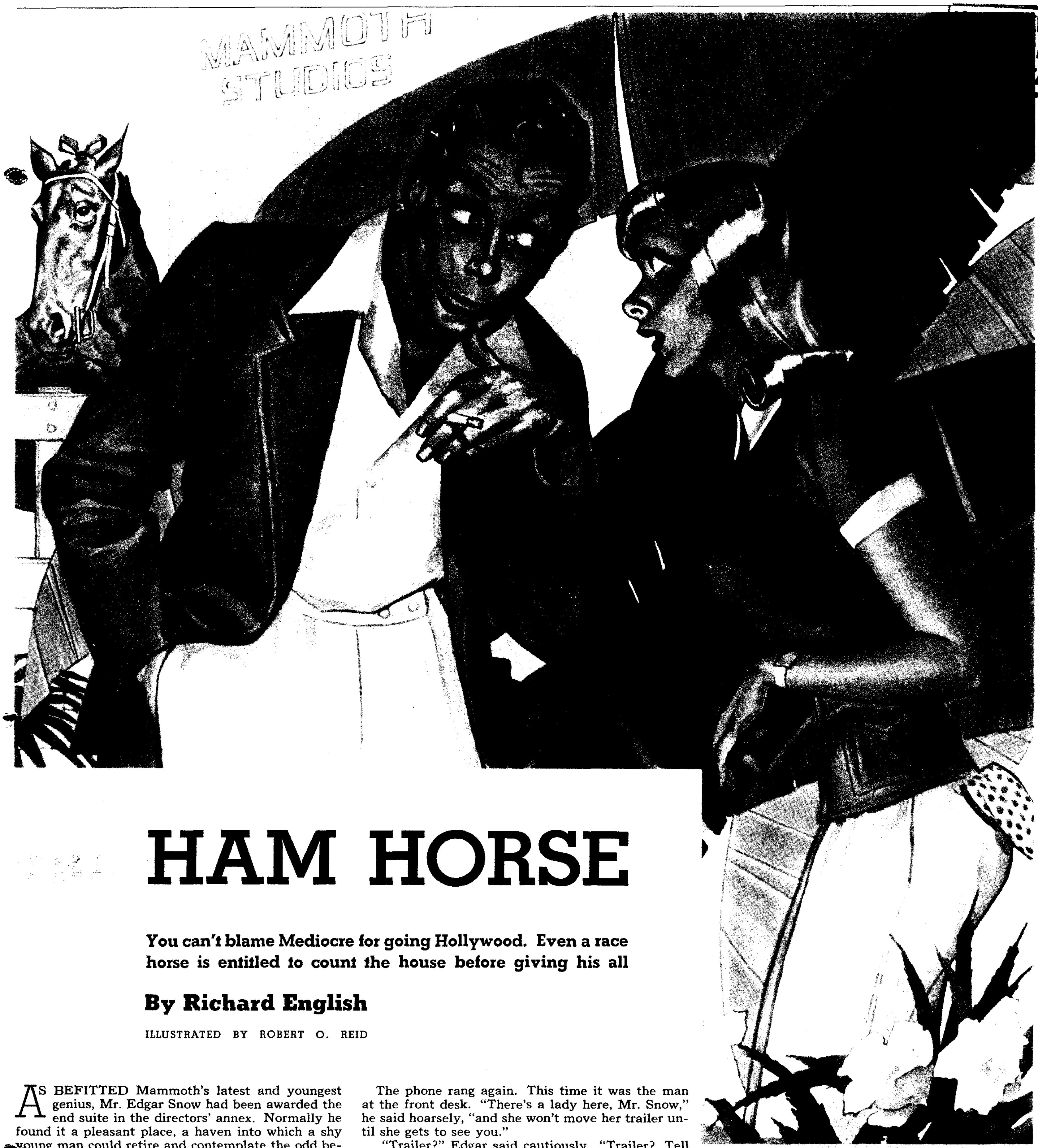


HAM HORSE

You can't blame Mediocre for going Hollywood. Even a race horse is entitled to count the house before giving his all

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

AS BEFITTED Mammoth's latest and youngest genius, Mr. Edgar Snow had been awarded the end suite in the directors' annex. Normally he found it a pleasant place, a haven into which a shy young man could retire and contemplate the odd behavior of Hollywood, its climate and its citizenry. That it was a haven was due largely to a determined party named Miss O'Halloran who protected him against all comers.

But this morning she was home nursing a cold and Edgar was having his difficulties. At this moment he was tugging at a stray forelock, his mild brown eyes more bewildered than usual. The air conditioning was out of order, phones rang, his script was missing, an Eskimo had wandered in seeking someone to join him in a Turkish bath and now two strange men were inspecting the overhead lights. Edgar had always secretly suspected the ceiling of concealing a dictograph, and their presence did not reassure him.

The phone rang again. This time it was the man at the front desk. "There's a lady here, Mr. Snow," he said hoarsely, "and she won't move her trailer until she gets to see you."

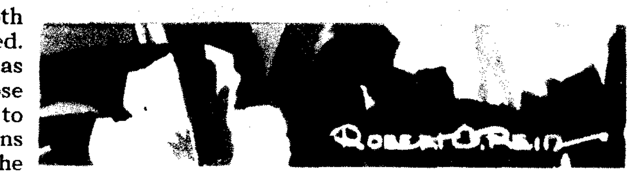
"Trailer?" Edgar said cautiously. "Trailer? Tell her she'll have to take it up with Miss O'Halloran."

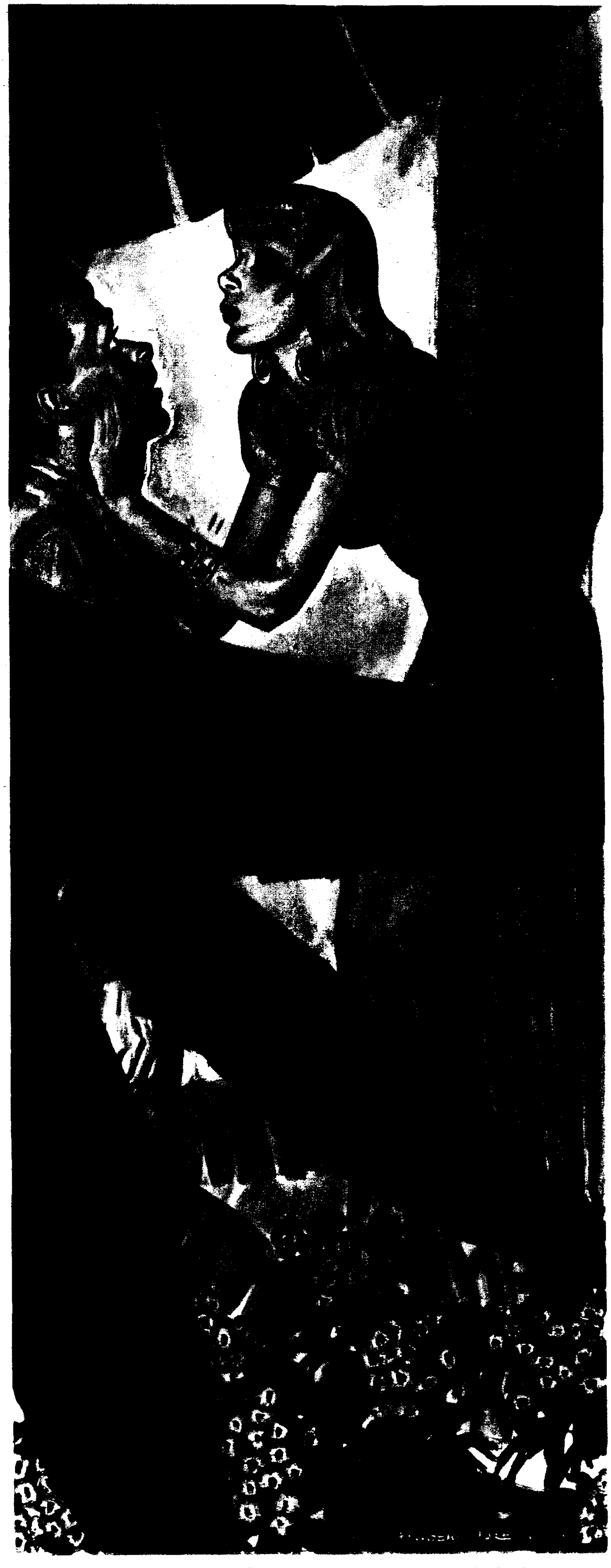
"I already told her that," said the gateman, "and it don't do any good. She says she's made up her mind."

Edgar was unhappily aware of the mounting interest of the two men fixing the lights. "I'll be down," he said hurriedly. "I'll be right down."

For the first time in his six months at Mammoth the lobby of the administration building was deserted. Only a pert young party with a page-boy bob was waiting before the desk. There was a tip-tilted nose and large blue eyes that didn't require shading to bring out their coloring. Edgar's darkest suspicions were confirmed. The blond young lady was what the

"His name's Mediocre and he's a race horse," said Miss Bates. "Not that he ever wins." . . . "I would have suspicioned as much," Edgar admitted





She bent and kissed him gently. When they finally broke apart, "I love you, too," she said. "And don't worry, Edgar"

publicity men always referred to as strictly cheesecake.

"Mr. Snow?" she asked brightly. "I'm Lily Bates. I—"

Edgar had resolved to be firm. "How do you do, Miss Bates," he said. "I'm not casting any musicals at this time."

She stared at him. "Musicals?" she said. "I don't want to be an actress!"

Edgar looked at her again. "No?" he asked cautiously.

"Of course not," she said. "I'm here to see you about my horse. In fact, he's waiting outside."

Edgar reached for the doorknob behind him. "I'm afraid there's been some mistake," he said faintly. "I—"

It was too late. Miss Bates already had his arm and was leading him outside. Edgar found himself surveying a moody party who was peering over his trailer, disconsolately munching a straw. There was no denying that it was a most unusual animal. While it had the usual number of ears and legs it also had the largest and saddest eyes that he had ever observed. It was a horse utterly lacking in verve.

"His name's Mediocre and he's a race horse," said Miss Bates. And, darkly: "Not that he ever wins."

Edgar coughed. "I would have suspicioned as much," he admitted.

"He's by Slow Take out of Useless," said the young lady; "and they never won either. He's been racing three years and no matter how many horses there are, he always comes in last." She looked at Edgar and said bitterly: "Sometimes I think never seeing another horse's face has done something to his morale."

"He's probably philosophical," said Edgar. "Losers usually are."

IT SEEMED Miss Bates had once gone to an auction seeking some andirons, and Mediocre, then only a colt, had been offered. After looking at those eyes she simply had to take care of him. So she bought him and what happened? He had taken the best years of her life, not to mention all the money her uncle had left her, and he still came in last. And now they were beginning to run out of tracks. No one ever wanted them to come back. Not even at the county fairs.

"I'm sorry," Edgar said uncomfortably, "but, really, Miss Bates, I don't see that I can be of any service."

"But you can!" she said desperately. "You're going to direct Derby Day, aren't you?"

He nodded.

"Then all you have to do is give Mediocre a part! The part of the winner, I mean. I brought him all the way from Rockingham to see if you couldn't help him!"

"Me?" said Edgar. "You—you mean he's here to see *me?*"

"You're directing it," she said simply. "I thought that if Mediocre could win just one race—even if it were only in pictures—it would sort of give him the idea. You know, give him confidence."

Edgar stared at her, wishing that Miss O'Halloran were there to cope with the situation. "I'm sorry," he said feebly, "but I'm afraid—"

Her underlip quivered. "Please! I—I don't want any money, Mr. Snow. I just want him to have this last chance to become a real race horse!"

As he later explained to Miss O'Halloran, it was really a nice psychological point and, after all, what was any director but a student of psychology? There was no point in adding that the young lady's distress might also have influenced him.

"I'll see what can be done," he promised. "I'll talk to Mr. Steinberg this very afternoon."

It was six o'clock before Edgar was admitted into the Presence. As executive in charge of production Mr. Steinberg viewed all the rushes from four until five and then needed another hour to return to what passed for his normal state. He was seated at his desk, gulping his hourly bicarbonate and shouting into the phone as Edgar was ushered in.

"You tell Bert Blatz I know him for the stinker he is! Only last night he has to break up a bridge game with this card sharper! Tell him never will Ancil Steinberg loan him another actor, the thief!"

HE SLAMMED down the receiver and whirled around in his chair. He was a small, pudgy party and now he stared at Edgar through his thick lenses and, after a moment, placed him. Only last week, Trees Must Fall, Snow's first picture, had played Kansas City without needing a bank night.

"So?" he asked cordially. "What gives, Edgar? Any time a director stays to six when he ain't shooting, something he wants!"

Edgar cleared his throat. "It's about the horse we'll need in Derby Day. You may recall the girl raises a colt and it finally wins the Kentucky Derby and pays off the bank."

"Why shouldn't I recall?" demanded Mr. Steinberg. "Four times I've made that story already!"

"Well," said Edgar, "I just wanted to tell you I think I've found the right horse. One named Mediocre."

Mr. Steinberg frowned. "Never heard of him," he said. "And for a part like this, we gotta have a name!"

He rose and began to pace the floor in the best Steinberg tradition. "Someone like Man o' War," he said firmly. "Some horse that's already got a reputation."

Edgar winced at the thought of Mediocre. But this was once when Mr. Steinberg was mistaken. And it would be terrible to have to explain to Miss Bates that her trip had been all in vain.

He was surprised at the firmness of his voice. "I thought everyone had heard of Mediocre," he said quietly. "I—I presumed that everyone was familiar with his brilliant achievements."

Mr. Steinberg stopped, staring at him. "Mediocre?" he said cautiously. "Maybe now the name does sound familiar. Name me one big race he wins."

"Why—why, of course," said Edgar. "To be sure. For example, say the—the All-American Futurity!"

"As if I didn't already remember," said Mr. Steinberg. "He'll do. But tell the owner not over fifty dollars a day can it pay!"

Edgar rose. "I shall," he said. "I am sure that it will be most satisfactory."

THE Moorish Gardens are among Ventura Boulevard's better auto courts and Edgar had no difficulty in locating Miss Bates. Her car and trailer were parked at the end bungalow and Mediocre was still on wheels.

Lily answered the door. She had on a little white apron and in one hand there was a skillet. She stared at the tall young man in tweeds, then gave a little cry:

"Mr. Snow! I—I mean—won't you come right in?"

Edgar entered. There was the smell of coffee from the kitchenette and Lily hurried in there. "I was just getting dinner," she said, "and I'm late. It takes so long to get Mediocre bedded down."

Edgar nodded, thinking that in many ways Miss Bates had a most laudable character, even if it was inspired by a misplaced affection.

"Miss Bates," he began, "I just wanted to tell you—"

"Yes?" she said breathlessly.

Edgar found himself staring into her eyes and he knew then that he had been justified in fudging a little on his employer.

(Continued on page 57)

HERE'S YOUR HAT

By Aimee Larkin

OFF-THE-FACE, back-of-the-head hats are the latest Trend. Continue with all the nose-tickling whimsies your little heart desires. But for your newest new hat, mark these.

Hats that actually fit. Big-brimmed straws and felts that grip your head, the brims flaring back in front, up at the side, or lifting and dipping in whatever manner is most devastatingly becoming to you. John-Frederics, New York milliners, always up at the head of hat news, are making them of floppy felts and of straw like their red Milan creation on this page.

Close-fitting, helmetlike turbans, sleek on top where you have been accustomed to knots, flowers, fruit and whatnot, all trimming concentrated at the nape of the neck. Lilly Daché, prime instigator of these turbans, has made the flower one on this page, to show you. Your own contribution to the success of such a hat is a trim, well-groomed look, a long—and we hope graceful—neck and no interfering collar.

The skullcap calot, which the college girl will clap on the back of her head with whoops of joy at meeting an old friend. In its most alluring versions it wears clusters of flowers, a halo of stiff veiling, ribbon trimming.

And, finally, that old school pal the felt roller—youthful, saucy. It has never gone out of style. One of the smartest women in the South this winter was wearing it in brilliant colors. It's due to turn up now in greater numbers everywhere, in more colors than the rainbow, and fuller of promise for comfort and enjoyment. It's so important that Knox has brought it out in over fifty colors. If none of those work, many stores will dye their own version of it to match your sample. It foretells the wearing of hats again for sports. ★★★

THE NEW MUSSOLINI

Radioed from Budapest by Frank Gervasi

Italian factories work overtime to make war materials—for the British. The Axis is dead. And Mussolini, Europe's No. 1 saber-rattler, has become a man of peace. The peasant has found his way back into the hearts of his people

PIX

A QUICK wind rolled down out of cold caverns in the distant Alps, hurdled the Appenines that glower above Genoa and frosted the nose of the Washington as she slid through the port's protective submarine net. Merchant ships of twenty flags lay flank to flank, loading and discharging cargo, their busy booms dipping and rising against a gray mist of smoke from eager boilers. Lean destroyers, a flotilla of torpedo boats and a squadron of seaplanes, wing to wing, watched their charges — blue-bloods supervising the care and feeding of lesser folk of the sea.

The American liner swung out of the wind-whipped Mediterranean into the quiet harbor waters and snuggled her sleek starboard plates gently against the bleak dock. The moment the ship touched the quayside you knew this was a new Italy—a different Italy from the truculent Axis partner of last May—and you focused your eyes, tensed yourself to catch sight and sound of the differences.

You looked for the brave, stenciled political clichés of yesterday that shouted, "Viva Hitler;" "Long live the Rome-Berlin Axis," and they were gone from the walls, docks and the facades of grim buildings. And then you remembered that Achille Starace is no longer secretary general of the Fascist party and that the Germanization of unwilling Italians automatically ceased with his dismissal from the most important post in Italy after the Premier and Foreign Secretary.

He was the man who thought Italian children were being corrupted by American comic strips and ordered their suppression. It was he who introduced the law to ban the wearing of stiff collars. These, he said, tightened about the neck so as to reduce the flow of good Italian blood to the brain and proportionately reduced comprehension of "poetry and the beauty of Fascism." It was he who banned the English version of jitterbugging called the Lambeth Walk just because it was English and therefore democratic nonsense, and then, at a reception to Neville Chamberlain in the British embassy in Rome, he failed to recognize the tune and danced blissfully with a beautiful blonde throughout the piece.

And now he is gone and there is no one in Italy to shed a single tear—perhaps not even Mussolini, who dislikes people to run when he is teaching them only to walk. Starace—he fancied himself the Goering of the Fascist regime—loved heel-clicking and adored uniforms, and he adorned himself with every decoration he could grab. It was Starace who decreed it was un-Fascist to shake hands, and if the stories they tell about the former party chief are true no man in Fascist history was so cordially, glowingly detested as the slim, poker-faced, five-foot-six worshiper of physical fitness.

Yet Starace's personal disappearance from the role of party right hand to Il Duce is not so important per se as it is important because it coincides exactly with the turning point in modern Fascist history. With Starace were dismissed such other noted Germanophiles as the handsome glamor boy Minister for Propaganda Dino Alfieri, General Staff Chief Alberto Pariani, Undersecretary for Air General Valle and a few others. These men were frequent visitors to Berlin during the heyday of the Axis. They were feted and flattered by Goering, who showed them troops marching with mechanistic precision, airplane assembly lines turning out fighters and bombers at a thousand-a-month clip, more troops marching, and who let the Italians stroke his lion cubs. Pretty soon the Italians got the idea that Rome and Berlin together could lick the world and it fired them with the notion Italian destiny was inexorably linked with Germany's. They also thought that Italians should be squeezed physically, morally, spiritually and politically into the Prussian pattern, which was okay by Mussolini so long as it served Italy's purpose.

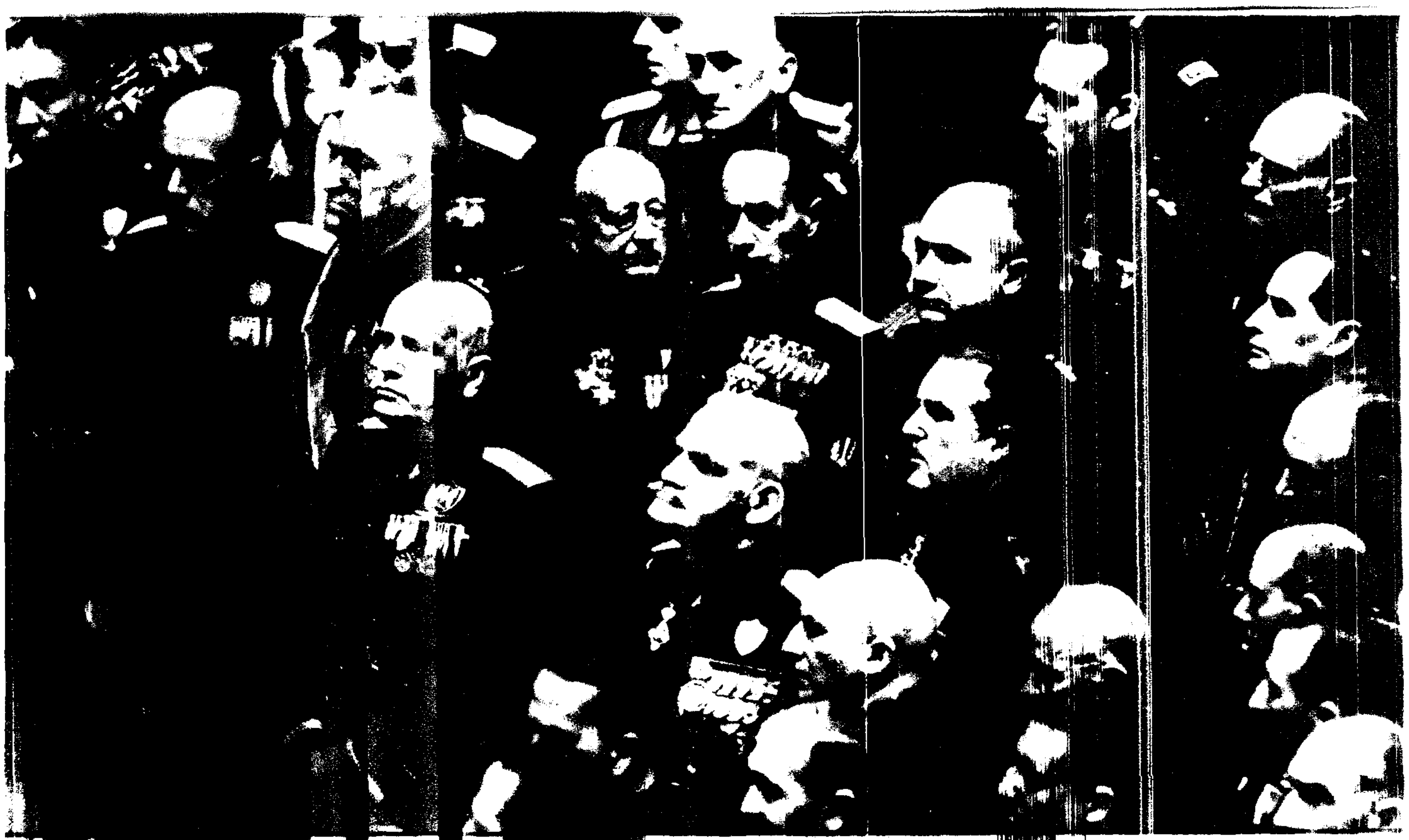
Another Scrap of Paper

The moment Hitler joined forces with Stalin and Hitler refused to stand by Mussolini's pleas not to go to war over Poland, Mussolini snapped the Axis off at the Rome end. And one thing is absolutely certain—the Rome-Berlin Axis as such is finished, and that pact which was sealed with a thousand diplomatic saws about eternal brotherhood and common interests and mutual support as recently as last May is as much a scrap of paper as the Treaty of Versailles.

Mussolini didn't tell me the Italo-German pact is dead. Neither did Foreign Minister Count Galeazzo Ciano, nor Field Marshal Pietro Badoglio, but Mario practically shouted it at me as he wrestled my baggage on the pier at Genoa, and the waiter at the Miramare was filled to the eyes with the news, and Oscar, later in Milan, gave his cocktail shaker an extravigorous jerk as he exploded, "Pah! The Axis doesn't exist any more. We can hold up our heads again as Italians."

The Reno for that political shotgun wedding known as the Axis was Obersalzburg, and the time the middle of last August, when Hitler had made up his mind about Poland, unaware that so had Neville Chamberlain.

Divorce proceedings took several days of hot conferences at Salzburg and then



ds d gray g h and his officials mark the matu f Italian Fascism

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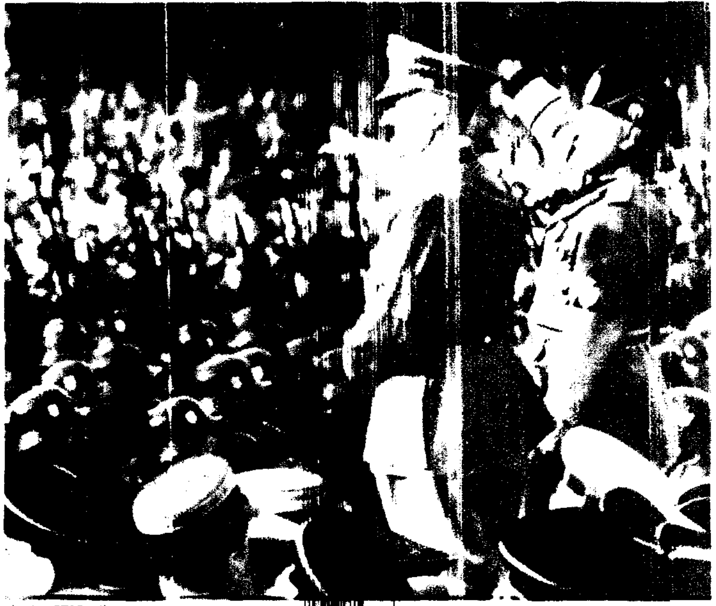
In September, 193 ssolini visited Hitler in Munich and was ly acclaimed by Nazis



BLACK STAR

no nger a equi e aging Fascist masterminds. T re no more pictures olin skiing ppo dogtrotting at the head of the me s of his government

at Hitler's retreat in Obersalzburg. The instrument Mussolini used to sever the unnatural marriage was tough young Fascist Foreign Minister Galeazzo Ciano de Cortellazzo.

Ciano heard Hitler through his orations, for Hitler never argues but expounds. Ciano grew nervous. He told Hitler bluntly, emphatically that Italy had made her pact with Germany with the understanding that Poland was not to be a cause for war and that Italy's military assistance was predicated on the preparedness of the Italian and German armies, navies and air forces. Ciano reminded Hitler that neither Germany's nor Italy's armies were ready for war and wouldn't be for from one to three years, but Hitler continued to orate.

Ciano never smokes. He hadn't smoked for five years since his last painful operation for an inflammation of throat membranes. Moreover, nobody smokes in the presence of the ascetic messiah of Nazism—but Ciano smoked that day.

A Cigarette that Made History

Clever Minister Fillipo Anfuso, who is Ciano's best friend and his right bower, slipped a cigarette case under Ciano's nose. Ciano took a fag, lighted it and puffed smoke into Hitler's oversensitive nose and the Rome-Berlin Axis ended right then and there.

For three days after the war broke out on September third, the Italians were in an uproar of uncertainty. Italy, always flooded with rumors even in the calmest of times, became a dizzy whirlpool of conflicting reports to the effect that the nation would fight elbow to elbow with the Germans, and conversely would intervene on behalf of the Allies. The Italians' disorientation is understandable because for more than three years the Axis had been shoved down their throats by the weighty mallet of propaganda, and they couldn't immediately realize they were going to be asked to regurgitate it.

A wave of anti-Fascism swept the nation. Mussolini had keyed them up to war pitch—well, here was the damned war at last and what was Mussolini going to do? That was the question the Italians asked, and they fed their curiosity by indulging in the wildest wishful thinking: that Mussolini was physically incapacitated, that he'd had a heart attack, that he'd been shot by King Victor, that he'd been shot by Badoglio. There was even a report given that Mussolini's right arm had been paralyzed, or maybe it was his left arm.

But Mussolini has ways of knocking rumors cold with dramatic action. He knew, having been a newspaperman once himself, that mere publication of denials in the Fascist press would only serve to confirm the rumors so far as the skeptical readers were concerned. So he called personally on the king, appeared in public with Badoglio and his other fictitious assassins and vigorously swung his arms with a sardonic smile on his great, square face, as if to say, "Look, you fools, I am quite okay."

Then he used the grapevine to disseminate the joke he knew would be accepted as a fact by his critics and enthusiasts, for he knew everybody believes the grapevine, though newspapers and radio are looked upon with suspicious eyes and listened to with dulled ears.

The story flew from the Alps to the rugged periphery of Reggio Calabria, and it ran something like this: "On the morning Chamberlain declared war on Hitler, Mussolini called in his private secretary as usual to dictate orders for the day. The secretary appeared much worried and Mussolini asked him what

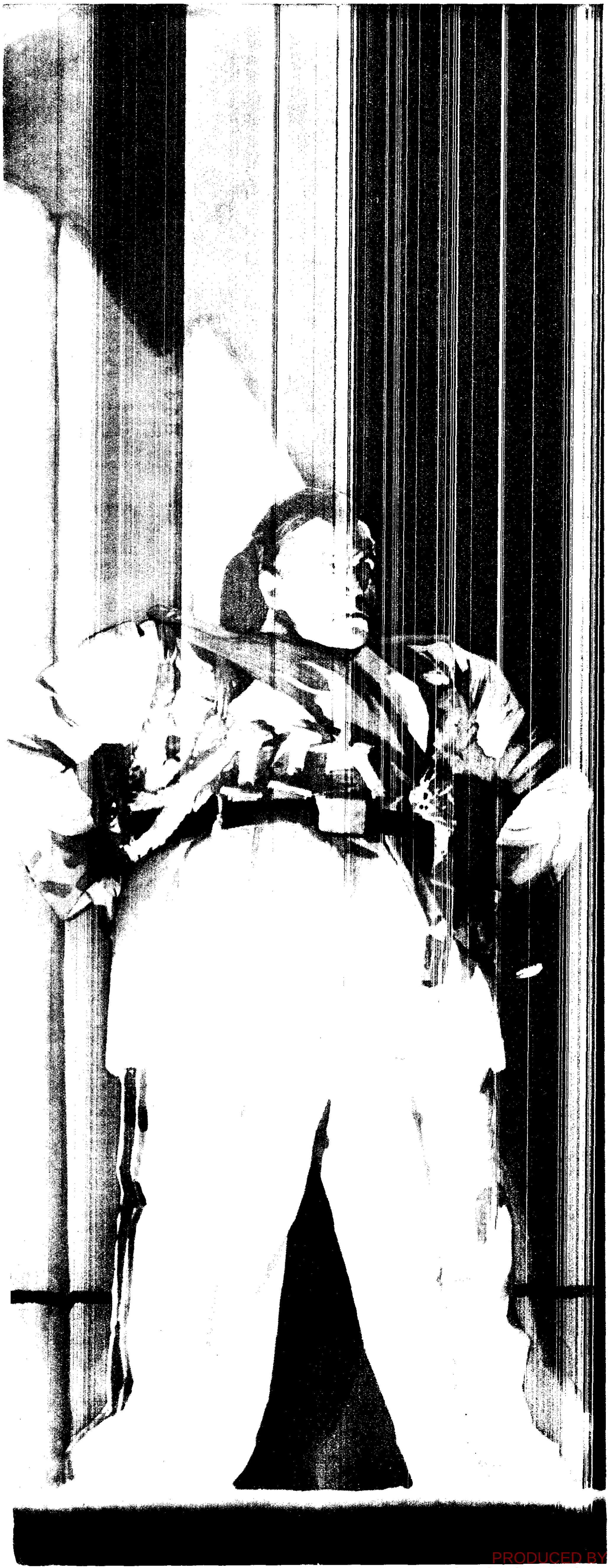
(Continued on page 28)

I Promise You Laughter

By Harlan Ware

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The love story of Johann Patz, who made the mistake a man may make only once



When Johann walked out, a caricature in his white uniform, there was a gasp, followed by choking laughter

"WHAT about your friends Ingabord and Johann and Ludwig Erdman and the towheaded cousin?" I asked Peter when he came back from abroad that last time, several years ago—in 1935.

He told me.

And I said: "It's a love story. Just as it happened."

He shook his head. "Who'd believe it could end that way?" he scoffed. He said: "No one would believe it."

Perhaps not—then. But now it can be told.

JOHANN PATZ was twenty when he arrived in Vrieling, in the winter of 1932. He brought a letter from his father, Roman Patz, the violinist, an old friend of Ludwig's. Roman had found his son in the care of strangers, in Alpspitz—ill, half-starved, his troupe disbanded, unrest abroad in the land. Johann was a willful, stage-struck boy, his father said—rebuke and irony underscored his words—but "hunger brings wisdom. This starving juggler wishes to become a violin maker. Old friend, teach him your craft and whatever else he'll learn. . . ."

Ludwig welcomed him. "I've raised four grandchildren," he said. "There is room for friends, too—for any who care to come."

Below his cottage was an ample garden, and rich pasture land—they were lost in a hidden mountain valley, in unhurried days, and a simple, frugal life. Each fall Peter Ehlert, the American, came from Munich to buy whatever violins Ludwig was willing to sell. "He pays us more than we need," Ludwig confided. "Embarrassing sums." Ludwig was indifferent to money.

"Let the people below us hurry to an early grave," he told Johann. "There is happiness, once you resign yourself to this simplicity."

But Johann was twenty. He had known a free, adventurous life. "I'll work hard," he promised. But he was not resigned.

Ludwig found him difficult to live with. He was given to brooding, his young face dark with anger. But he was diligent—the first in the shop in the morning, and the last out at night. And those deft juggler's fingers were schooled for exacting work.

"In our empty village theaters, Johann," Ludwig said, comfortingly, "not even a genius of a juggler could succeed!"

"That was the least of my ambitions, sir," Johann said, coolly. "I have a gift for mimicry that hasn't been displayed yet!" He'd hoped to become a great comedian—to appear in Berlin and Paris and London and New York.

Ludwig was baffled. He could only repeat:

"You'll be a craftsman, my son. You'll be contented here."

Contented! Old men could sink happily into that unearthly quiet, puttering through the drifting days—he was not an old man, he was young, and knew what he could do. He was not in the least contented—not in the least, that is, until long after Ingabord came home from the convent. "My little granddaughter will be home soon," Ludwig said, in the early spring. "When the flowers are thrusting up through the wet, dead leaves, that's the time. She is a little girl. A lovely one."

The girl in the workroom doorway that spring evening was a little girl, sure enough—a slim, laughing young girl of eighteen, with tawny hair and sun-tanned skin, but she was not at all what Johann was prepared for. In all his travels he had never seen such beauty.

"You're the apprentice who would rather be a juggler," she smiled. Beneath the swirl of her wide skirt small heels clicked brightly across the workroom floor. "You're Johann Patz, and I hear you're gloomy and silent. How can anyone be so, on such a pleasant evening?"

Blended with the laughter in her voice was also friendliness; but no words could pass Johann's lips. To his amazement she swung up on the workbench, and studied his solemn face:

"Are you ill, Johann Patz?"

"No, Fräulein."

"Then Grandfather is too stern?"

"No, Fräulein."

"Then it is this: you do not like high mountains?"

Johann grinned sheepishly. "The mountains are beautiful."

She rested her elbow on her palm and was lost in thought.

"I cannot understand. It seems so little to make you unhappy." She looked earnestly into his face. "If you were clever enough to juggle a *hundred* rubber balls—would that be so exciting as to make a fine violin?"

Johann, deeply wounded, drew himself up.

"Fräulein, would you care to see me juggle six sharp carving knives?" he demanded. "Sharp as razors!" He lifted his chin. "I was a *professional* juggler—"

THE knives had been put away forever, in a velvet case, but he took them out, and it was good to feel them again. It was pleasant to slash a dangling string to show their sharpness, and to see Ludwig's awakening interest, and young Benno's awe. And Ingabord touched a blade with her finger tip and drew her hand quickly away. "Not those, Johann?" she asked, alarmed. Gravely he bowed her to a chair. "You'll see, Fräulein."

And then he took his place in the middle of the room, and he had their attention.

"Watch!" he cried.

Firelight glinted on the whirling blades and his hands were almost quicker than their eyes in the swift, revolving movement. He walked about the room and the knives were silver flashes above him. He dropped to his knees, to his side and to his back, and the knives rose and fell in a bright stream above his body, and Ingabord cried out in fear. Then he was on his feet proudly facing them and, one by one, the knives fell point downward in a circle about him, and quivered in the floor. Folding his arms, he said:

"Is that the work of a stage-struck boy?"

"You are superb, Johann," breathed Ingabord.

He bowed. "For you, Fräulein, I shall also do a pantomime. I am even better at this than I am at juggling." He frowned in thought. "I shall do Herr Ludwig Erdman," he decided. He also bowed to Ludwig. "An impression of you, sir, if you'll forgive me."

But he didn't wait to be forgiven. He borrowed Ludwig's leather apron, stuffing it with pillows in the front, took a long-stemmed pipe from the rack—and, suddenly, there were two Ludwigs in the room. The kitchen table became a workbench, and there stood a diminutive Ludwig, tugging impatiently at his mustache, or thrusting out his underlip in thought; no mannerism had escaped Johann's ironic eye. The real Ludwig, in his chair by the fire, was the last to laugh. But in the end his gravity dissolved; he rocked to and fro, and slapped his thigh. He cried:

"At the Carnival, Johann—you must imitate Mayor Frick!"

Ingabord said, eagerly:

"Or Putney Krieg, or Kurt Weil, those dignified ones!"

And young Benno applauded wildly.

Johann's eyes shone with pride. As he took off the apron it seemed that he grew in stature. He broke the long silence.

"A man knows what he can do," he said. "I had no ambition, Fräulein, to be a juggler of rubber balls."

And, bowing again, he walked swiftly from the room.

BUT then he became more cheerful; sometimes Ingabord was surprised to find him whistling at his work. And one noon, when she brought in the sandwiches, he said: "I am sensible about this, Ingabord. If a man cannot have one career—well, then, he selects another." He looked at her in a way that made color burn in her cheeks. He went on: "In the theater, it was not the applause or glamor that I wanted. It was merely a business that appealed to me."

"Yes, Johann?"

"Making violins," he said; "that appeals to me, also."

"Yes?"

"I shall become a very good violin maker. Be patient, and you'll see."

"I am very patient, Johann."

She waited. He took up his sandwich. But that was all.

But that afternoon, hearing Ingabord singing at her work, Johann remarked to Ludwig:

"Your granddaughter has a beautiful voice, Herr Erdman."

Ludwig listened. "To think," he said, with a dry downward tug at his mustache, "all these years—and I hadn't noticed!"

"Beautiful," Johann exclaimed. "I just noticed it now, myself."

Then one June evening, when they were planting the flower bed near the garden house, Ingabord asked him, shyly:

"You are now contented here, Johann?"

The question seemed to have a luminous effect in his mind, as if it brought a brightening realization that finally he had come to the end of his angry frustration, of the resentment, and defiance, and the hopelessness. Transparent blue mists washed down over the snow-capped ranges; such peace and beauty as you couldn't dream of unrolled before his eyes—why hadn't he seen all that before?

He sat back, his palms on his knees.

"It's as if I had just waked up," he said.

For an endless time his eyes quested over Ingabord's face—until finally she said:

"If you *do* decide to kiss me, Johann, then I think we shall both be happy—and, also, quite content."

THEY waited until after *Abendbrot* to go to Ludwig with that miracle. Until he was smoking his after-supper pipe, and Benno had gone to bed. They stood before him, their entwined fingers shielded by the folds of Ingabord's skirt. Johann made a warning sound in his throat, and Ingabord giggled.

Ludwig Erdman lowered his pipe.

"So," mused Ludwig, contemplating his pipe. "Now it has come. An old man is to faint with his surprise!"

He took their breath away. Ingabord dropped to her knees beside him. She pressed his hands against her cheek, and Johann gasped:

"I take it—we have your approval, Herr Erdman?"

"Could it have gone so far if you hadn't?" demanded Ludwig, and bent to kiss Ingabord's head. "Poof! Am I

Ghostly laughter roared from the canyons when the wind blew. Laughter was in every sound for her

blind? But you must become a true craftsman before you marry, Johann. A man's work comes first."

"A craftsman first!"

One couldn't learn Ludwig's craft, it seemed to Johann, you *mellowed* until you had it. How long would that be? In how many frantic years could he make a violin Peter Ehlert would buy? The American traveled those thousands of miles for something more than violins; he bought the intangible values that are found only in a superior craftsman's work. No hurrying, desperate young man in love could capture those values in a moment, or a summer, or a year! He was about to speak up angrily—his temper was quick, too often he spoke before he thought—but Ingabord's warning fingers on his lips reminded him they were both beneficiaries of Ludwig's kindness; and in the end he repeated dully:

"A craftsman first!"

Ludwig knocked out his pipe against the hearth. He made a joke:

"Quite so. Show me a married apprentice, my boy, and I'll show you a desperate man."

JOHANN stiffened. This was no time for joking.

"There are circumstances, Herr Erdman, where an unmarried apprentice could be a desperate man, also."

To Ingabord this was a tremendous point. Johann, it seemed, had also a gift for debate!

"That is so, Grandfather. One could become very desperate—waiting and waiting."

Ludwig ignored her. He rose, and said firmly: "Johann, there is the desperation a man bears alone. And then there's the sort his family shares with him. Which shall it be?"

He could be a stubborn man at times, they knew. Firm, unyielding; contesting his convictions, one met up with an almost physical impact. Ingabord's fingers pressed Johann's lips again. She said, timorously:

"We understand, Grandfather. Don't we, Johann?"

Johann was silent.

"Such a little while," said Ludwig, looking kindly down at them through his years. "A year or two, if Johann works very hard. No time at all."

And he left them with their miracle and their disappointment.

Ingabord slipped into Johann's arms. He told her: "It's as if the clocks had stopped—or a rising sun goes down again!"

"If I disobey him"—Ingabord was grave, her fingers creeping over his shoulders—"trouble always comes. He is wise, you know."

BUT there was the mountain summer and the long evenings; there were drifting days when time was suspended and they didn't count it, and it wouldn't have mattered if they had. There was a deep-shadowed place in the garden, and the flowers were pale at night, and the scent was heavy, and brighter moonlight than they'd ever seen was on the mountains—there were innumerable, shining hours. And there were hours during the Carnival, in the August sunshine, with the music playing in the people's park, which almost matched the night hours; Johann's triumph with his imitations—when even his victims cried for more—and Ingabord sat in the front row with Ludwig and Benno and almost suffocated with her pride in him.

There was Peter Ehlert's visit when he played the violin in the firelight and the warm old room sang with sound, and the wine couldn't race their blood faster than it was racing with the intoxication of music and the garden and their love. And the sweet pain of their parting was in itself a compensation; not even that was more than they could bear because their letters crossed in every post. The love letters: "I remember how you looked, that first day, when you came into the workroom and sat on the bench beside me, and said I was a silent one. Now I am the funny one, am I not?" And Ingabord's: "Yes, you are a funny man, Johann Patz. I laugh when I think of you." And Johann: "All of your life, I will promise you laughter." And her reply: "I ask you to promise me nothing more. That's everything."

And then there was the second spring.

Peter Ehlert arrived in June that year. Young Benno met him at Mittenwald, in a borrowed car. During the two-hour drive up the winding, mounting road to Vrieling, Benno was abstracted; but at the pass he stopped the car at the side of the road.

"Sir," he said. "We have a tragedy at our house."

PETER was alarmed. He didn't know that young Benno had fallen in love that spring; that to him Johann and Ingabord were Tristan and Isolde, and Romeo and Juliet, and all the tragic lovers:

"Is some one ill, Benno?"

"It's worse than that," said Benno. "Grandfather is being firm again. Johann's new violin is not good enough to show you."

"Well, Benno?"

"Well, sir!"—Benno's young face was tragic—"Johann talks about running off to Berlin—to go back to juggling. And Ingabord is crying. And Grandfather has made a shambles of everyone's life, with that decision, sir." Benno took a deep breath, and came out with it: "Do you ever buy a second-grade violin, Herr Ehlert? Would that be possible?"

"I'm afraid not," Peter said, gravely. "I'm an agent—for dealers, you know, in New York."

"There are times," said Benno, who was seventeen that summer, "when life becomes very difficult, sir."

And he started the car. But when Peter had heard the story, he said:

"I've a friend, Herr Heindrich Schilling, who has a music hall in Munich. Perhaps I could be of some help to Johann and Ingabord." There was an awakening Germany under the new chancellor, Peter said. The theaters were doing well just then.

And that was why Peter called on his friend, Heindrich Schilling, in his music hall at Munich, when he went back that

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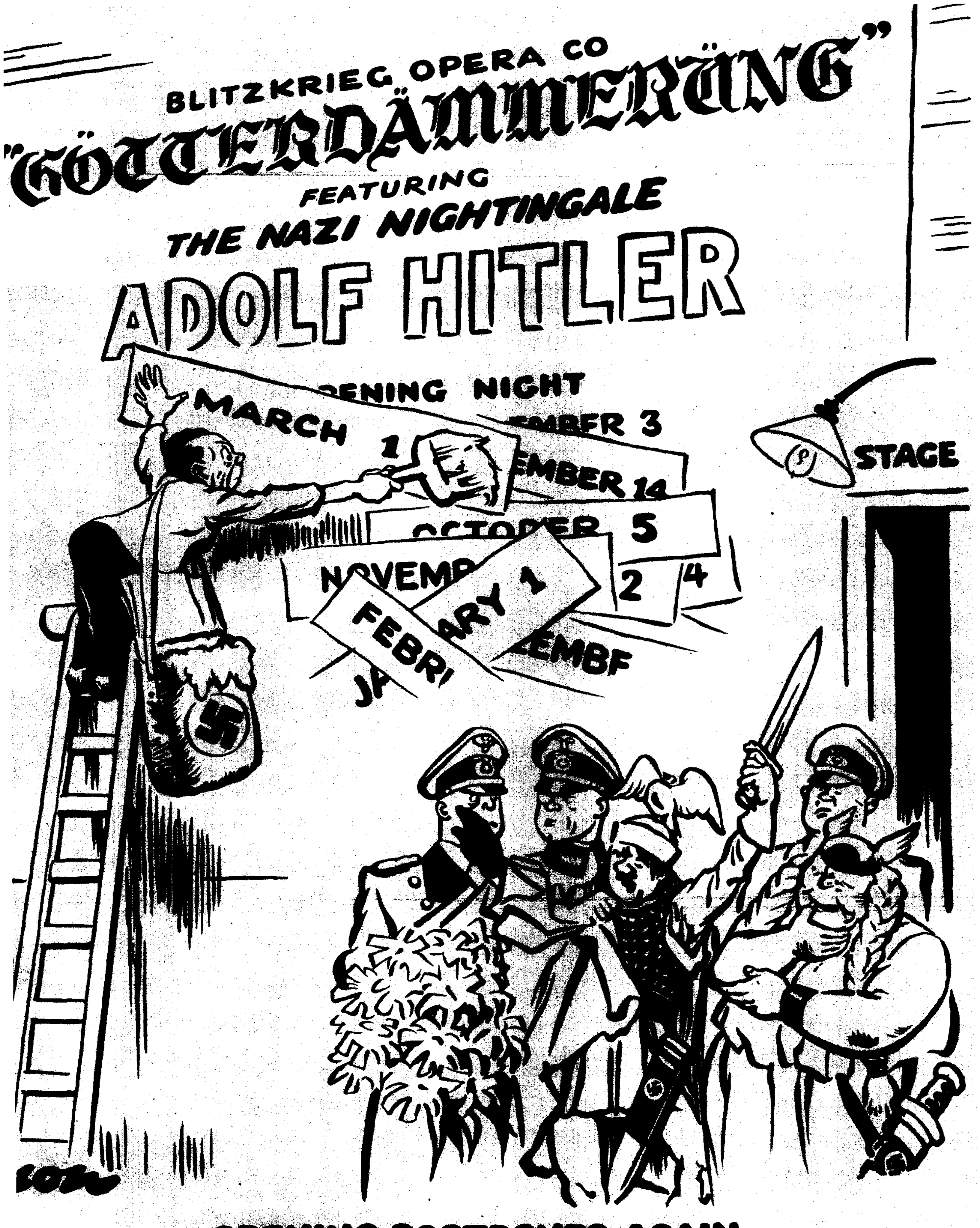

OPENING POSTPONED AGAIN

DRAWN BY LOW FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

Let Me Call You Comrade

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story Thus Far:

IS THE Hollywood Trojan horse, a group of Commu-Nazi plotters, responsible for sabotage in the airplane factory where "Barney" McGill is employed? Believing that it is, Barney's boss orders him to pose as a gambling drunkard and, after working his way into the horse, expose its nefarious activities.

Barney, heretofore a model young man, goes into action. Whereupon, Audrey Atkinson—a born reformer who longs for a man she can reform and marry—decides to save him. Subsequent events convince Barney and Scoop Duncan (a newspaper reporter whom Barney finally takes into his confidence) that if Barney is to succeed in his sleuthing Miss Atkinson must be eliminated.

It so happens, though, that the young lady has fallen in love with Barney. She insists on keeping an eye on him.

Wherever Barney goes, Audrey follows him. When he wangles an invitation to a meeting of the Trojan horse (at the home of one Boris Koslov-Kundbeischer), she—regarded by the horse as a possible "angel"—is present. And she is shocked by the evil influences around him (notably Katrinka Rolfe, an attractive revolutionary, pretty Dot Walker and the Baroness Thiele, a Bund member). . . .

Harry Kelleher, who belongs to the horse, is murdered. The better to protect Barney (who stoutly denies that he is in need of either reformation or protection), Audrey decides to join the band of plotters. Learning this, Barney, realizing that his counterespionage plans are in danger of being ruined (Audrey cannot keep a secret, and she knows what he is doing), is frantic.

Powerless to do anything, he awaits developments. They come quickly—Audrey (who has evolved a mysterious scheme of some sort) takes the Trojan horse, in toto, to an island she owns; there—with the revolutionaries and her Aunt Tissy (a formidable female with great strength of character), she prepares to enjoy an exciting week end.

Scoop Duncan learns of the party. He learns, furthermore, that an unusually dangerous man—the mysterious head of the horse—is among the guests. He hires a small boat, speeds to the island. He is frightened.

Conclusion

AUNT TISSY'S house, low and rambling, its red-tiled roof bright in a warm sun, was familiar and reassuring. I might have noticed the absence of revelry, except that I did not expect much laughter from these particular guests.

But before I reached the low wall that enclosed the yard, I ran slam-bang into what looked to be a barbed-wire entanglement.

"Halt!"

"For gosh sake!" I said. "Why, George!"

It was George, all right. But this time George was armed with a Tommy gun and a little brief authority.

"You'll have to wait, Mr. Duncan," he said. "Homer's gone to get an okay from Aunt Tissy!"

"What *is* this?"

A number of strange things riveted my attention. The barbed wire ran all around the house. Temporary floodlights had been rigged at corners. In the center of the lawn were two bright new flagpoles. One bore a banner with a strange device—a swastika, to be exact. The other carried the hammer-and-sickle flag of Soviet Russia.

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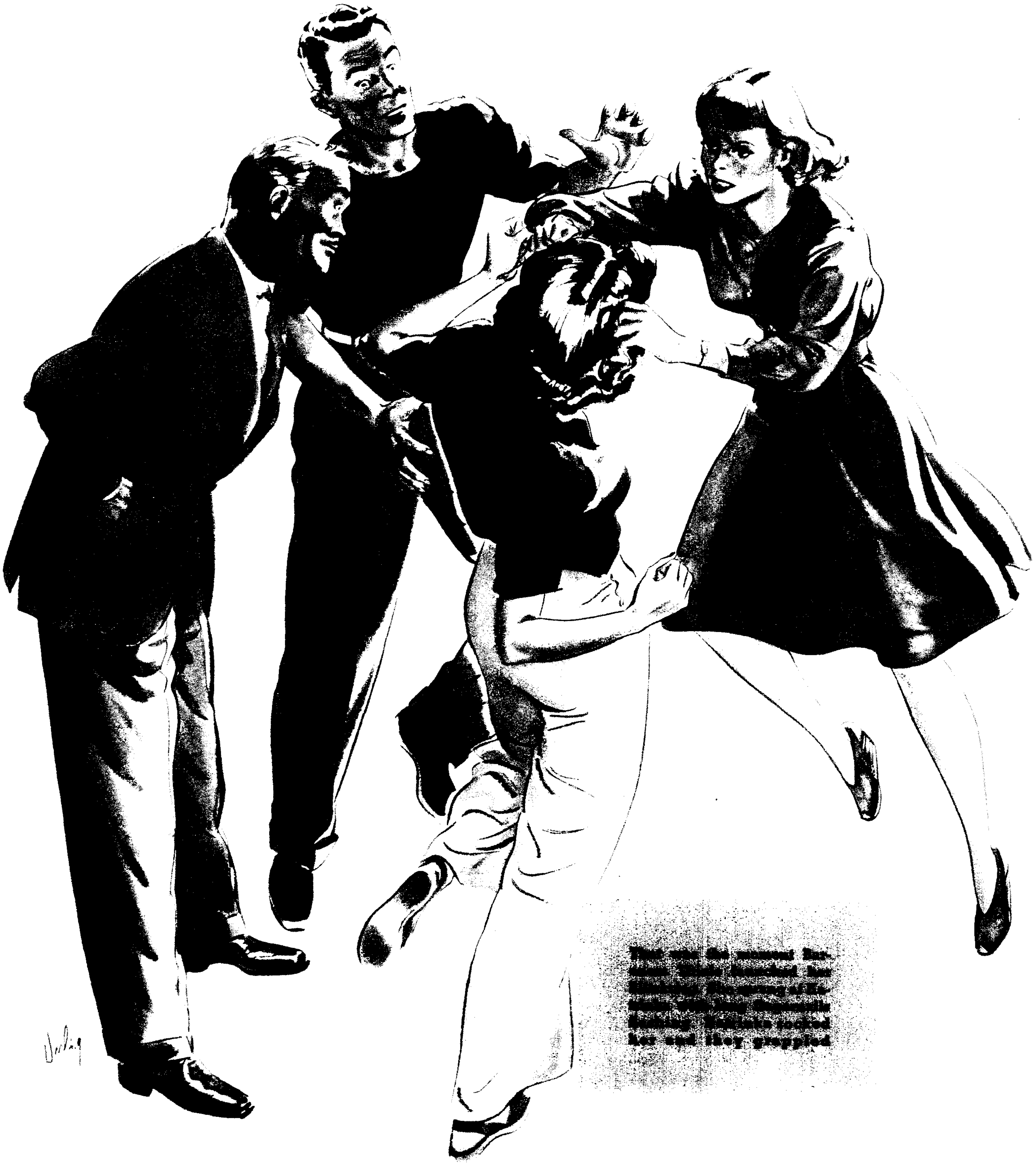
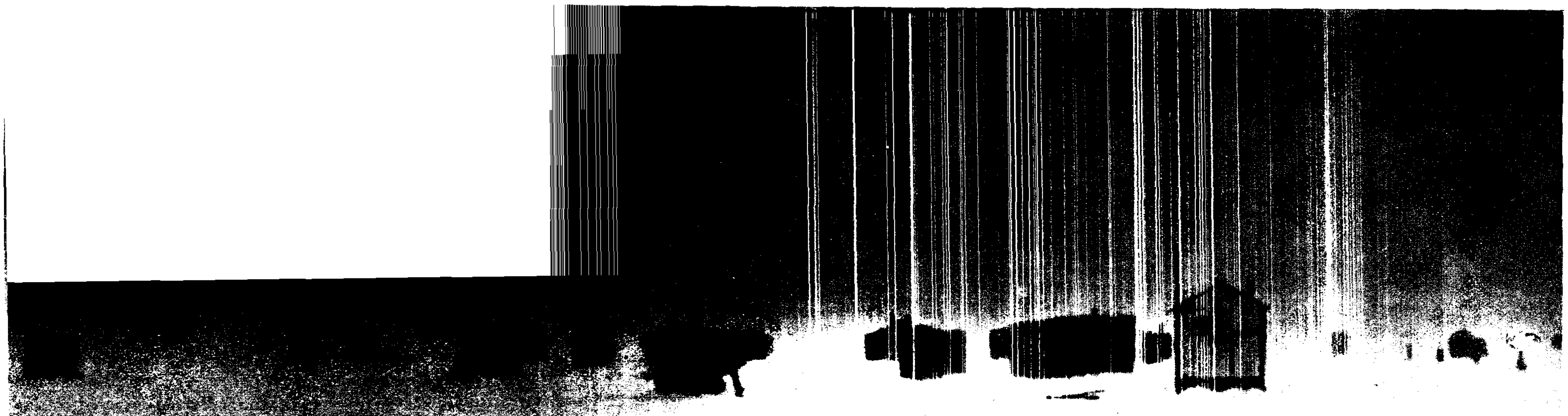


That was the moment Barney [illegible] her [illegible] [illegible] Katrinka socked her and they grappled



Junior Stark does more than his share by catching a whitefish, between smelts, for the family dinner. He is proudly exhibiting his catch to his beaming mother

CITY ON ICE

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY ED SCHAEFER

"I GUESS," Bill Smith said, "that I'm the mayor of the darnedest city in the world."

We were walking along Smith Boulevard, main street of Smeltania, at two in the morning. Instead of the conventional lampposts Smith Boulevard is lined with Christmas trees. Mayor Smith, dressed fetchingly in woolen stocking cap, red mackinaw, heavy boots and huge mittens, talked about his city.

"We have no closing laws here in Smeltania," he said. "Matter of fact, most of our citizens stay up all night. But we never have any trouble. We're not exactly what you'd call an industrial city, though we do have one general store. We got a police force but they don't have much to do. About the only complaint we ever get from our people is when there's too much water in the streets."

Smeltania is the only city in the world built on ice. That is only one of the interesting features of this community of 300 hardy souls. If you want to hear about it, gather round the fire, because it's mighty cold in this town. First of all, take a look at the map of Michigan. Look 'way up north near the top of the lower peninsula and you'll see Lake Charlevoix. It's eighteen miles long and three miles wide. Technically, it is an inland lake, but a quarter-mile channel has been dredged to join it with Lake Michigan.

Nestling at the inland end of Lake Charlevoix you'll find Boyne City. Boyne City, roughly speaking, is the mother and father of our Smeltania. Smeltania, which isn't on the map, is one mile west of Boyne City—one mile out on the lake.

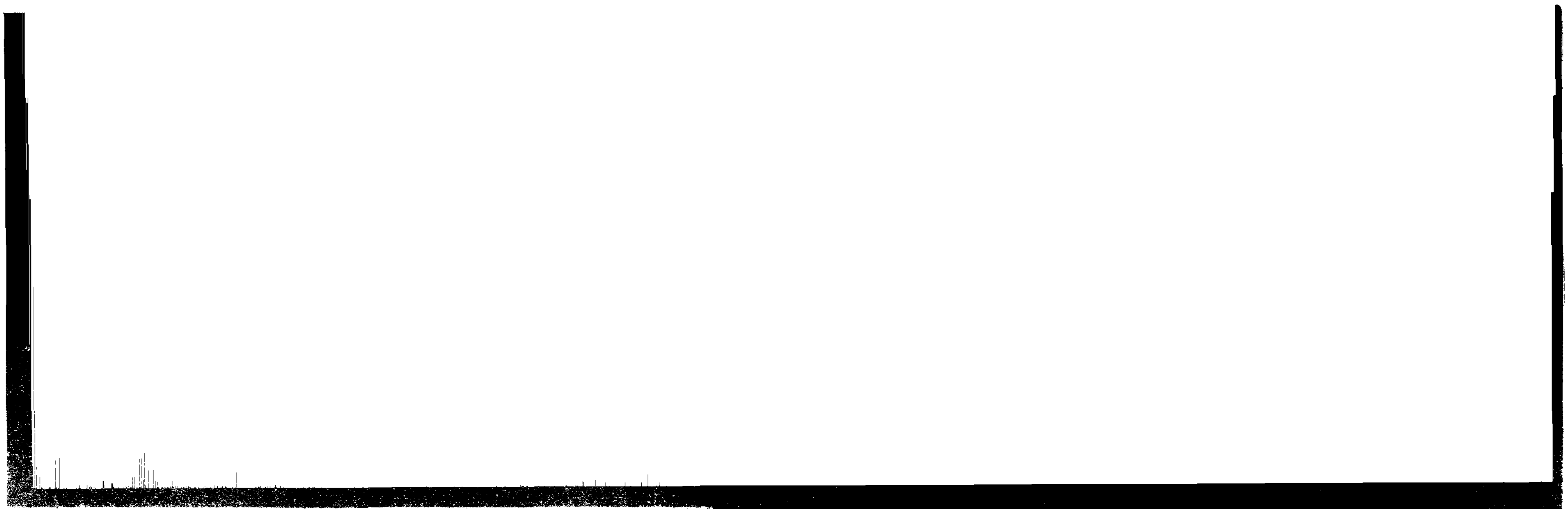
The citizens of Smeltania live in one-room shacks usually about six feet in height and about six feet square. They're all one-room shacks and they cost anywhere from nothing to ten dollars to build. Usually the citizens build their own shacks. They need only a couple of beams, a few planks, a handful of nails, a saw and a hammer and there you are. A few of the shacks have windows in them and at night lights framed by small white curtains gleam cheerfully out of them.

The floor of each shack is ice—ice fourteen to twenty inches thick. Two holes, each about two feet square, are cut in the floor of each shack. These holes in the ice floor are essential, for Smeltania has only one industry—fishing through the ice for smelts. Lake Charlevoix is about chock-full of smelts

Wayne Burgess' restaurant has 50 feet of water below it. He serves 50 people—mostly with coffee—nightly. Below is Bill Smith, duly elected mayor of Smeltania

Mayor Smith and Wesley Dilworth chat outside Dilworth's fishing shack. Dilworth owns hotels in Boyne City and Petoskey; the shack is for guests who like to fish

LWORTH HOTEL
THE
THIRD



and the little creatures, sympathizing no doubt with the 300 inhabitants of Smeltania, leap eagerly and happily to the baited hooks.

Most of the citizens of Smeltania are, of course, inhabitants of Boyne City. The people of Boyne City (there are only 2,800 of them) laugh a bit at Smeltania and they kid Mayor Smith and City Manager Wild Bill Schaller and Police Chief Ed Duell and his assistants Billy Hamilton and the aptly named Philo Wakeford. But actually Boyne City is mighty proud of Smeltania. At least half of the citizens of Smeltania support themselves and their families entirely by fishing through the ice. These families would all be on relief if Bill Smith and a few others hadn't conceived the idea of this city on ice. Relief, charity — these are humiliating words to the people of rugged Michigan. They'd rather work. Boyne City solved its problem by creating a city—a city that is born at the beginning of each winter and dies each spring.

No citizen of Smeltania ever becomes rich no matter how long he works. A smelt brings one cent. The average catch will be a hundred smelts a night, although catches of two hundred or even more are not uncommon. But in Boyne City two dollars will support a family quite nicely. Merchants in Boyne City are well satisfied with small profits and the merchants realize that this is a community that has to fight to keep alive during the winter. It's different in summer. In summer Boyne City is the headquarters for the summer residents of Lake Charlevoix and everything is fine then.

But in winter Boyne City is cold and the stores are empty and the two gasoline stations, glistening with ice, don't see many customers. About the only winter industry is the cutting and marketing of Christmas trees. During the winter Wesley Dilworth's hotel is almost empty and the men and women he hires during the busy summer months have no work. You've got to fight to live in Boyne City when the temperature is ten below zero and the streets are piled with snow and icicles drip ghostlike from the eaves of the neat wooden houses on Main Street.

About 10,000 smelts are shipped out of the city each day. That means one hundred dollars a day comes into the community. No one preaches poverty on the shore of Lake Charlevoix. No one whines about hard times. Instead he builds a wooden shack, gets an old stove, an automobile battery, a length of wire, an electric-light bulb and walks a mile out on the ice.

The smelt is supposed to be a salt-water fish. Properly speaking, the smelt has no right to be under the ice of Smeltania. Legend has it that an eccentric old man who lived on the shore of Crystal Lake a hundred miles away had a large pool in which he kept a variety of fish. From the East he brought some smelts, thinking they'd be nice food for his pets.

Later a hurricane hit the neighborhood and lifted the pool, fish and all, right into Crystal Lake. One day in 1918 Newt Ely, a clerk of Benzie County, dipped a net into the lake and came up with a bunch of smelts. Imagine his surprise! The busy little smelt may have heard of hospitable Lake Charlevoix, for eventually they slipped through the Betsie River, which connects Crystal Lake with Lake Michigan; turned right past Sleeping Bear Point and went forty miles north to round Leelanau Peninsula, then made another turn past Cat's Head Point to find themselves in Round Lake. They kept on going down the small stream that then connected Round Lake with Lake Charlevoix and they didn't stop until they had swum the entire eighteen-mile length of the lake, which brought them offshore at Boyne City. They took a look around, liked the place and set up housekeeping. They've been there ever since, although it wasn't until four years

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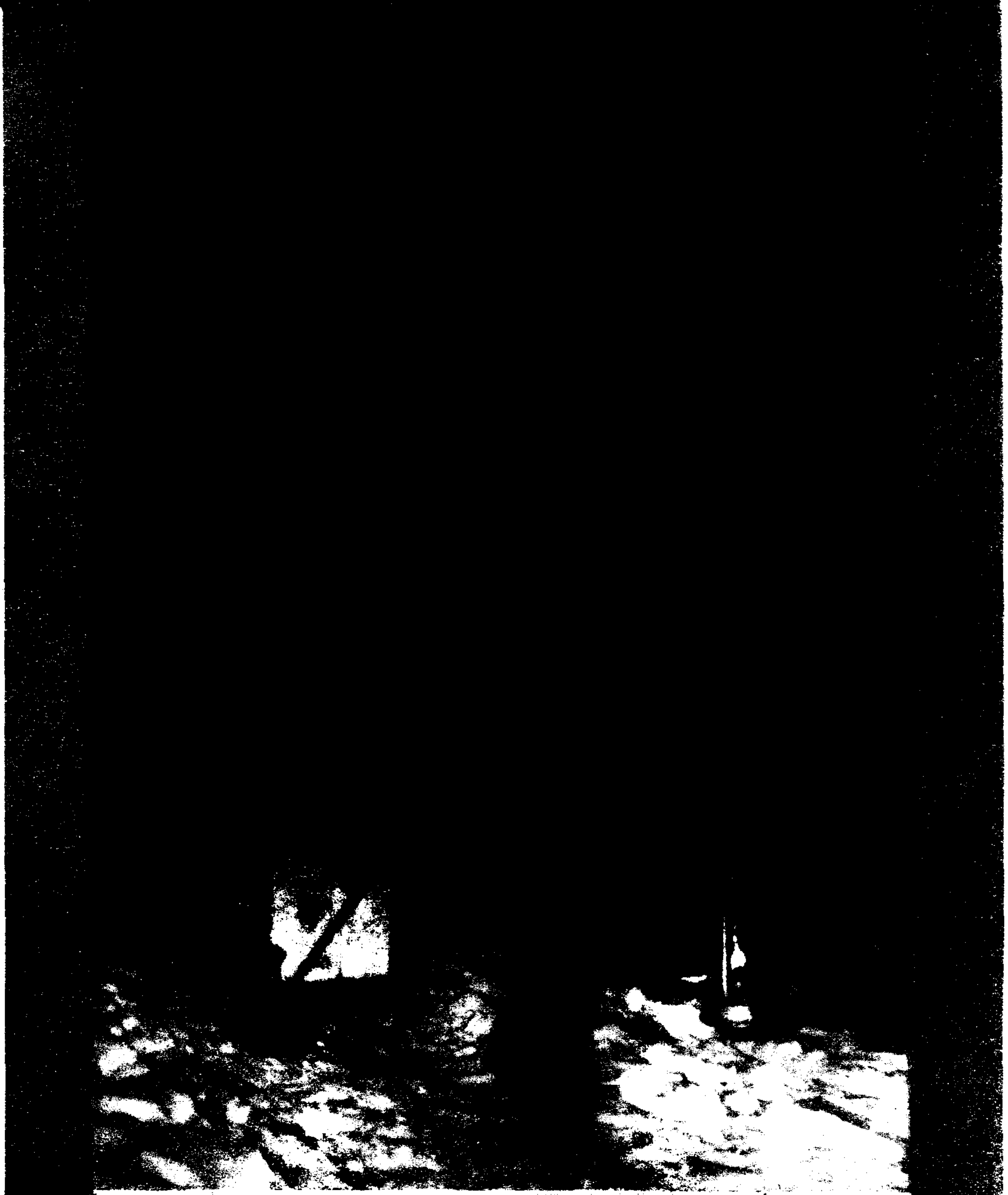

George Underhill fishes until he has a hundred smelts. Then he starts for home. Below, Mayor Smith hooks up a battery to an electric light for an underwater lure

An exceptionally good night's work is this catch of well over a hundred smelts. They will bring a cent each. These fish are Smeltania's sole source of income

Trade is a Two-Way Street

By Thomas W. Lamont

AS a lifelong Republican, I am impressed with the importance of renewing the legislation for the Hull Trade Agreement. Further, I venture to express the hope that my Republican friends will avoid making a party issue of this pending measure. I can understand the attitude of those who are not convinced of the lift the Hull agreements have given to our foreign trade and who therefore may not support this policy. But for the Republicans to take a partisan stand against this manifest effort to expand our commerce would, I submit, place the party in an untenable position. It would jeopardize the success of any Republican administration that might win office next November, for the reason that the next four years for America must be made to produce expanding, not dwindling trade.

In arguing for the trade agreements, I shall not resort to elaborate statistics. I know that the State Department's figures as to the favorable working of the agreements have been challenged on some points, but I have no reason to doubt that the Department's compilations are substantially correct. Yet one has to go behind statistics alone and look at basic principles and larger issues. The real question is: Shall we, or shall we not make every reasonable effort to maintain and upbuild our foreign trade?

Among all the criticisms of the trade agreements, I have not yet seen one that even began to prove that the operation of the treaties has been detrimental to America's national interests. Naturally, our trade with all of the twenty countries now bound by agreements with the United States has not yielded spectacular results. But which one of the critics has stopped to figure to what low point our trade might have dropped if the agreements had not been in existence? I doubt whether the public at large has any realization of the extent to which in the last few years normal trade relations over the world have been dislocated and international trade cut down. Indeed it was a lucky thing that, before the world began to turn completely topsy-turvy, we made a vigorous start on this trade-agreement plan for maintaining and increasing America's foreign commerce.

We Republicans are rather inclined to pick holes in the whole theory of trade agreements, seeming to think they are a brand-new invention of the Democratic party, and therefore of the Evil One. Yet I have noted that even the Democrats have been apt to quote President McKinley as in favor of special trade arrangements. This was his attitude in 1897:

"By sensible trade arrangements, which will not interrupt our home production, we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system that provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing."

NOW, frankly, I can hardly bring myself to believe that William McKinley, the high priest of protection, was ever strongly in favor of lowering tariffs very far, but certainly he was on sound ground when he wound up his appeal to an overwhelmingly Republican Congress by declaring that "we must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing." And that brings me to my next point.

How many of us, either Republicans or Democrats, ponder enough upon our sins in the whole blind and inconsistent tariff policy that we have followed—both parties—in the last twenty years? In my boyhood days and up to almost the end of the World War, America was a debtor country. For that reason, quite aside from the question of protecting and building up infant industries as an offset to lower wages and poorer living standards abroad, it was natural and proper that America should seek a favorable balance of trade. We had to, as a means of paying the interest we owed on money borrowed abroad, and paying for ocean transportation, insurance, immigrants' remittances and so forth, all of which were a heavy debit burden. Therefore, the Republican protective policy on the whole, despite many inequalities, worked well. So well, in fact, that the Republican party grew to believe that if adequate protection had proved sound for development of industry in our infant years, therefore, when as a country we had reached maturity, we should ask for even higher protection. And even the free-trade or low-tariff Democrats began to be bitten with the same bug. The appalling thing that happened was that both political parties and the country at large utterly failed to adjust its policies to America's radically altered position, its spectacular change from a debtor to a creditor nation.

It was about 1916 that America's situation reversed itself. We bought back our debts, we began to build ocean carriers, we undertook more insurance for our own account. As creditor instead of debtor the natural course would have been for us straightway to begin cautiously to lower our tariffs and to encourage imports, to follow President McKinley's advice and to make trade more of a two-way street. Such a gradual change of policy on America's part would not for a moment have meant a diminution of our prosperity. It would simply have helped to put foreign nations where, by having a chance to sell us more goods, they would become profitable customers of ours on a vastly increased scale.

Well, as a matter of fact, what did we do? Loosen up? Let the bars down? Encourage foreign trade through a reasonable lowering of tariffs, and so encourage foreign nations to become better customers?

Not at all. First came the Fordney-McCumber Tariff in 1922, which jacked our duties up to an all-time high. Indeed, William McKinley, Thomas B. Reed and all those old worthies of the gay nineties would have realized, had they lived to see the sorry spectacle, what small-town folks they were in the matter of high tariffs. The foreign nations, not having the wherewithal under the higher tariffs to pay for what they needed to buy from us, found our money markets ready lenders. Thus for several years in the twenties there was a specious show of a very lively export business from America, built in part on the quicksands of overlending.

IN 1927 I respectfully protested, in some remarks before the International Chamber of Commerce at Washington, against this easy-mark policy by Americans. It had first started with well-planned loans to European nations that were solvent and utilized the loans for constructive purposes. Then it finally developed into a scramble for unwise loans to many South American countries, and to the extension of many short-time, unsecured credits to various Central European powers, much of which has not been repaid. What we had tried to do was to get the foreign peoples to buy our goods on the strength of lending them money to pay for them. We were unwilling to let them pay for them by selling to us on a liberal scale, and thus let us carry out our proper role as a creditor nation, help increase all-around world trade and build our own prosperity on a firm foundation.

But America had not yet learned its lesson. In 1929 a tariff bill was introduced in Congress for the declared purpose of assisting the farmers. They were

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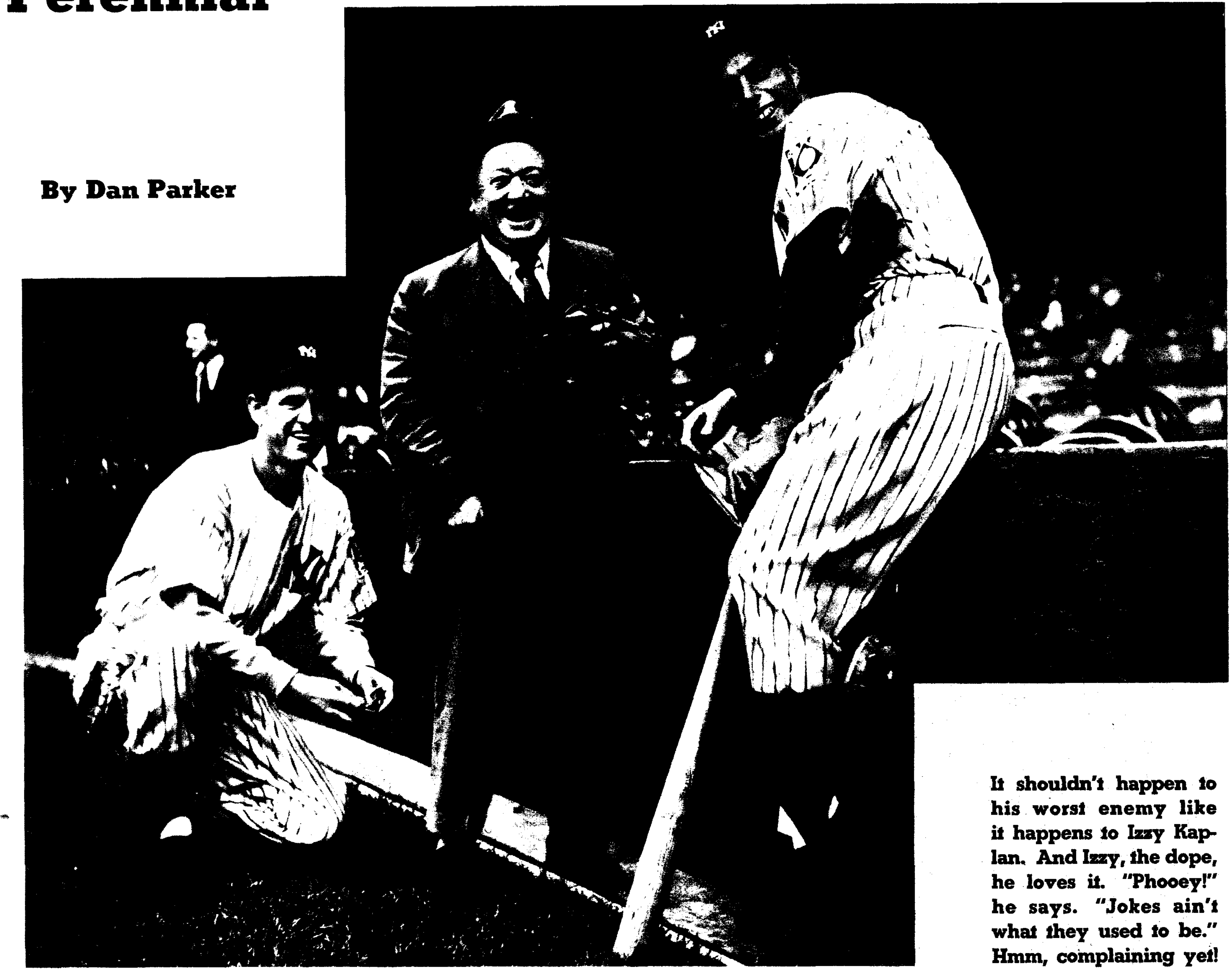
"A system that provides a mutual exchange of commodities is essential to the continued health of our export trade"

GLOBE

Perennial

By Dan Parker



THOMAS

Photographer Israel Solomon Kaplan is proud of his natural talent for being the butt of practical jokes. Here he's being honored by a hotfoot from Lefty Gomez and Joe DiMaggio

It shouldn't happen to his worst enemy like it happens to Izzy Kaplan. And Izzy, the dope, he loves it. "Phooey!" he says. "Jokes ain't what they used to be." Hmm, complaining yet!

A TELEPHONE bell ruptured the tomblike silence of St. Petersburg, Florida, at three o'clock one morning in March, amputating the highly individual snore of Mr. Izzy Kaplan, sports photographer extraordinary, in the middle of an especially robust intake.

"Hello, vot's all aboud it?" asked the heavy-lidded communicant of Morpheus, picking up the receiver with the automatic motions of a somnambulist.

"This is Al Lang," lied the voice at the other end of the phone. "I just heard you were in town and, as I'm giving the sports writers a party down here at the Vinoy, I thought I'd give you a ring and ask you to join us."

"Hokay, Chief, I'll be right down," said the now wide-awake Kaplan, a party boy of the old school.

An hour later, after summoning up all his eloquence and persuasive power, the night clerk of the Vinoy finally succeeded in convincing Izzy, the famous patsy of the training camps, that there was no party, hadn't been any party and wasn't going to be any party.

Finding himself in the middle again, like the ham in a railroad-station sandwich, Izzy shrugged his shoulders philosophically and trudged back to his hotel. Back in his room, the short, paunchy veteran of a hundred midnight bee hunts, snipe roundups, duck drives and other weird sporting events, flopped back into the eiderdown and, dismissing the recent wild-goose chase from his mind as too trivial to squander a second thought on, picked up his snore in the middle of the beat where he had left off forty minutes before and was back in Morpheus' delightful clutch before you could say "Sholem aleichem!"

That morning when the baseball writers traveling with the New York Yankees gathered in the lobby and heard from the lips of the cub who perpetrated it the story of Izzy's latest nocturnal expedition, it was agreed by the older hands that not only had the fine art of practical joking degenerated to a degree of crudity that would shame even a schoolboy but that baseball training camps have become entirely too businesslike in recent years. There's no more of the hilarious fun, joined in by everyone from the manager down, such as used to relieve the tedium of spring training camps in the good old days.

Izzy Kaplan's career as a sports photographer encompasses the rise and fall of practical joking in baseball clubs. In his day (and also his night) Izzy has fallen for every artful dodge that has ever been invented to provide an outlet for ebullient spirits. Yet, after 25 years, he is as willing and as jovial a victim as ever. Such has been the deterioration in the ancient art of practical joking, however, that he's "gatting disgosted gradually wit' de hull seechuwation."

Only a few years out of Russia, where he had scored a hairline duke over a pogrom, Izzy was plunged into the strange new world of "baseballings" in 1918 when the sports editor of the New York newspaper on which he was employed as a photographer assigned him to accompany the New York Yankees on their spring training trip to Macon, Georgia. That was the year the immortal Miller Huggins, baseball's Mighty Mite, came to the Yankees as manager. If Izzy was delighted with the life of a baseball correspondent, the luxury of which contrasted so greatly with the hardships of his existence in Czaristic Russia, the ballplayers and sports writers hailed him as a heaven-sent gift to cure their ennui.

As soon as the camp became aware of his almost unbelievable naïvete, a hundred comic plots were instituted against him. Left-handed pitchers, asked by Izzy to pose for his camera, borrowed right-handers' gloves and obliged. Outfielders donned catchers' livery. First basemen posed as left-handed shortstops. The unlooked-for pay-off of this particular prank was that the carefully edited newspaper that employed Izzy ran a complete layout of the lopsided pictures without tumbling to the joke, until old subscribers wrote in to inquire since when Wally Pipp was a southpaw shortstop and Sad Sam Jones a left-hander?

A traveling carnival stopped off at Macon during the training season that year, and when the Yankee pitching staff learned that an African Dodger show was one of the features a Puckish mood seized the boys. Loading up with regulation league baseballs, Pitchers George Mogridge, Sam Jones and Bob

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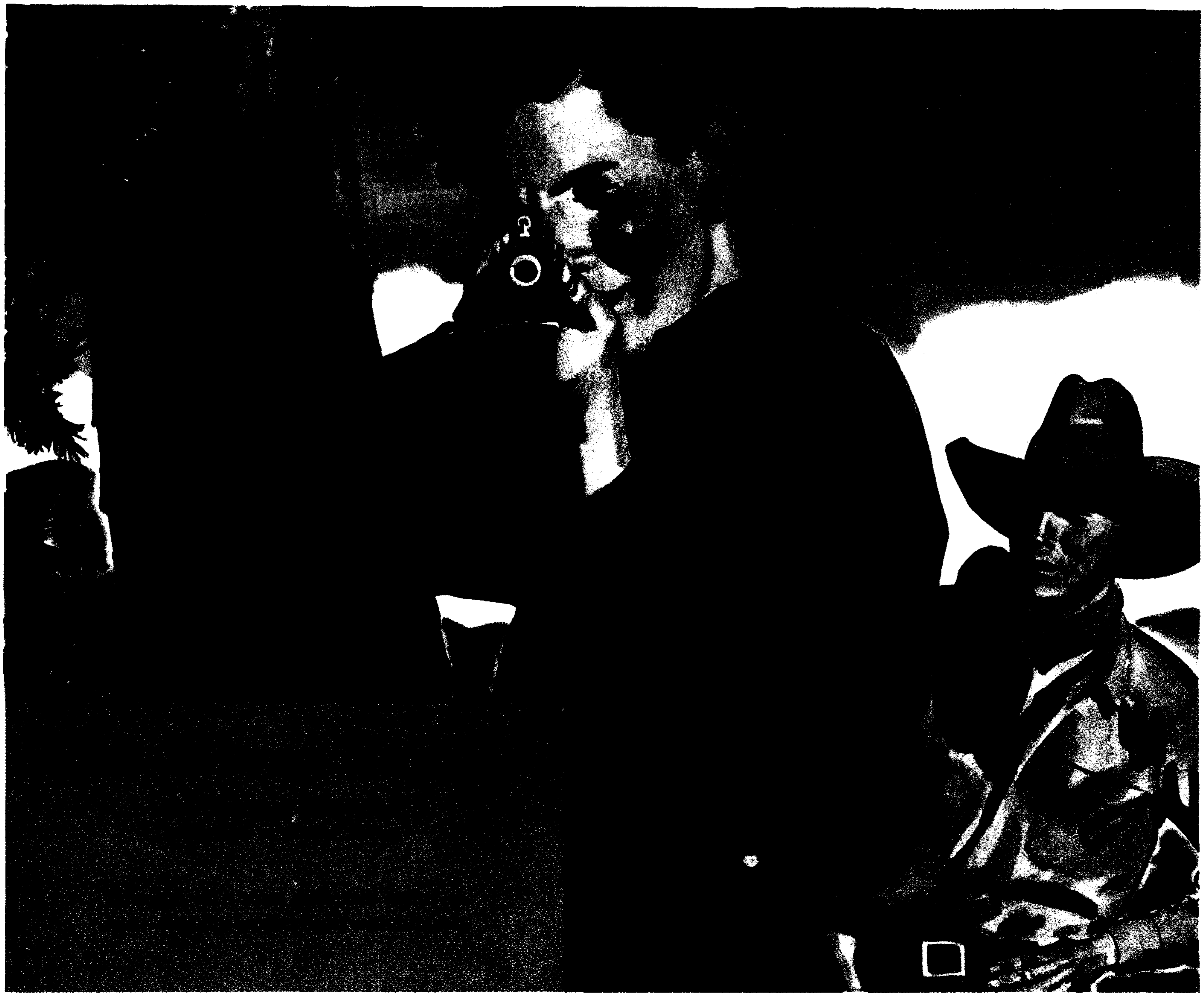


He watched Elzie, not the buck. Elzie's cheek lay flat against the gunstock and his face was solemnly thin

THEY dropped from the high hills to the top of a lower ridge, Tom Baker and his son Elzie, and left the horses and stopped by a big pine. Elzie leaned against the pine, holding the Krag. For a boy of twelve it was a bulky gun, but the weight didn't seem to bother him; nothing bothered him now because he was all tied up in the hope of getting his first deer. The sun was almost down and the light had changed, filling the ravine below them with dusty pearl-gray shadows; down there was a runway that mule deer used in coming and going from the hills.

"In fact," said Tom Baker in a voice very soft for so big a man, "there's a buck movin' out of the brush now. You see him, Elzie?"

Elzie lifted the Krag along the pine bark and steadied it. His heels squirmed slowly in the dust; he was bracing himself against the Krag's recoil, for he had practiced on this gun long enough to know the wallop it had. "But I believe I'd wait," said Tom Baker in the same gentle murmuring, "till he got lower in the canyon. He ain't seen us and he can't smell us, and he'll drift down and come to a stop, to look things over. That's the way they travel. Stop and look and go—and stop again. Same way when they reach water—a drink and a look, and a drink and a look. Aim right behind the forequarter. Don't want to gut-shoot him."

He watched Elzie, not the buck. Elzie's cheek lay flat against the gunstock and his whole face was solemnly thin, which would be a youngster's excitement freezing everything inside him. A man had to remember the way a boy felt when he was twelve, shooting his first deer or doing anything for the first time. A man needed to remember about being young, because it was so easy to forget. Elzie's sighting eye ceased to wink and the crook of his finger grew steadily smaller against the trigger. The report of the gun was a dry burst that flew through the hills in loosening waves and died out as fragments in far corridors. The buck jumped and dropped, not moving again. Elzie worked the Krag's bolt, but he held the gun half lowered, staring at the brown patch of the deer below; his face was thinner and thoughtful; his eyes were black as coal.

"Wait up," said Tom Baker, so gently, and walked to his horse for a rope. It was a mighty big feeling for a youngster, that first kill; it just went right down to the roots. You wouldn't ever think it from looking at Elzie's small and pointed face just now, but that was being young, to hold the big feelings out of sight. The little feelings always showed but not the big ones. Baker came back with the rope and they went down the slope together, Elzie circling the buck.

"Not at the head, son. Don't get in front of those horns till we know." When he tested the deer with his boot he knew it was stone-dead, and cut its throat at once. He waited to see if Elzie remembered how he had been taught, and when the boy turned over the safety on the Krag and laid it down he was pleased. Training took a lot of time, but when you saw the results work out you got a kind of grateful feeling. He said: "A mighty square shot. You did well. And there's our winter's venison as good as in the jar right now."

PRAISE always affected Elzie. He looked down and said in a half-smothered way: "Did just like you said. Didn't waste a shot, did I?"

"No, sir, you sure didn't," said Tom Baker. He opened the deer, cleaning it. He broke a branch from the nearest pine and trimmed out a couple of short poles, cutting them to a point at each end and jamming them in the buck's tendons. He threw one end of the rope over a taller limb of the pine, fastened the other end to one of the poles and hauled the buck well off the ground, tying the free end of the rope to another pine. "High enough to keep the coyotes off. It will cool tonight. Some men," he added, "hang their meat other end down. I like this way best; seems as though it drains better."

He explained these things in a deliberate, patient way, so that they would sink in. For he had a humble man's deep respect for the usefulness and the power of knowledge. He had no book learning he could give his son; all he knew were the practical things, the lessons he had learned by the usage of his hands, and these he meant Elzie to have, because they were all he could give, and because the giving of them might save Elzie some of his own toil.

The sun dropped and twilight moved in swiftly, a bodiless gray water filling the canyon brimful. Tom Baker wasted another few moments to roll a smoke, so that Elzie might have the last spell of pleasure from looking at his deer. Then they climbed the canyon's side, got to their horses and descended the long grade toward the floor of the sage desert.

Now that it was over, Elzie thawed and became talkative. He said: "It was a good one, wasn't it? What'll it weigh?"

"It ought to dress close to two-fifty."

"You got sharp eyes, Dad. I wouldn't 've seen it until you spoke. Then I just remembered what to do. I just remembered what you'd said. Seems like I had to remember everything at once, and then I did. About the trigger and keeping my eyes open and takin' time, and sighting behind the forequarter. I used to wonder how I'd be able to see that spot. Now I know how it goes. Next year I'll know how to dress it, too."

"Sure," said Baker. "It's the knowin' that counts, Elzie. You read a thing an' you see it. But you've got to do it. Then you really know."

The sage desert opened below and beyond them, with twilight's dark opal haze shimmering on it, with here and there a faint light glittering from wide-spaced homestead houses, and the black hulk of the Rim rising as a solid shadow thirty miles west. Dropping from the bench of the hills, they forded Dullknife Creek, crossed the road and came to the yard and the house. Lissie and Little Bill were making a clatter inside but Mrs. Baker was in the doorway, saying: "Any luck?"

Baker saw the struggle on Elzie's face—to shout it out at once or to hold himself in. Elzie held himself in, saying in as deep and brief a voice as he could manage, "We got one."

"Elzie's deer," softly added Tom Baker. "Nice one."

"NOW, Elzie," applauded Mrs. Baker's voice, but Elzie was gone, kicking his horse toward the corral. Tom Baker grinned at his wife, and put away the horses. Elzie drove in the cow and mixed up the mash for the hogs while Baker milked, his big hands squeezing the jets in tinny rhythm against the sides of the pail. He strained the milk in the pantry shed and poured it into the shallow skim pans, whereupon would come by morning the thick rise of yellow cream; and washed at the back-porch basin, blowing the water through his hands as he scrubbed his face. Elzie was inside speaking to seven-year-old Lissie and to Little Bill, who couldn't catch on, being only two: "Well, it came down the canyon and Dad saw it and I shot it. Just one shot." He put out his hand, cocking thumb and forefinger and said, "Bang."

Little Bill put his arms behind him. He walked his chubby baby legs around Elzie and looked up and said, "Bang!"

"Ah," said Elzie, "you're just a kid."

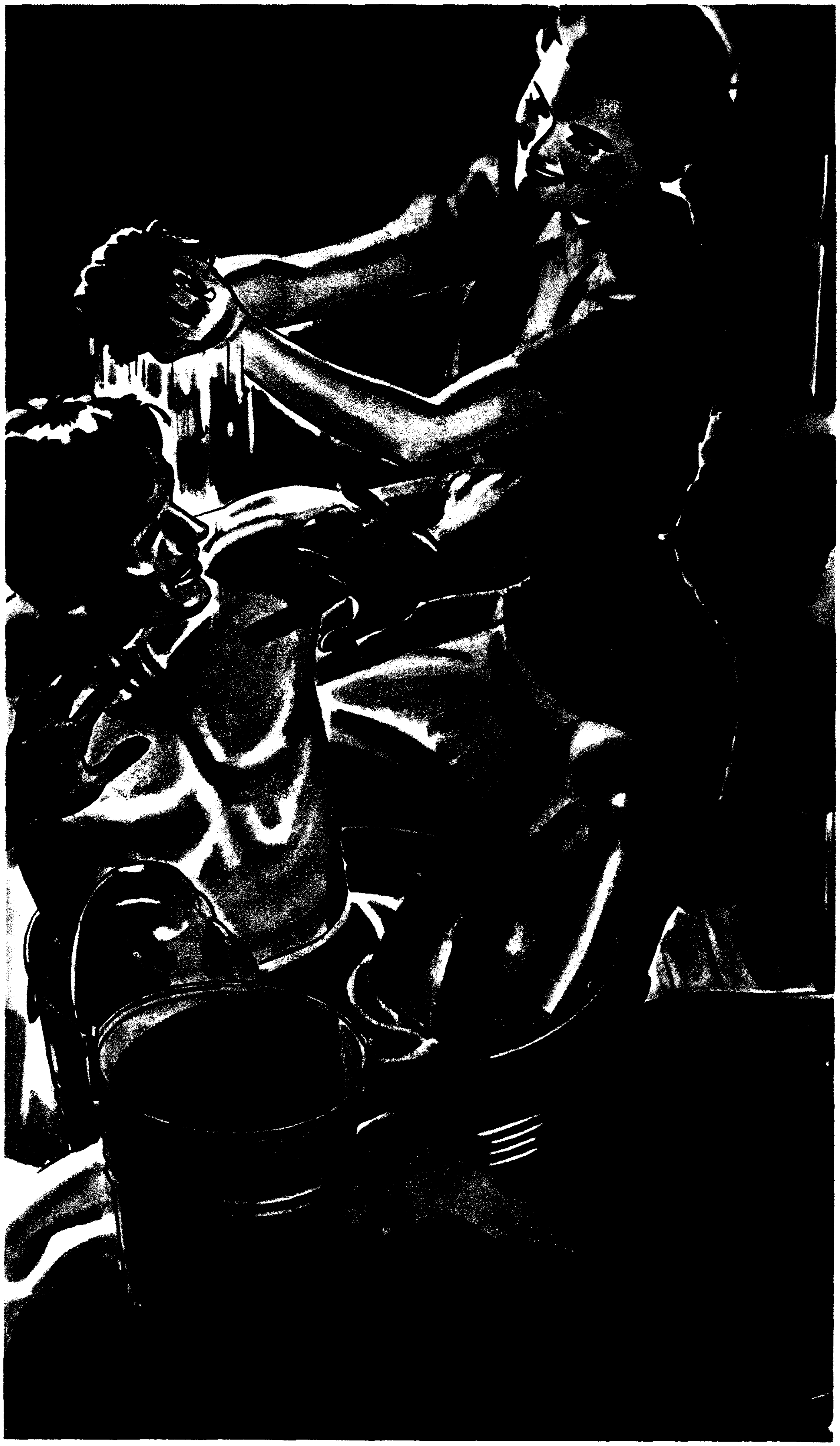
Tom Baker chuckled behind his towel. He went into the yellow light of the kitchen, into its warm smell of supper; and sat up to the table. He said, "Your turn, Elzie," and bowed his head a little, winking at Lissie while Elzie said grace.

Mrs. Baker said: "Tomorrow will be a good day to work on that meat. Bring it down early, Tom."

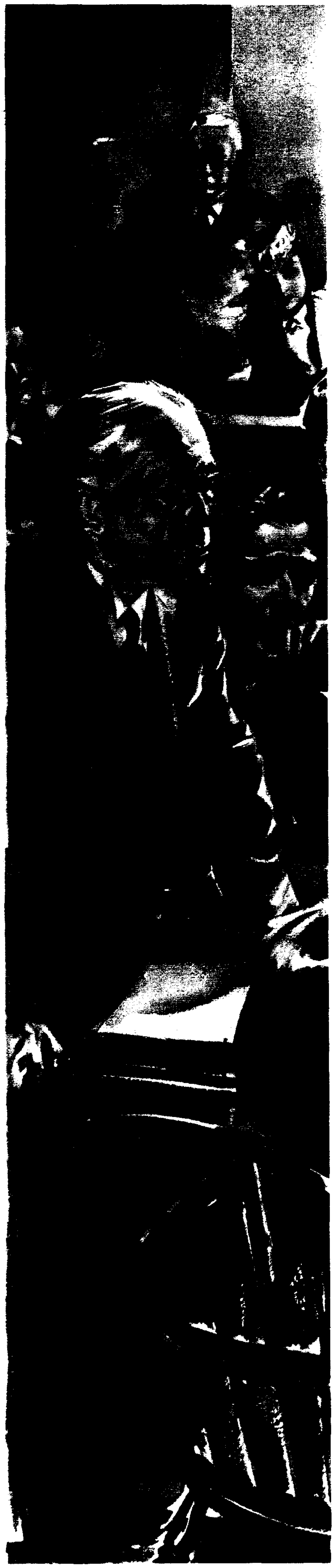
When they had finished, Tom Baker brought in a boiler of water and set it on the stove; and dragged the galvanized washtub to the center of the floor. He settled long-legged in a chair and lighted his pipe, a man cast up on the shores of indolent content. He had a little plowing to do, a load of wood to bring out of the hills and a few beeves to sell; but then the work of the year was about done and he could look either backward or forward and feel no worry. There was food and shelter, and no debts, and everybody was in good health. Mighty strange how these plain things counted to a man. These above everything else.

The smoke of his pipe drifted over the room in sleazy layers and a haze of steam began to rise from the boiler. Little Bill crawled into his lap, reaching for his pipestem. Lissie stood on a chair to wipe dishes, and Elzie was outside in the glow of moonlight; he would be dreaming over the day, living every minute of it again, just growing big with it.

(Continued on page 62)



He felt awkward and grinned back at her open laughter. She dripped water perversely on his face



Romance in Crimson

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

IN NEW YORK CITY, Gregg Stuart saves the life of a girl—Lynn Harrison, whom he has never seen before—when a man tries to shoot her on a quiet midtown street. She refuses to discuss the incident; but Gregg gathers that both she and another girl—Toby Fuller—are in great peril.

Obeying a sudden impulse, Gregg insists that the two girls accompany him on a visit to his mother, in the small Southern city of Karnak. . . .

A few days later, Wally Andrews and Madge, his wife—Karnak's richest young couple—learn that Gregg Stuart has come down from New York. They meet him at a party. They meet the New York girls who have motored down with him. Later, they tell Gregg that his friend, Miss Harrison, might be the twin sister of the "moll" of a bandit who, a few nights before on Long Island, had held them up and robbed them!

Then Gregg receives a rude shock—Lynn informs him that "Rick" (the man who had attempted to shoot her) had held up the Andrewses, and that she had been with him at the time! Other shocks await Gregg Stuart. The first comes when he catches a glimpse of Rick on a street in Karnak. Number two comes when Madge Andrews is murdered, shot to death in Lynn's bedroom!

Questioned, Lynn says that she is innocent. But she astounds Gregg by producing the jewels that had been taken from the Andrewses in the holdup. And she is arrested, charged with murder.

Gregg *knows* that she is not a crook, not a murderess. But Toby Fuller—an important witness for the defense—has disappeared; according to Lynn, she has fled with Rick, with whom she is infatuated. So clearing her will be extremely difficult. Lee Winthrop, the district attorney, is clever; he will exert himself to the fullest to secure a conviction. What to do? Gregg knows the answer—he sends for Jason Marsh, a noted criminal lawyer.

Marsh arrives. He holds a secret conference with Lynn. He informs Gregg that he may be able to save her. He declines to say anything further. . . .

The opening day of the trial arrives. Karnak is in a frenzy of excitement. Reporters, photographers and newsreel men from all over America await Lynn's arrival at the courthouse. At last, she appears. She walks through the silent crowd—toward the most perilous adventure of her life.

VI

CAROL FAULKNER met her just inside the door. She said, casually, "Mawnin', Lynn."

Impulsively Lynn took one of Carol's hands in both of hers. She said, simply, "Thanks," and knew that the depth of her gratitude was understood. Carol said, "I got a pass inside the rail. I'm sitting with you-all."

A bailiff conducted them into a dingy anteroom with cracked plaster walls and bade them make themselves comfortable. They tried to converse, but their efforts were not signally successful. They could hear the murmur of the crowd in the hall, the shuffling of feet. And then the bailiff was back again, holding out his hand to Lynn and saying, "Right this way, ma'am."

The courtroom was large and rectangular. They walked down the aisle between rows of hard-oak benches that were crowded with natives and visitors. Lynn heard a buzz of comment that was neither friendly nor hostile, but simply curious. She did not see the faces. She only saw the rail, with its door swung back, and she saw the jury box and the prisoner's dock and the high mahogany desk behind which the judge sat.

Judge Mayberry was already in his seat. He was a smallish man in his middle fifties, and the eyes behind his gold-rimmed spectacles were kindly and tolerant. Jason Marsh had been pleased with what he had heard of the judge: that he was a man of fine legal attainments and training and that he had a record of few reversals. The black judicial robes gave his small figure a definite dignity, and he nodded gravely as Lynn Harrison passed through the gate into the enclosure.

Smith Edge, the gray-haired clerk of court, conducted her to the prisoner's dock. Judge Mayberry rapped for silence and said, "You may proceed with the arraignment."

LYNN HARRISON stood up. She was icy cold. She felt dreadfully alone. She heard the voice of the clerk:

"Lynn Harrison, if you answer to that name, hold up your right hand."

She held up her hand, but it didn't seem like her hand at all. She heard the clerk say, "Put it down, ma'am," and she put it down. And the opening words of the impressively formal arraignment drummed into her eyes:

"Lynn Harrison, you stand indicted for that you on the twenty-eighth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-nine at Karnak, in the county of Karnak, in and upon one Madge Andrews feloniously, willfully and of your malice aforethought did make an assault, and that you, the said Lynn Harrison, her, the said Madge Andrews, then and there feloniously, willfully and of your malice aforethought, with a pistol did shoot and wound, giving to the said Madge Andrews thereby in and upon the body of her, the said Madge Andrews, one mortal wound, of which said mortal wound the said Madge Andrews did then and there die . . ."

The courtroom was deathly still. The voice of the clerk droned on:

". . . and so you are charged that you, the said Lynn Harrison, her, the said Madge Andrews, then and there, in the manner and by the means aforesaid, feloniously, willfully and of your malice aforethought, did kill and murder against the form of the statute in such cases made and provided against the peace and dignity of the state."

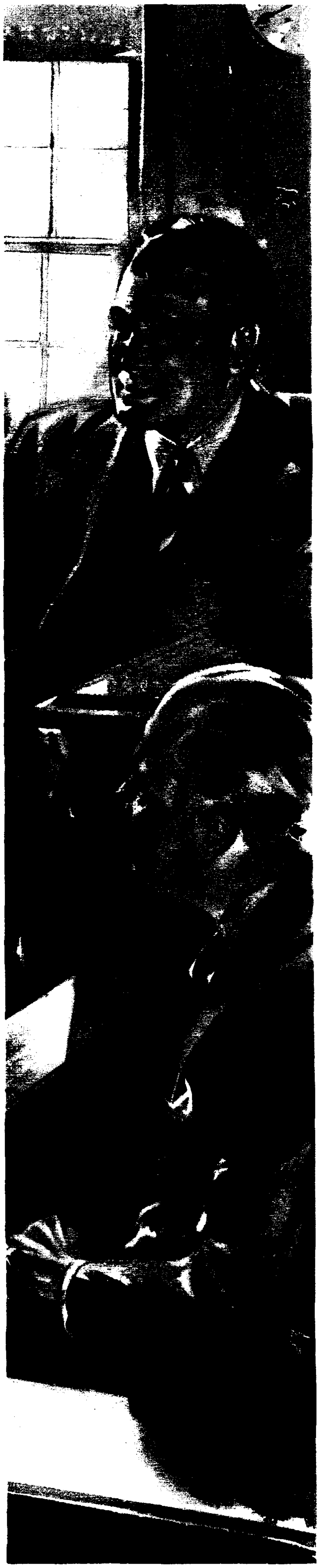
The clerk drew a long breath, and raised his voice just a trifle. "How say you, Lynn Harrison: are you guilty of the felony whereof you stand indicted—or not guilty?"

Lynn made a gallant effort to control herself. She seemed to wait an interminable time but her voice, when she spoke, was firm.

She said: "Not guilty."

Ernie Rudd's diner was in the throes of a business boom. Visiting newspapermen had discovered it with the result that the elongated and melancholy Ernie had been yanked from chronic inertia to somewhat disgruntled activity.

(*Continued on page* 53)



"Now think carefully, Mr. Andrews," Jason Marsh said. "At the time of the holdup on Long Island how did this woman act?" "I don't remember," Wally said

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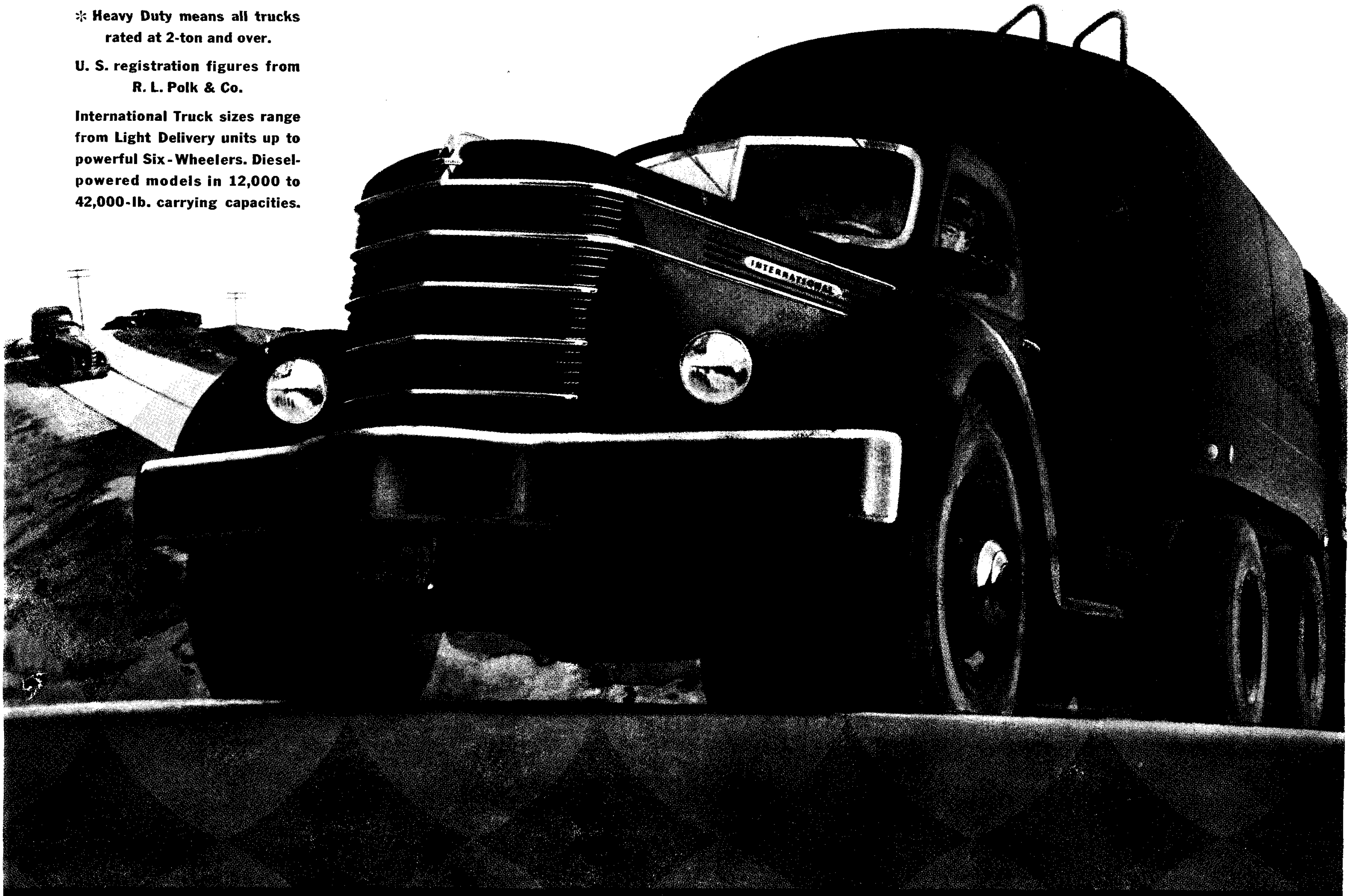

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*New Hudson Six . . . Prices Start at $670**

Car shown is new Hudson Six Touring Sedan, $763, delivered in Detroit*

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(AN ACTUAL EXPERIENCE . . . TYPICAL OF MANY)

"Our first Hudson was the new Six. Regardless of its low price, it was the best looking car of all we looked at. It cost about the same as the 'other three,' but gave us more room, greater power and better economy.

"Frankly, the way that Hudson rode, drove and handled amazed us. Equally amazing was the quality it showed all through, the wonderful smoothness of its performance and its freedom from repairs.

"So, quite naturally, we asked ourselves: 'If Hudson can build a car in the lowest *price field that's so far ahead of the rest, hadn't we better find out what the larger Hudsons are like?' We did, and now our family 'big car' is* another *Hudson . . . better in every way than the expensive car we had before, at not much more than half its price."*

★ ★ ★

The answer, as so many two-car families (and one-car families, too) are discovering these days, is that "built by Hudson" means top quality and value in *every* popular price field.

Whether your car is the new Hudson Six, "the most amazing lowest priced car ever built," (shown above) . . . or the distinctively beautiful and luxurious Country Club Sedan (pictured below), with its two-tone upholstery of genuine Hockanum Woolen and its unique divan-type seats with cushions of Airfoam, you are enjoying the most its price will buy today.

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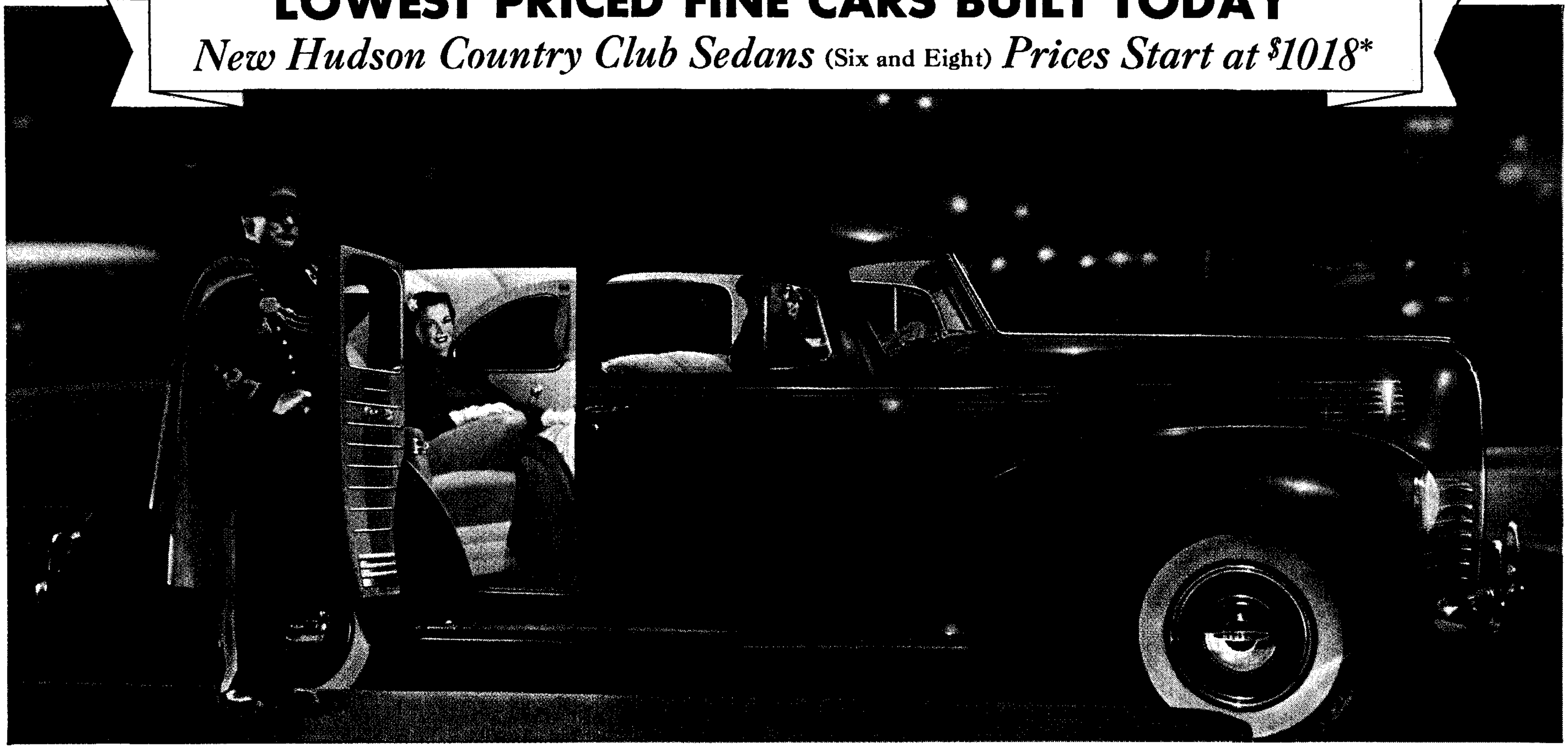


THOMAS

The Archduke Franz Josef, whose uncle's murder in 1914 signaled the start of the World War, has found sanctuary in America

Flight from Glory

By Archduke Franz Josef

Here is the human story of the escape of a Hapsburg and his duchess from the terrors of warring Europe

THE day war was declared my wife and I were in Deauville, the French seaside resort.

Deauville went about its *saison d'élégance* pretty much as if nothing at all were happening in the outside world. Speculative conversation about the possibility of an outbreak of hostilities had gotten to be such a social bore and such a menace to the nerves that many of the *grandes dames* who gave chic parties in their private houses finally instituted a ban on the subject.

I was aware, however, that while life for the average European was hard and unpredictable, that of a European prince whose dynasty has been benched was much more precarious. From childhood, my life has been one of periodical flight from one terror or force of circumstance to another. Thrice a refugee from revolutions, I have grown more or less accustomed to packing up on a moment's notice and leaving for unpremeditated destinations.

I was born in time to enjoy only nine years of my imperial heritage. Shortly after my ninth birthday, my uncle, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir apparent to the throne of the Hapsburgs, was murdered at Sarajevo and Europe was plunged into the bloody struggle of World War No. 1. My life during the next four years was far from regal.

In 1918 when revolution swept Austria I had my first experience in quick getaways. We made our escape in a boxcar to Italy and thence by boat to Barcelona where I grew up like any ordinary Spanish boy to learn what it was to earn my own living. My first job was as a day laborer in the Ford plant at Barcelona. All I could save I spent in studying aviation.

My brother Anton, now married to Princess Ileana, sister of King Carol of Rumania, and I scraped together enough money to buy a secondhand plane and open a modest flying club. But soon after we were established came the Spanish revolution of 1931. King Alfonso was chased out of the country and because my family was related to the Spanish royal house I too had to flee.

But this time I had graduated from the boxcar to the airplane, a much more dignified vehicle of escape. I took off for France at 2 A. M. and began a new odyssey through Europe in quest of tranquillity and work.

A favorable change in the political setup of my native Austria brought a friendlier feeling toward our dynasty under the regime of the late Chancellor Dollfuss, and I returned, a full-grown man, to the land I had known only as a child. It was a fascinating rediscovery, but it was not destined to last for long. There were new upheavals. And once again I was a "prince without a country."

So when war descended on Europe I was more or less prepared. We had an American car. We had bought it on our last visit to New York two years ago. Before Austria became part of the German Empire there had been a restitution of some of my family's properties in Austria, from which I had been able to derive an income. I had equipped the car with a Dutch license, extra emergency tanks for gasoline and two powerful radio receiving sets.

My wife and I had a Spanish diplomatic passport—my mother being the Spanish-born Princess Blanca de Bourbon de Castille. I had availed myself of Spanish citizenship some twelve years before. This passport had been recognized by the new regime in Spain and as an extra precaution we already had bona fide visas stamped on it for the United States and several South American countries.

Protected as best we could be, we settled blissfully down to partake of one last fling at the gay life of Deauville.

The season was as sprightly as ever. Many yachts were anchored in the harbor and there were plenty of interesting personalities to watch—the sleek and dusky Ali Khan, son of the Aga Khan; Cecile Sorel, idol of the French theater for all her sixty-odd years; E. Berry Wall, who was social arbiter of New York's "400" in the gaslight era at the turn of the century; Baron Louis Rothschild, of the famous banking dynasty, who recently purchased his freedom from the Nazis after 14 months under arrest; Nicholas Zographos, the gambling czar of the casinos; James Hennessy, the cognac king and a galaxy of French ministers and deputies.

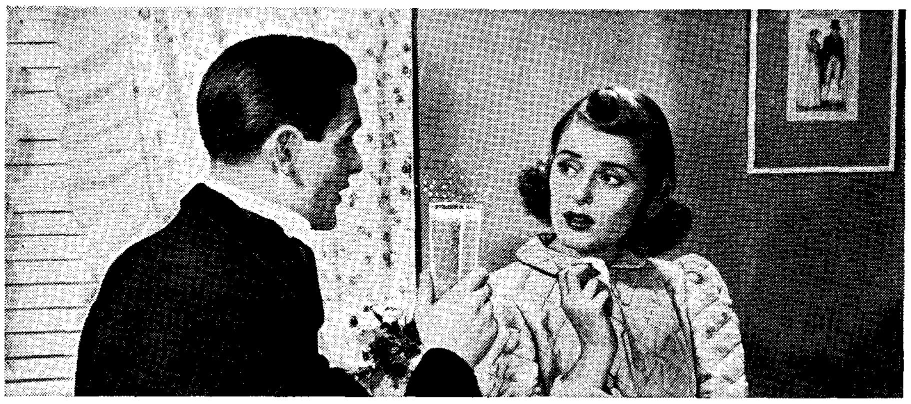
Some habitués spent their time riding, golfing, playing bridge or tennis. Others

(*Continued on page* 34)

Chase a COLD faster with Sal Hepatica*

MRS.: Darling, these Cotton Ball costumes are swell, but there isn't any use in trying mine on—I'll be down with a cold the night of the Ball.

MR.: Not if I can help it! What you need is a saline laxative to give you double-quick, two-way help—Sal Hepatica.



MRS.: Sal Hepatica? Two-way help?

MR.: You bet! First, Sal Hepatica is gentle in its laxative action, yet it acts fast—and I don't need to tell you that speed is mighty important in fighting a cold. And second, Sal Hepatica helps Nature counteract the acidity that often accompanies a cold.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER

MR.: Honey, you're the queen of the Ball. Take a bow!

MRS.: Take one yourself. I'd probably be down with a cold if you hadn't known about that saline laxative, Sal Hepatica. It certainly chases colds faster!

* A recent survey conducted by seven leading medical journals shows that 7 out of 10 doctors prescribe a *saline* laxative, in treating colds.

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of this famous saline laxative at your druggist's today

TUNE IN! Big new Fred Allen Show—Wednesdays at 9 to 10 P. M., E.S.T.

The New Mussolini

Continued from page 13

was wrong. The secretary said he, like a million other Italians that day, was wondering whether Italy would be dragged into war. Mussolini laughed and told the secretary that Italy would only be dragged into war by the hair of Mussolini's head."

Italians don't know on what day in July Mussolini's birthday falls, for Fascism is a *youth* movement though its leader will be fifty-seven next summer. The papers never mention his birthday on July 27th. They don't know little things like the fact that Mussolini wears horn-rimmed spectacles, for a superman cannot confess to astigmatism any more than a matinee idol could admit he has dandruff. But every Italian knows Mussolini is as bald as a pomegranate and so the Italians were much relieved to hear Italy would be dragged into war only by the hair on Duce's nude pate.

It wasn't twenty-four hours before cables went from embassies and legations in Rome to foreign countries all over the world saying in cryptic code that Italy would remain neutral. In Cagliari and Palermo, Milan, Turin, Venice and Bari and Tripoli and Addis Ababa, the people gathered in cafés and told the story and laughed and said Mussolini was a wise man and patriotism registered new highs in public marts. I swung through northern provinces in Italy and talked with people all along the route from Genoa to Milan and Trieste on my way to Hungary. This has ever been anti-Fascism's stronghold but I never found Mussolini more popular than he is now—for having kept Italy out of war. Particularly popular is Duce with the capitalists; they who detested him and reviled him when he slapped them in the pocketbook with a ten per cent capital tax right after the Ethiopian war, knowing very well that the rich had gotten richer out of the war and the poor poorer. That's Mussolini's way. He learned it from Machiavelli, who teaches that evil things must be done at one bold stroke while good must be spread out over a long period of time so that people forget evil quickly and are ever conscious of good.

Italy Arms the British

Of course, Mussolini's stock is up now, for capital is clipping coupons. Italy's foremost industrialist in Milan let me into a secret and at first I, who had covered Italy for three years, eight months, two weeks and four days, could hardly believe what I heard, for I remembered Mussolini's opposition to the Franco-British dominance of Europe and recalled how he almost went to war with England in the late summer of 1935 over Britain's attempt to enforce an economic blockade against Italy because Rome wanted Ethiopia; and later how Italy prepared to fight France for Tunisia.

Today Italy is making armaments for the British and French. Franco-British orders placed with Italian industrial concerns total three billion lire gold, and factories have rigid instructions to fill these orders even before filling requisitions from the Italian army. Nothing goes to Germany while the lathes of the Terni plant turn out shells for British cannon and the plants of Breda and Fiat slap out airplanes for both the French and British.

Italy, with Germany bogged down in her own needs, has challenged Germany's superiority in central and southeastern Europe's greatest market—that for machine tools and machinery. Italy can't fill British orders fast enough and has purchased large quantities of American secondhand stamping presses, lathes, drills and pumps. These are rebuilt in Italian plants and shipped to Britain and there lies the answer to why it is that Italian ships are not held up by the English either in the Channel or at Gibraltar for careful searching for contraband cargo.

They Remember Versailles

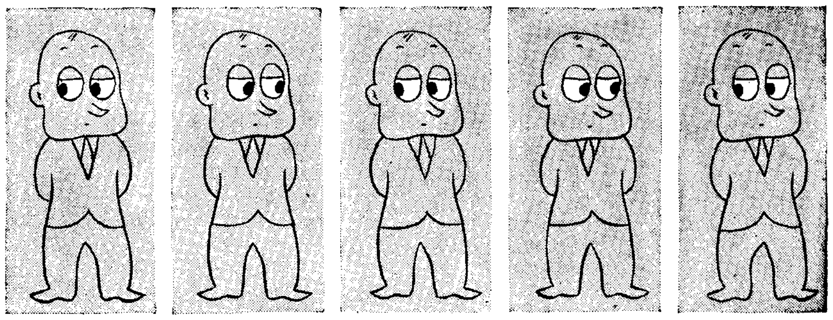
Britain knows there is no contraband cargo in Italian holds, for the British government realizes that Italian exporters, even if they wanted to sell to Germany, cannot do so. Businessmen and manufacturers in Milan and Genoa openly told me that it is impossible to obtain export permits from the government in Rome authorizing the sending of goods to Germany.

Careful questioning brought out the startling truth of Italy's position. The story about Mussolini's determination to stay out of war until dragged in by the hair on his naked head is a pinpoint on the political map charting Italian policy. Mussolini came to power because Italy lost the peace after sacrificing 600,000 lives in the first World War. Mussolini intends now to keep out of war to win a peace.

If Italy succeeds in conserving her national resources and her moral and physical energies by remaining neutral, then she can sit in at a peace conference of the exhausted nations and maybe this time get a square deal instead of merely taking crumbs from the diplomatic table.

Of this all Italians, whether pro- or anti-Mussolini, are convinced, although the plodding lower classes are deeply perturbed as to Italy's future.

For popular unrest in Italy there is ample explanation. Mussolini, a keenly tuned ground listener, knows that Italians are saying there won't be any war so far as Italy is concerned, so he keeps them pepped up for possible action—for any eventuality, as the papers like to put it—by having the new Fascist party secretary Ettore Muti explain to the people in speeches that Italy is as anti-democratic as ever and that Italy's peace



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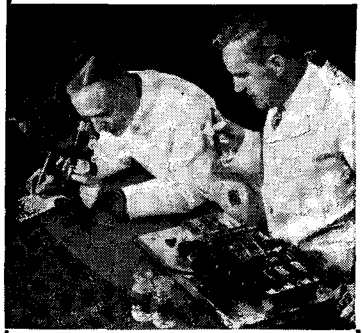
ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS

43,000 DENTISTS stand back of this "Seal of Acceptance"

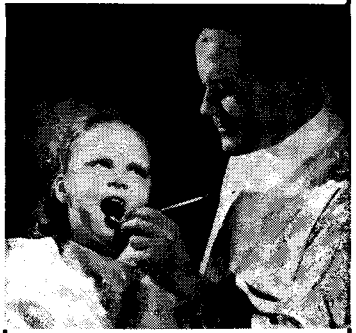
LOOK WHAT WENT ON BEHIND THE SCENES BEFORE PEPSODENT GOT THE PRIZED A. D. A. SEAL OF ACCEPTANCE!

No questionable dentifrice could stand up under such strict tests . . .



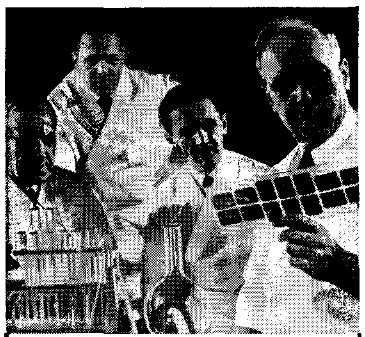
PEPSODENT SPENT OVER $1,000,000 TO DEVELOP PRESENT PEPSODENT FORMULAS

The abrasiveness of every ingredient is tested to keep Pepsodent among the *least* abrasive of dentifrices.



PEPSODENT MADE THOUSANDS OF CLINICAL TESTS... DENTAL SCHOOLS COOPERATED

Reports uniformly showed that Pepsodent dentifrices are remarkably effective—and *safe.*



OUTSIDE INDEPENDENT LABORATORIES DOUBLE-CHECKED PEPSODENT FINDINGS

. . . These tests *proved* all claims and showed that they are conservative—and *sound.*

AND THE PUBLIC PASSES ON PEPSODENT. *Folks like you*—thousands of them — representing every type of dental condition—checked all Pepsodent formulas for *effectiveness.*

Of all *Leading* Brands, only Pepsodent containing Irium now has A. D. A. Seal of Acceptance!

■ Finally, after months of careful appraisal, checking of every formula, every claim made in advertising . . . all 3 forms of Pepsodent were awarded the prized "Seal of Acceptance" by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association. It's the *Voice of the American Dental Profession,* representing 43,000 dentists . . . your Assurance of Safety! That's why we believe that *Safe Pepsodent* is the kind of dentifrice that *dentists* want you to use—whether you prefer tooth *paste,* tooth *powder,* or a *liquid* dentifrice.

SAFETY FIRST—Demand Pepsodent!

1. Pepsodent Tooth Paste, Tooth Powder, and Liquid Dentifrice are SAFE—the *only* Council-accepted dentifrices among the leading sellers.

2. Only Pepsodent has all 3 containing IRIUM—Pepsodent's patented, *more* effective ingredient.

3. Your dentist knows how effective IRIUM is—it is described in "Accepted Dental Remedies" as PURIFIED ALKYL SULFATE.

4. Pepsodent makes no exaggerated advertising claims. (In fact, this advertisement has been approved by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.)

5. Pepsodent contains NO BLEACH, NO GRIT, NO DRUGS.

6. Pepsodent is unsurpassed in EFFECTIVENESS.

Pepsodent BRAND TOOTH PASTE
PEPSODENT CONTAINS IRIUM for greater cleansing power
PEPSODENT BRAND Tooth Powder
PEPSODENT CONTAINS IRIUM for greater cleansing power
THE PEPSODENT CO CHICAGO, U.S.A. 4½ OZ. AV.
PEPSODENT BRAND Liquid DENTIFRICE CONTAINS IRIUM
THE PEPSODENT CO. CHICAGO U.S.A. 3 FL. OZ. AV.

ALL 3 ARE SAFE... ALL 3 CONTAIN IRIUM...

So take your choice

is "*Pax Romana*—peace with bayonets."

This is deemed necessary. Mussolini is keenly aware of Germany's ambitions in the Balkans and of Russia's covetous fingers reaching now for Bessarabia, whose treaty acquisition by the Rumanians the Russians have never formally recognized. Italy must be ready to intervene in the event either Russia or both move into the Balkans, for the southern watershed of the Danube is as vital to Italy as the freedom of the Mediterranean that washes her shores.

With all his apparent political inconsistencies Mussolini has been consistent about Bolshevism. He came to power under the battle flag of anti-Communism and Italians will tell you he means to die under it. Mussolini's immediate concern now geographically is Hungary. Italian officers in unascertainable numbers are in Hungary ready to take their places in a "protective army" to prevent German occupation of the country. Reports in Genoa and Milan had it that an Italian army of 250,000 to 300,000—possibly more—is being made ready to march to Hungary's assistance. Such an army would have to march across northwestern Yugoslavia and that's former Hungarian territory. If the Yugoslavs agree to let the Italians through peacefully all will go well, otherwise Italians will fight their way through.

I could neither confirm nor deny these reports although they fitted in with the stories of an agreement between Hungary and Italy whereby the Fascists have guaranteed military support to Hungary in the event of a German thrust upon Budapest. Less credible was the report in Milan that Hungary has agreed to hand over the Hungarian crown to Italian King Victor to be held by him as "Protector of the Crown" until a reasonable settlement is made at the next peace conference of the minorities' problems in central and southeastern Europe.

The Man of Peace

Back of the story of Italy's transition from Europe's number one crisis-generator to an embattled neutral who'd gladly take her place by the side of the Allies, if there were anything substantial to be gained by it, is the story of the metamorphosis of Mussolini himself from a swashbuckling saber-rattler to a benign man of wisdom.

You've seen him strut and swagger and posture in news photos and newsreels on the Palazzo Venezia balcony, tank tops and gun caissons, but watch this new Mussolini as he sits, middle-aged and bespectacled, at his gargantuan desk in an office big enough to play a Fordham-N.Y.U. basketball game in. A dusty beam of Roman sunlight slants through the Florentine window at his left, glows on his head, a domed cube set on a low, muscular, peasant's neck.

He is thumbing rapidly through a large leather-bound book, larger than the Chicago telephone directory. The book contains frames instead of pages and in the frames are set dispatches printed in easily read characters—dispatches from every Italian embassy and legation throughout the world detailing world events of the past twenty-four hours. Mussolini reads each page almost at a glance and in ten minutes knows what's going on in Amsterdam and Zanzibar and New York and Tierra del Fuego.

That's how I found him engaged less than two years ago when he gave me the last interview he's granted any newspaperman. He didn't rise as I approached, didn't offer me a chair, greeted me familiarly—for we'd met before.

He removed his spectacles, pursed his lips, stared back hard at the bright Roman sunbeam for a moment, then turned his beard-peppered chin at me and said, "Why do you insist on painting me as a dramatic saber-rattler in America? There's nothing dramatic about me." And he was being as dramatic as a dictator can be and didn't know it—or did he?

I raised my eyebrows and Alfieri, who accompanies all reporters to the dictatorial sanctum, coughed and was uncomfortable about the way the interview had begun and Mussolini resumed: "I am a man of peace. Italy must have peace. We must develop our empire and that takes the energies and resources of the entire nation."

At the moment Italian troops were "fighting Communism" in Spain and it didn't look like peace, but I believed Mussolini—for against the frescoed walls of his office he was something substantial, tangible and earthy, and his voice carried conviction. "I don't see any imminence of war," he said. "But I don't see any roseate glow on the horizon either."

But then he couldn't have foreseen Hitler's double cross. He wanted peace, his own kind of peace and to win with the threat of war what nations historically have obtained with actual conflict. What he might have known was that Germany historically owed Italy one double cross for Italy's having jumped the Triple Alliance in the last war. In fact, a German press officer in the Hague recently explained Hitler's leap into war despite Mussolini's loud objections by saying, "Well, they had it coming to them, the Italians, nein?"

When Mussolini stood up I saw he was shorter and broader than I had remembered. He was almost square and even then it was plain to see that, doing the work of fifty men, he'd already lived two or three lifetimes in one and that he was doing a bad job trying to stop time merely by tearing up the calendar.

Since then he's given up his dictatorial histrionics such as dogtrotting his 200 pounds at the head of the plumed Bersaglieri troops, whose march is a quick run. He doesn't go skiing with bare torso on the slopes of Terminillo and he's put away his fast racer and his motorcycle to give more time to the job of running his government.

Back to His People

The result is less physical activity—he still rides horseback each morning between eight and nine just before going to his office, however—and there has been a thickening of his girth and a sagging of his facial muscles but he's still a remarkable man for one crowding sixty. When you consider what happens to any American President during four years in the White House, Mussolini's done fairly well fighting age after eighteen years of Fascism.

He's careful in his diet although it's a canard to say he's completely vegetarian. He loves chicken, veal and fish, and his addiction to fruit is due to his peasant heritage.

There's more of the peasant about Mussolini now than ever before. Maybe it's because he is a peasant he understands the Italian people as well as he does. He always learns lots from the common people, he says, and he's proud of his earthy origin. He had a slab put up marking the place where he was born in Predappio, bragging about his peasant origin.

He learned much more about the way to the hearts of the Italian people in one night, one special night, than he did in all the years he's been dictator. That was the night he returned from Munich and stood on the Palazzo Venezia balcony. There were tears in Mussolini's eyes that night as he looked down on the seething, arm-waving crowd of hundreds of thousands of people who had come to pay him homage as "Savior of Peace." Mussolini knew those thousands came to him unsummoned. They had received no pink party cards from Starace asking them to come to the Palazzo Venezia to stage a "spontaneous demonstration of patriotism." Maybe that night is responsible for this new Mussolini and this new bond between Mussolini and the people.

"Finnegan! Straighten out that line!!"
JAY IRVING

Winter got you Down?

FRESH YEAST *to help digestion*

VITAMINS *for vitality*

TOGETHER

they help give you a lift all through the winter

Low on vitality? Dragged down by minor digestive upsets? . . . Then why not add Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast to your diet? Scientists say it is so helpful because it gives vitamins *together* with the action of *fresh yeast* itself.

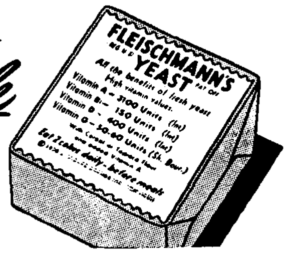
The fresh yeast *stimulates* sluggish digestive activity and *speeds* the assimilation of food. Tests in laboratories show this is an action of *yeast itself*—quite distinct from known vitamin action.

The vitamins are needed to *maintain* steady nerves and to *keep up* vitality.

Only in Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast can you get such an abundant supply of the 4 vitamins, A, B_1, D and G, and *all* the vitamins of the amazing Vitamin B Complex.

Eat 2 cakes a day. See if you don't soon find your nerves are steadier, you feel better, you have more pep.

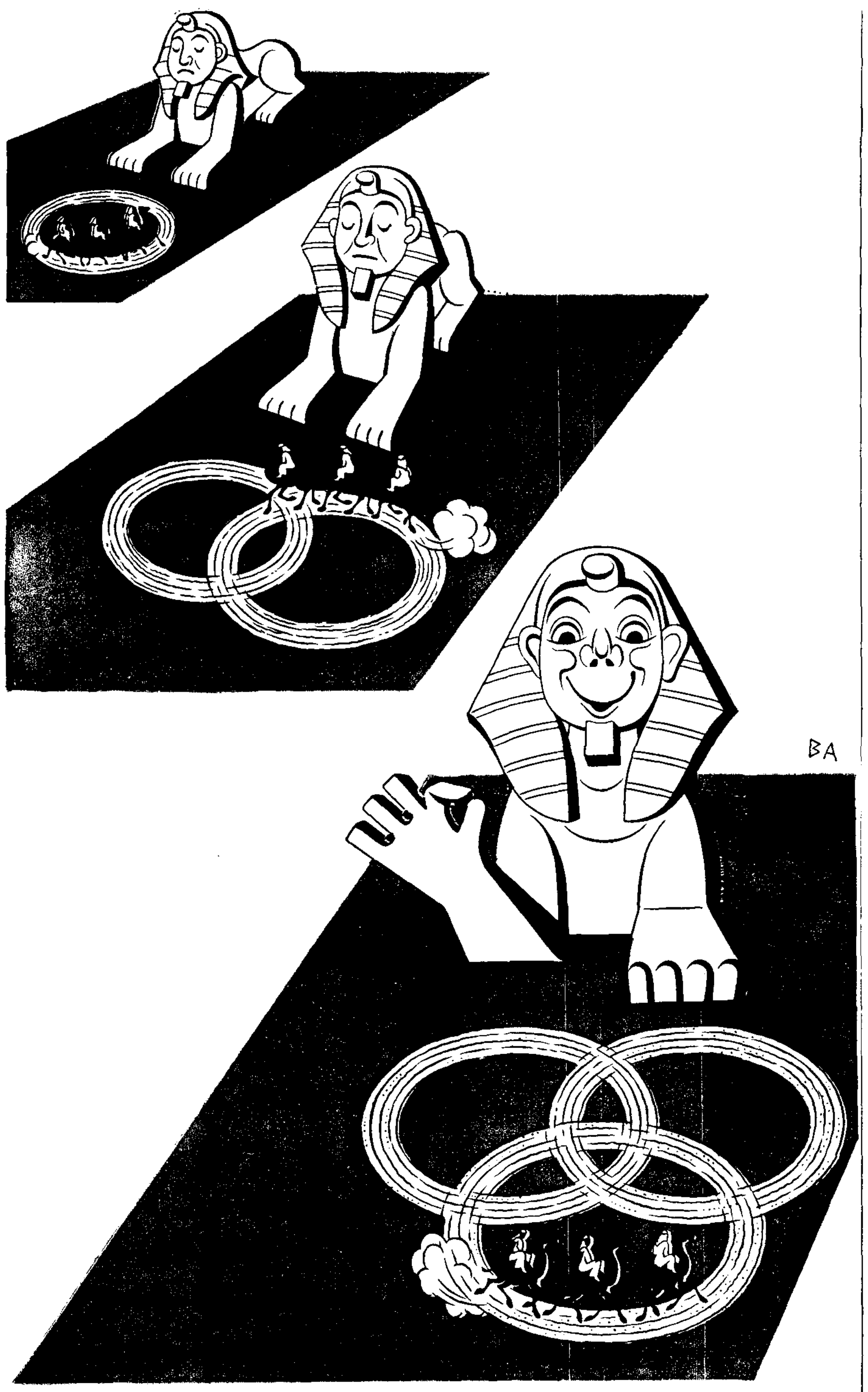
Let this Fresh Yeast give you *double* help . . .



Fleischmann's

HIGH-VITAMIN YEAST

Copyright, 1940, Standard Brands Incorporated

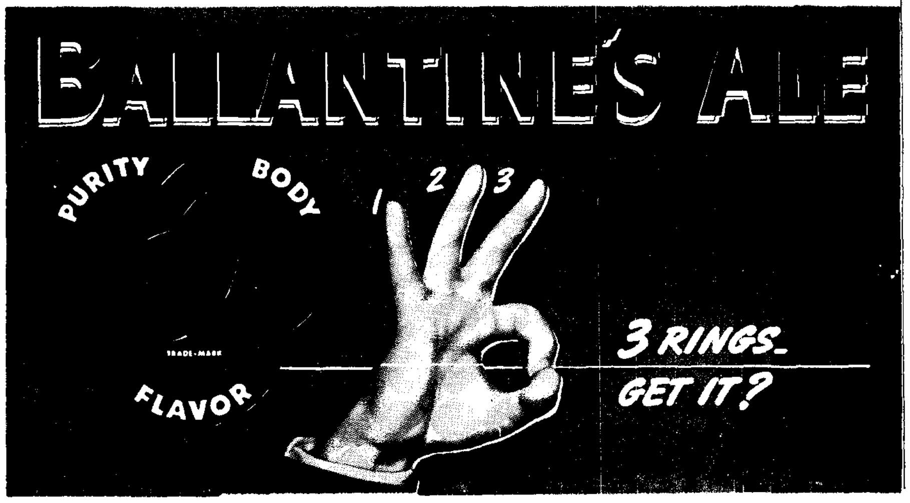


TENS OF THOUSANDS who thought they "knew all about ale"—considered it a heavy, filling drink—have found a new kind of pleasure in Ballantine's Ale!

It's ale brewed to America's taste. Light. Lively. Tasty. Test it as Peter Ballantine did in 1840—one drink to judge PURITY, a second for BODY, a third for FLAVOR. The 3 moisture rings left by his glass on the table became his famous trademark.

Try it! Your first glass will tell you why *millions of Americans get more enjoyment from Ballantine's Ale than from any other brew!*

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE



Perennial Patsy

Continued from page 21

Shawkey set out for the carnival grounds the first evening. Substituting the hard league baseballs for the soft nickel rockets used in the dodger act, when the manager's back was turned, the three Yankee aces, all noted for speed and control, started throwing hooks, fast balls, floaters and sailers at the kinky-haired targets protruding unsuspectingly from the holes in the canvas. The manager of the show began to suspect something was putrid in Copenhagen when one of his human targets was knocked not only down but out. His suspicions became acute as the second was stretched beside him, struck out by a fast hook on the outside corner. When the third and last one flopped like a Joe Louis victim, the manager gathered together a flock of live ducks he was giving as prizes and told the pitchers to take them and be gone.

Stalking the Wild Bee

One good turn deserves another, so the vaudeville act of Mogridge, Shawkey and Jones, suddenly inspired by their fine-feathered friends, phoned Ping Bodie at their hotel and suggested that he take Izzy Kaplan for a walk for an hour or two. Kaplan suggested a movie. Ping was delighted. Trusting Izzy couldn't understand what came over Ping in the middle of a heart-rending scene in which William S. Hart was being done wrong by a mustachioed villain. The rest of the house was bathed in its own tears but Ping was laughing like a cuckoobooroo.

"Vot's all aboud it?" asked Izzy, puzzled.

"I was just thinking of something funny that happened in San Francisco," said Ping as he went into another spasm of laughter, which resulted in both of them getting the vagrant's vamoose. Returning to the hotel, they spent a little time in the lobby and then everyone suggested to Izzy that it was high time he went to bed. Ever willing to oblige, he went to his room. A few minutes later, white as a bust of Pallas and his baby-blue eyes popping out of his head like a goggle-eyed goldfish's, Kaplan burst into the lobby crying: "Halp, halp! It's full from ghosts, mine room!"

The night clerk, a tremendously bored and very unsentimental gentleman from Georgia, accompanied Izzy back to his room and, switching on the lights, was confronted by a weird sight of a roomful of ducks, some in full flight and others paddling contentedly in a bathtub filled with water. Izzy, by now a bit suspicious, returned to the lobby to make a report of the strange doings.

"Were the windows open?" asked Damon Runyon.

"Yas!" said Izzy.

"Well, a flock of wild ducks probably flew in," suggested Damon.

"Oh, yeah?" replied Izzy. "Well, mabbe de docks is toining on de water in de bathtub, too, ain't it?"

Izzy's introduction to the bee hunt was at Dover Hall, shooting lodge of the late Uncle Wilbert Robinson, near Brunswick, Georgia. Here, Uncle Robbie used to gather a group of congenial friends, including Bill McGeehan and Bill Macbeth, the sports writers, and Miller Huggins—all now deceased, like their host—Irvin S. Cobb, Sid Mercer, Cap Houston and others. Inviting Izzy down one spring, Uncle Robbie thought it was high time he was introduced to the fine old Southern sport of bee hunting. To Izzy, naturally, was assigned the role of collector of the honey, which required that he carry a big wash boiler in which to collect the bees' beverage. On a moonless night, they set out through the woods, everyone but Izzy carrying a lantern. Bill Macbeth was the tree-tester, a role that called for him to stop at every large tree and listen. He explained to Kaplan that if the tree hummed it was a bee tree. Otherwise, it wasn't. After several miles of this, there was a whistle and all the lanterns went out. Then the dark silence was broken by a bloodcurdling Cracker voice that snarled, "So you're the damned Yankees that's been stealin' my honey!" and with that several shots rang out. There were several piercing cries and then dead silence again—silence that wasn't broken until the petrified Kaplan, regaining the use of his limbs, dropped his wash boiler, fell over it and then was off through the underbrush.

His lungs were almost bursting and his heart was crowding his adenoids but Izzy ran and ran. At last, after what seemed like several aeons, he stumbled out of the wilderness onto a country road. Following this for several miles, he finally arrived at the hunting lodge and a scene of havoc that made him forget his recent troubles. Uncle Robbie lay on a couch, moaning, his arm bandaged in red-stained gauze. Huggins' leg was swathed in bandages. Mercer was on crutches. All were moaning. Deeply affected, Izzy wanted to mount a mule and dash off to the nearest town, miles away, for a doctor. No one had the heart to carry it that far. Next morning Izzy laughed heartily over his ham and eggs when he noted that all the bandages had disappeared overnight, along with the red ink bottle and limps.

The Yankees' camp at New Orleans in 1922 was a memorable one for practical jokes. The training season got off to a hilarious start when Joe Dugan and Whitey Witt induced Izzy to don Truck Hanna's uniform. Truck, whose nickname paints a picture of his size, made about three of Izzy and his uniform fitted the Litvak lens lizard like Barnum's big top. Floundering around the field like a walrus, Izzy tripped himself up at every step. For an hour, they chased him after flies until his wide-open mouth was a trap for those of the insect family. In a state bordering on collapse, Izzy then went to the clubhouse to change his clothes only to find his linen tied into knots, his suit nailed to the wall and his shoes wedded to the floor with six-inch spikes.

A Season Pass from the K.K.K.

That was just a mild sample of what was to follow. The Ku Klux Klan was at the height of its power that year and New Orleans was a hotbed of Klan activity. So when Izzy found a letter in his box warning him to get out of town within 24 hours and signed "Ku Klux Klan," he began to wish for the security of Truck Hanna's uniform. That night, he moved his bed against the door of his room and slept not a wink, what with mysterious knockings, telephone calls he was afraid to answer and strange sounds in the dark. The next morning there was another note in his box. It read: "Get out of town in 12 hours or else—Ku Klux Klan."

In the evening there was another note, this one shoved under his door.

"You now have only six hours to get out of town" was its warning. Izzy bolted the door, took a double dose of sleeping powders, disconnected the phone and stuffed his ears with cotton. But there was no shut-eye for Israel that night, either.

As if pouring gasoline on troubled flames, a telegram came in the morning, purporting to be from his newspaper, which ordered him to proceed at once to the Ku Klux Klan konklave, then in session in New Orleans, and get a photograph of the Imperial Wizard, Dr. Hiram Evans.

Always ready to meet the enemy halfway, Izzy packed his camera and was off for the convention hall in which the Klan was meeting. Halted by the outer guard, a masked and robed figure who peered at him through eye slits, Izzy stated his business.

"I should like it a peecture of de beeg boss—what you call him de Imperial Gizard?" said Izzy.

"What's your name?" snapped the guard.

"Israel Solomon Kaplan," replied Izzy calmly, pronouncing each syllable separately so that its full import would sink in.

The guard slammed the door in Izzy's face and disappeared. In a few minutes he was back.

Kirk Stiles

"You tell my wife why I won't be home tonight. I can't get a word in"

KIRK STILES

"The Imperial Wizard will see you," he said, and ushered Izzy into what looked like an assembly of wraiths. Down the middle aisle he marched with his camera while a thousand pairs of hostile eyes glared at him through slitted hoods.

Finally, in the presence of the Imperial Wizard, Izzy pulled out the telegram which one of the baseball writers had doctored up and handed it to Dr. Evans. There never yet has been a King Kleagle, Exalted Ruler, Grand Patriarch or Imperial Wizard who couldn't beat Grover Whalen into focus at the pop of a flashlight gun, so Dr. Evans removed his hood and gave Izzy one of his best smiles.

Loading his flashlight gun with enough powder to blow up Parliament, Izzy ordered that all windows in the stuffy hall be closed. Then he set off the flash with an explosion like the Maine blowing up. Dense smoke clouds billowed through the hall.

"Chost a minute, please," said Izzy, preparing another charge, and then another. By this time, the smoke was so dense the hall looked like Piccadilly Circus in a pea-soup fog. Klansmen were koughing and kursing under their breath, when they could draw one. Everyone was impatient but Dr. Evans and Izzy.

"Do you need any more?" asked the doctor graciously. Izzy, remembering that he had to retreat through his own smoke screen and noting the ominous pitch of some of the coughs, decided he had enough. But the *coup de grâce* was still to come.

"Are you sure there's nothing else?" asked the Imperial Wizard, offering his profile.

"Oh, yas!" said Izzy, taking the counterfeit warning notes from his pocket. "I'm having a leedle trouble with your boys. Could I have, mabbe, a pass wheech they shouldn't bodder me?"

"Why, certainly!" said Dr. Evans, pulling out one of his name cards and writing on it: "To all Klansmen: Do not bother Israel Solomon Kaplan."

One day at camp several years after this, Izzy showed an Irish sweepstakes ticket he had bought. One of the writers made a mental note of the number and jotted it down when Izzy's back was turned. On the day of the drawings, several months later, Izzy received a "cablegram," announcing that his horse had been drawn. Not until he had resigned his job and granted interviews to several papers that ran the story of his new-found wealth did Izzy learn he had been duped again. But, P.S., he got his job back without any trouble and pasted the publicity in his scrapbook.

There's No More Fun

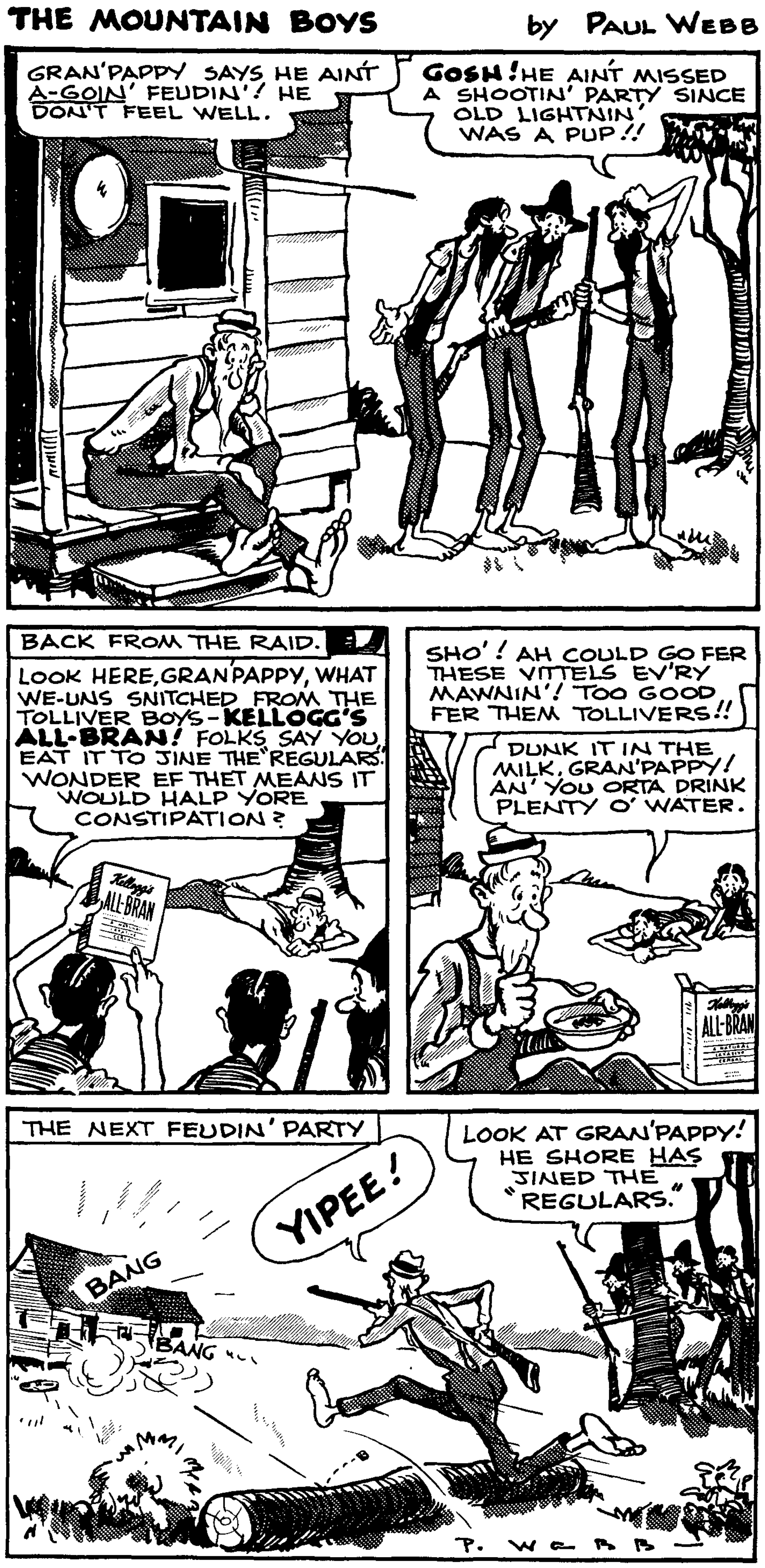
Shocks such as these would kill another man. Izzy takes them in stride and misses them when the pranksters declare an armistice. Nor does his vast experience make Izzy a less gullible victim as the years roll by. If someone proposes a snipe hunt tonight, Izzy will be the first to volunteer. Yeah, he would even ask to hold the bag. The urge for the chase is keen in him ever since the day at Dover Hall when he was allowed to participate in a real hunt for a change. In order not to profane Izzy's reputation, however, his hosts provided him with a rusty old Civil War rifle. By one of those twists that always seem to make Izzy the winner though the goat, the big buck deer that had been stalked through the woods came his way. Too excited to fire at him head on, Izzy didn't think to shoot until the buck had passed him. Then, shutting his eyes, he pulled the trigger. With a kick like a team of Army mules, the old rifle recoiled and sent Izzy back a dozen feet. In the offing, the buck was going through his death agony. At the lodge, later, the head was offered to the proud Nimrod to be mounted.

"It'll make a wonderful trophy, too," said Cap Houston. "You couldn't have hit him any further away from the head if you tried."

Magnanimously, Sportsman Kaplan donated the head to the club. But it was a haunch of venison that was mounted instead, a lasting tribute to as brave a huntsman as ever faced a snipe, unafraid in the dead of the night with a burlap bag and a trusting heart.

As he covers the businesslike training camps of this era, Izzy the Snipe Hunter pines for the good old days. There's no more fun. Ballplayers nowadays, with the exception of a few kindred souls like Lefty Gomez, are too preoccupied with getting ahead in the game to take time out for a lark—or even a snipe. No one regrets this more than the perennial butt of the jokes of a livelier generation of diamond stars.

"De good old days ain't what they used to be already," sighed Izzy a bit sadly, the other day, "and sometimes I even t'ink dey never was!"


THE MOUNTAIN BOYS by PAUL WEBB
GRAN'PAPPY SAYS HE AIN'T A-GOIN' FEUDIN'! HE DON'T FEEL WELL.
GOSH! HE AIN'T MISSED A SHOOTIN' PARTY SINCE OLD LIGHTNIN' WAS A PUP!!
BACK FROM THE RAID.
LOOK HERE, GRAN'PAPPY, WHAT WE-UNS SNITCHED FROM THE TOLLIVER BOYS - KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! FOLKS SAY YOU EAT IT TO JINE THE "REGULARS." WONDER EF THET MEANS IT WOULD HALP YORE CONSTIPATION?
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
SHO'! AH COULD GO FER THESE VITTELS EV'RY MAWNIN'! TOO GOOD FER THEM TOLLIVERS!!
DUNK IT IN THE MILK, GRAN'PAPPY! AN' YOU ORTA DRINK PLENTY O' WATER.
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
THE NEXT FEUDIN' PARTY
YIPEE!
LOOK AT GRAN'PAPPY! HE SHORE HAS JINED THE "REGULARS."
BANG
BANG
P. WEBB

YES, folks, the modern idea about constipation is not to bear it first and try to cure it later. If it's the ordinary kind (due to lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet), the better way is to *prevent* it. How? Eat a crisp, bulk-rich cereal—KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. Eat it daily, drink plenty of water, and join the "Regulars"! Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

Copyright, 1940, by Kellogg Company

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

Good-looking Hair is an Asset in any Man's Career!

Use VITALIS
and the "60-Second Workout"
1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!
2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

GOOD-LOOKING hair adds the crowning touch to a man's appearance. It wins swift approval from everyone you meet. For good-looking hair says "here is a man who takes rightful pride in his grooming." Yes and a man who knows the importance of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout".

Thousands of men keep their hair neat and handsome with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout". Just massage Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Feel the pleasant tingle as sluggish circulation speeds up. Your tight scalp becomes free and flexible. You rout unsightly, loose dandruff—help prevent excessive falling hair. Then the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement natural scalp oils—overcome dryness. Comb your hair . . . see how lustrous it looks—how neatly and firmly it stays in place. And notice there's not a single trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist today. Start right now to make Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" a regular daily habit. And remember, whether socially or in business, good-looking hair is an asset in any man's career, so keep your hair lustrous and handsome always!

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis comes only in sanitary, individual Sealtubes. Next time you go to the barber's, insist on Vitalis Sealtubes.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

Flight from Glory

Continued from page 27

just lolled on the beach all day long and gambled or danced all night.

In the gala atmosphere it was easy to forget about the troubles of the world and to live in a sort of celestial paradise far removed from war talk, crises and intrigues. And yet there were constant reminders that something of tremendous import was happening in the outside world.

Even before war was declared, orders for partial mobilization were posted in front of the city hall, but the Frenchmen who were called did not really believe they were going to war.

"We'll be back in a week or so," they said. "This is just to show that fellow Hitler we mean business. You will see. He will back down. . . ."

There were no tearful farewells. It was all very businesslike. The local hairdresser, who was one of the first to be mobilized, hung a large hand-printed sign in front of his shop, reading:

"Closed *temporarily* for the usual fall mobilization."

Most of the international crowd at Deauville agreed 100 per cent with that viewpoint. Virtually every fall during the last few years there had been a crisis—and partial mobilization.

Then came the hostilities in Poland. Still nobody believed western Europe would really become involved.

At noon on September 3d my wife and I were sitting on the terrace of a small, popular restaurant. My tiny American portable radio was tuned in to the Paris broadcasting station and a group clustered about us to listen.

At the next table I caught the refrain of a young American: ". . . So there won't be any war after all. It's all bluff."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when an excited voice boomed over the radio:

". . . and at 11 A. M. this morning the British government officially declared a state of war against Germany."

The dreaded thing had happened; excited conversation broke out. Social butterflies fluttered hysterically. A few of them cried. Some Germans and Englishmen slipped away to pack up.

Five hours later came the news that France too had declared war. And with that Deauville was a confusion of people rushing to get away as quickly as possible.

That same night, Deauville was blacked out. Many of those who owned automobiles loaded them up with spare containers of gasoline, painted their headlight lenses blue to dim their lights in air raids and drove off that very night.

Next morning all men between the ages of eighteen and fifty were called to duty. The native male population of Deauville disappeared overnight, and women began driving bakery wagons, running taxis, delivering milk.

Placards were posted ordering all foreigners to report to the prefect of police with their passports and all identification papers. For Germans, Austrians and Czechoslovakians there was an even more ominous announcement:

"All members of the German Empire (including the citizens of what was formerly Austria and Czechoslovakia) must present themselves within four days to the concentration camp at Lisieux (a near-by town) with no more than fifty pounds of luggage and food sufficient for two days."

Classification: Enemy Alien

By birth, of course, I am an Austrian, but, as I have previously related, after my forced flight from my native land I had adopted the nationality of my mother, who was Princess Blanca of Spain and a daughter of Don Carlos.

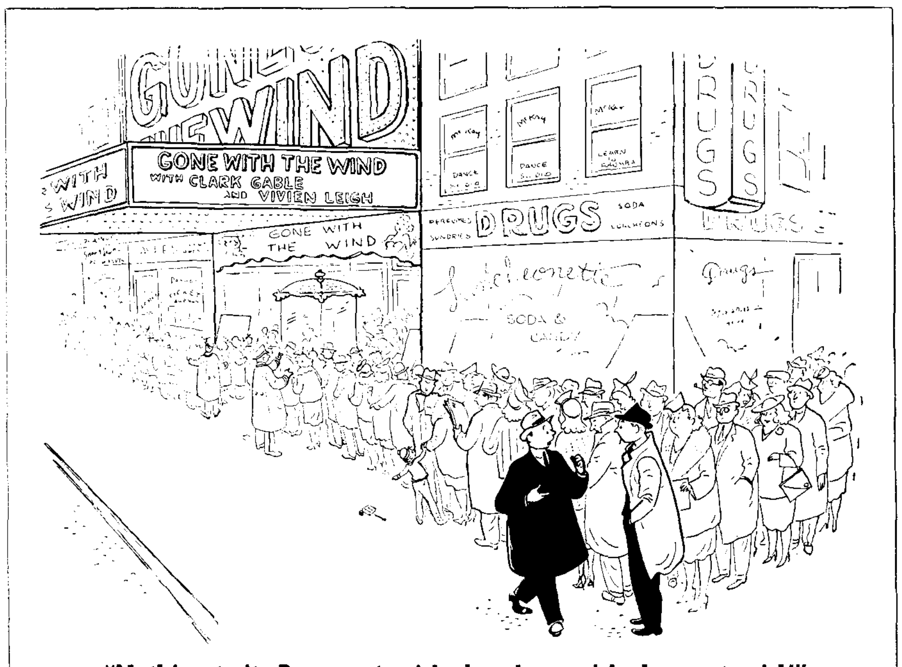
Nevertheless, to everybody in Deauville I was known simply as the Archduke Franz Josef of Austria and so I was summoned to the prefecture of police to explain my status. They were most courteous to me but my heart sank at the very first question:

"Where were you born?"

"In Vienna," I had to reply, but hastened to add: "I have lived since childhood in Spain, however."

"We will have to consider you as a member of the German Empire but we will place you in the category of 'above all suspicion.' You are free to move around as you please in Deauville but you must not leave the district."

The very next day, we had our first preview of war. About 3 P. M. in the afternoon the air-raid sirens shrieked their warning. From the sea, an armada of bombing planes appeared, two or three of them diving in almost perpendicular thrusts one after the other. We were forbidden to go out into the street but we watched the planes from the hotel win-



"Nothing to it. Boy meets girl—boy loses girl—boy gets girl!"

GEORGE WOLFE

Snapshot of a Sky Chief start!

Copyright 1940, by The Texas Company

This new luxury gasoline proves itself in zero weather

PERHAPS you, too, have longed for a gasoline that snaps back at cold mornings with a crisp, business-as-usual start . . . that refuses to knock or ping as it glides your car over winter roads on summer schedule . . . that talks thrift when you check on your mileage.

Then try Texaco *SKY CHIEF* now . . . for a complete revelation of its luxury. You'll find that even in the coldest weather *SKY CHIEF* is thoroughbred horse-power, always alert, mettlesome, eager. Its cost . . . no more than other premium gasolines. Its performance...outstanding. Go to your Texaco Dealer now for *SKY CHIEF*. *Enjoy winter* in your car.

Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre — a full hour of all-star entertainment — Every Wednesday Night — Columbia Network — 9:00 E. S. T., 8:00 C. S. T., 7:00 M. S. T., 6:00 P. S. T.

Sky Chief

TEXACO

TEXACO
DEALERS

This message is published in behalf of more than 45,000 independent Texaco Dealers by The Texas Company.

A Squirmer's Only Friend Is His Dog . . .

Keep Out of the Dog House Wear Jockey Underwear
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Let Jockey help you to acquire poise. Jockey's patented Y-Front construction gives mild, restful support, masculinized to fit the male figure everywhere, eliminates squirming. Convenient angled opening won't gap. No bulk, no bind, no buttons. Knitted so your skin can breathe. Two piece. A leg length, weight and fabric for every occasion. In cotton, rayon and linen-cotton mixtures. Contoured shirts to match. Start your Jockey underwardrobe now. Remember, it isn't Jockey without the name Jockey on the label. If your dealer can't supply you, write us. Children's sizes down to 6 years.

"PLEASED TO MEET YOU, I am Jockey
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

I belong to Coopers. I am a symbol of trimness, smartness and style in men's underwear. I am the welcome friend of all who are tired of old-fashioned underwear that bunches and binds. I am the sworn foe of squirming. I bring this message to all men who wish to be well dressed: 'Wear Jockey.'"

Price, 50¢ and up, a garment

Jockey
THE FAMOUS BRAND OF SUPPORT UNDERWEAR
Y FRONT · PATENT OF Coopers
NO GAP OPENING
WEARING KEEPS IT CLOSED
SUPPORT FROM THE BELT
VARIED LENGTHS
TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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dows, straining our eyes to see if they were German or Allied planes.

We never did learn whose planes they were or what their target was, but the very sight of them was enough to bring the reality of war very close to all of us.

With the specter of the concentration camp constantly before us, my wife and I spent most of our time buying up as many candles and cakes of soap as we could.

Hotel bills were payable daily—no checks accepted. Every morning as the guests came down from their rooms they would be presented with their bills. Chips from the casino gambling tables became suddenly mere chips—worth no more than the hard rubber of which they were made.

My wife and I held a council and decided we would try to get to Spain.

In a few hours we were packed and in the car, which we had already loaded with gasoline to the limit of the capacity of the regular tank and several spare emergency tanks. Gasoline was already almost impossible to buy.

Neither of us slept that night. Promptly at 5 A. M. we set out for Biarritz, where we expected to cross the frontier into Spain.

All along the route we saw men with packs on their backs trudging to the nearest railroad station to join their regiments. There were trainloads of women and children evacuating Paris and the eastern frontier towns near Germany, and trainloads of soldiers going in the opposite direction on their way to the Maginot Line. Everybody was calm and businesslike.

As we rode along, my wife and I ate hard-boiled eggs, ham and bread from our picnic basket. We reached Bordeaux at 7 P. M. after fourteen hours on the road.

The next morning, I went to the Spanish consulate to be sure my papers were in order. Every hour or so new regulations were made and the rules with regard to foreigners were becoming rigidly strict. I tried to buy a spare tire in Bordeaux but all had been requisitioned.

Italy—Last Chance

That afternoon we set out for Biarritz. We passed a lot of Paris taxicabs along the road, many of them parked on the side with weary occupants, women and children apparently evacuated from Paris, fast asleep. We arrived at Biarritz the same night. Again, a mad scramble for hotel accommodations. Here the windows of the shops and houses were already painted blue.

The following morning we started early for the frontier but before reaching it ran into swarms of Spaniards who had already been turned away. The orders, we learned, were that no foreigners were to be permitted to leave France. There were no outgoing ships, no passenger trains. What were we to do now?

We thought of Italy—our last chance. Italy had not declared war yet. Perhaps we would have better luck in getting through the frontier. We jumped back into the car and speeded for the Italian border at Grimaldi.

We drove on endlessly, it seemed. Night fell and swallowed us. All the little towns were blacked out. We had to drive without lights. Finally we came to a small town that was like a city of the dead. We spotted a lone pedestrian and asked him directions to the best hotel. He jumped on the running board and guided us through the darkened streets to a little inn.

We discovered we were in Mirepoix. *There were no guests in the inn and we* had the place to ourselves that night. We started out again at dawn and drove straight through the day and evening.

Monte Carlo was almost completely deserted but my good friend, General Polozov, a Russian exile who manages things for the Prince of Monaco, was still on hand. He used to command the Czar's only regiment of women soldiers. The general insisted that we stop to have a glass of beer with him and told me we would never get by the frontier.

We went on, nevertheless, and arrived at Grimaldi around six o'clock that evening. The iron gates of the frontier were firmly closed.

I saw the look of despair on my wife's face but I went over to the frontier guards and identified myself with my passport. I think they were mostly impressed by my visa for America, because this seemed to convince them that I had a right to proceed. I explained we planned to catch a liner for New York immediately after reaching Genoa. After much debate it was agreed that we could pass.

The guards went out to open the iron gates, but the mechanism for opening them was out of order. By this time, I was perspiring freely and the blue shirt I was wearing was drenched. I got out of the car and tried to help force the gate open. It wouldn't budge. A group of soldiers came over and gave us a helping hand. There was a hopeful creak and the gate rose.

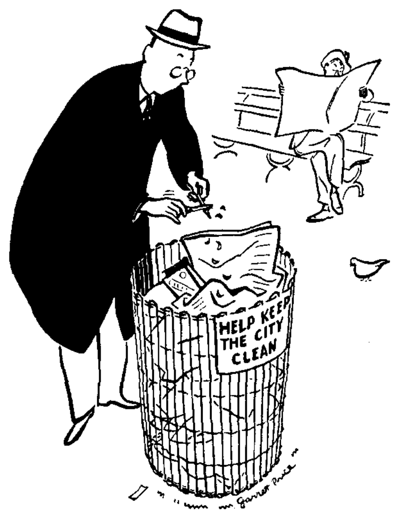
As we crossed the international bridge linking Italy to France, the tires began to bump at regular intervals. I thought we had a couple of flat tires but when I looked down over the side of the car I saw that the pavement of the bridges had been cut out at regular intervals for explosive mines.

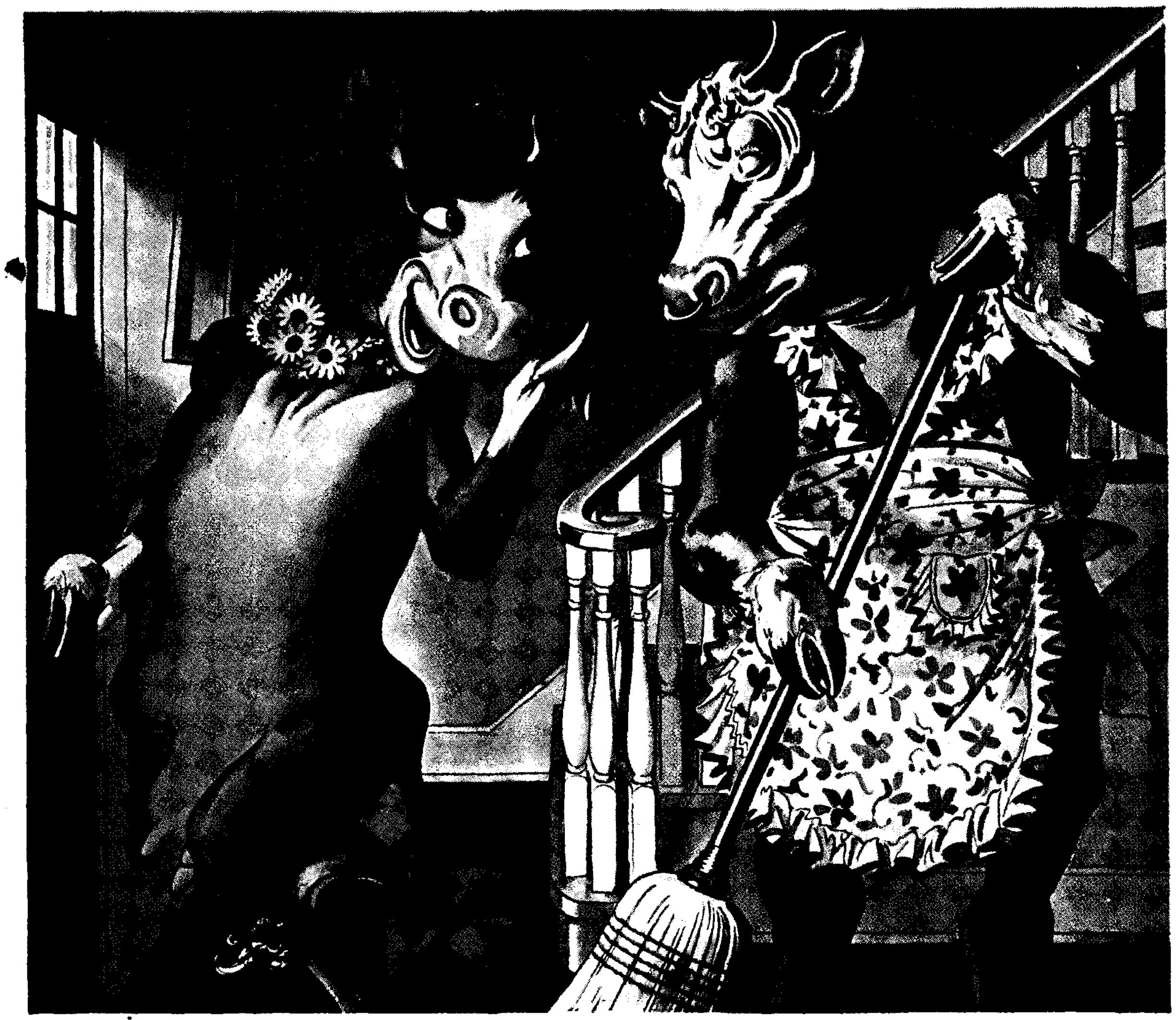
In Italy the roads were lighted and people sat around in the cafés. We drove on to San Remo and stopped long enough to telephone Genoa about ships leaving for America. We were told that the Conte di Savoia was scheduled to sail three days later, on September 15th, for New York.

We went on to Genoa the next day. At that time nobody knew how long it might be before Italy too would enter the war, so every minute was precious. We went to the steamship office and bought our tickets—at premium rates.

When we stopped at Naples, the first port of call after we left Genoa, we saw lines of sleek black Italian submarines and squadrons of warships ready for action. It was not until we passed the Rock of Gibraltar and headed out into the Atlantic Ocean that we really felt that we had escaped. Old worries gave way to new. The passengers were all wondering whether we might not be attacked from the air or whether we might not hit a mine. On the side of the Conte di Savoia, a huge Italian flag had been painted and all night long high-powered spotlights shone on it.

As we stood on the deck and paid silent homage to the Statue of Liberty and the New York skyline we felt that, perennial refugees though we might be, we were at last in a land of freedom and security.


HELP KEEP THE CITY CLEAN



"Remember, Elmer, I'm a Career Cow!"

"I DO HATE TO LEAVE YOU with all the housework," mooed Elsie, the Borden Cow, to Elmer, the Bull. "But my career comes *first,* you know!"

"You're seeing a lot of that veterinary," commented Elmer. "Is *that* necessary to your career?"

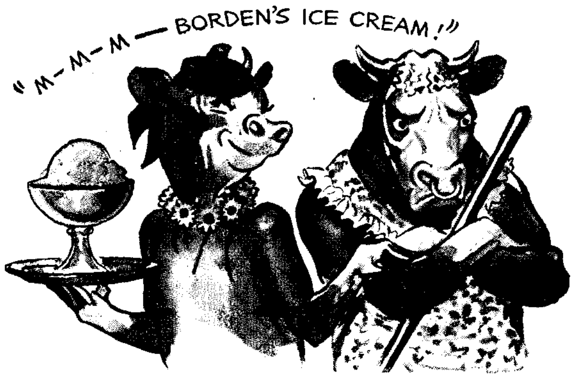
"Very necessary!" replied Elsie. "It's the start of Quality Control."

"SO!" breathed Elmer suspiciously. "It's come to *that,* has it?"

"Yes, it has—thanks to Borden's," said Elsie. "That skillful young veterinary makes sure that I'm always in perfect health and therefore giving the richest and purest milk for use in Borden's foods."

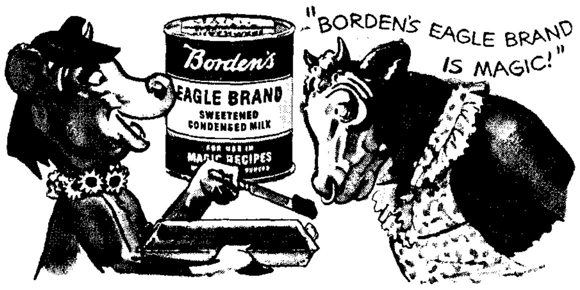
"I know your milk is the cream of cowdom, Elsie," pleaded Elmer, "but there are *other* things in life beside milk!"

"That's just it!" exclaimed Elsie. *"Borden's Ice Cream,* for example! One of the reasons it's so deliciously smooth and good is because my milk and cream, from which it's made, are rich and pure. You see, Borden's *extra* care starts at the very beginning!"


"M-M-M—BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!"

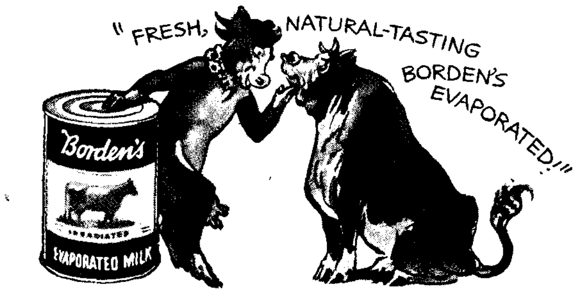
"Ice cream is cold comfort," observed Elmer. "You should be home polishing my nose-rings."

"Now, Elmer!" protested Elsie. "What would all those busy housewives do without *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk?* They depend on it to make the most marvelous cake icings and cookies and candies—in the swish of a tail!"


"BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND IS MAGIC!"
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
FOR USE IN MAGIC RECIPES

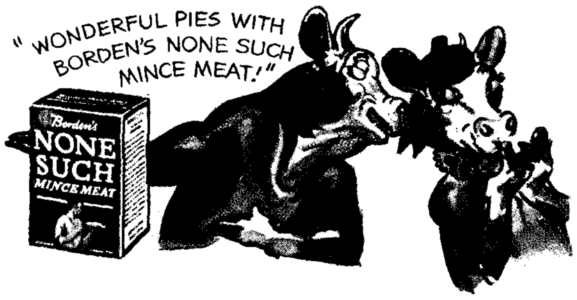
"Oh, *fudge!"* growled Elmer.

"I have a lot of Borden scientists interested in me, too!" Elsie smiled archly. "They're *awfully* fussy about my milk, my vitamin D, and about everything Borden does. But it's worth while when you think of the thousands of babies who are growing lusty on *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk!*


"FRESH, NATURAL-TASTING BORDEN'S EVAPORATED!"
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

"It's no wonder," she reflected, "that mothers everywhere are so delighted with such a pure, perfect food for their babies! And it's a tribute to Borden—and me—to have so many baby doctors praise it."

"I suppose," scoffed Elmer, "that when you're mincing around that special pasture of yours, you're working on *Borden's None Such Mince Meat?"*


"WONDERFUL PIES WITH BORDEN'S NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT!"
Borden's
NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

"No," Elsie admitted. "That's one fine Borden product I can't share credit for. But I'd certainly be proud if I could—it makes the spiciest, juiciest, fragrantest mince pies ever baked! One taste is proof enough that it's made to the usual Borden standards of top quality."

Elmer sighed. "You and Borden's certainly take good care of people!"

"People realize it, too!" beamed Elsie. "You should hear them rave about *Borden's Family of Fine Cheeses!* They *know* that such wonderful flavor could come only from the most careful attention of experts. Why, folks close their eyes in pleasure at the taste of *Borden's Chateau!* That's the cheese-food masterpiece—Borden's have a secret method of blending costly, aged cheese in Chateau that baffles all would-be imitators."

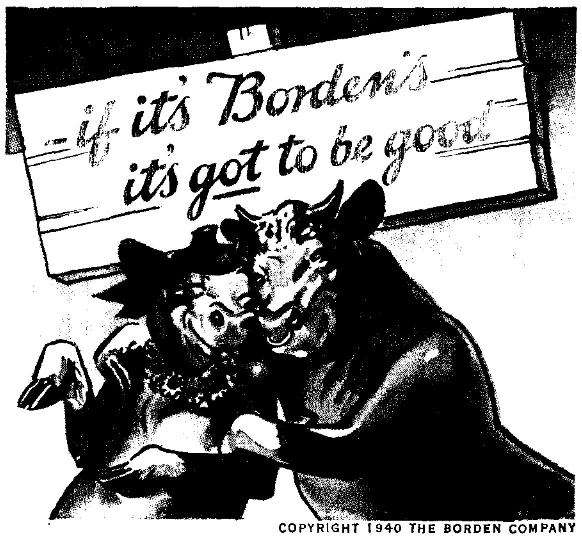
"BORDEN'S CHEESES ARE DELICIOUS!"
Borden's Chateau
IT SPREADS OR SLICES

"Say, that must be good!" said Elmer, greatly impressed.

Elsie laughed. "You can bet your best porterhouse it's good! Food goodness, delicious flavor, and superb quality are the constant aims of Borden's. Ever-increasing numbers of people are getting to realize that 'if it's Borden's, it's *got* to be good'!"

* * *

To provide the best of dairy products, to guard the goodness of all Borden foods, and to bring them to your home, more than 27,500 Borden employees work in partnership with 47,000 owner-stockholders.


—if it's Borden's it's got to be good

COPYRIGHT 1940 THE BORDEN COMPANY

DODGE *Engineering*

DODGE
1940
12-031

JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN SMALL CARS!

DODGE SEDANS

$815 AND UP

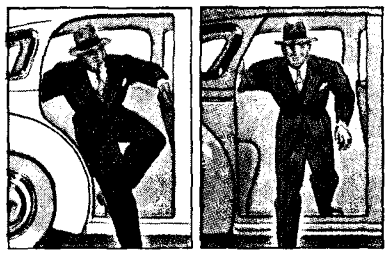
COUPES, $755 and up*

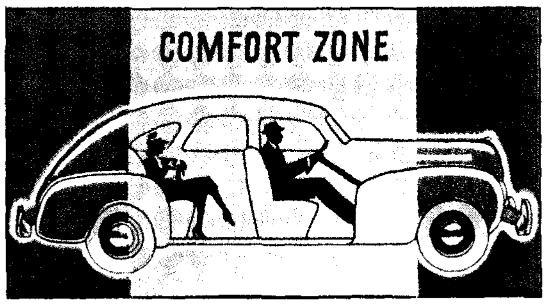
*All Federal taxes included. These are Detroit delivered prices and include all standard equipment. Transportation, state and local taxes (if any), extra. Visit your Dodge dealer for delivered prices in your locality.

New *Full-Floating Ride!* Wheelbase is longer, center of gravity is lower, wheels are moved backward, seats forward, so now all passengers ride in the buoyant "Comfort Zone" *between* the axles!

Old Way. (Right) "Dog-leg" rear door that made getting in and out difficult.

New Way. (Far Right) With new Dodge *straight* rear door, you *walk* right in and out!





Why the Dodge "Scotch Dynamite" Engine Saves You Money Every Mile You Drive

By Carl Breer, Director of Engineering Research, Chrysler Corporation

"THE astonishing combination of performance and economy of operation which every motorist today associates with Dodge is something that did not happen overnight.

"Rather, it is something we have *deliberately built into* the Dodge 'Scotch Dynamite' engine—the result of years of testing in our research laboratories and on the highways. Today this engine is not only rated high in acceleration, power and performance, but it is literally packed with no less than fourteen proven economy features, each working harmoniously with all the others to save money for Dodge owners every mile they drive.

"Knowing what I do about Dodge engineering, it is easy to understand why 4,061 engineers of all types have bought Dodge cars in the last 12 months."

COSTS NOTHING EXTRA

Yet see how it saves you money in many important ways!

IT'S amazing but true—the greatest thing that this big Dodge gives you doesn't cost a penny extra!

That is Dodge Engineering—for more than 25 years the trail-blazer in new ideas, in basic advancements, in dependability and economy. It means lower upkeep, fewer repair bills, big savings on gas and oil—money in your pocket every mile you drive!

Is it any wonder that Dodge is such a big favorite with *engineers?* 4,061 engineers—mechanical engineers, electrical engineers...engineers of all types—bought Dodge cars in the last 12 months!† Men who *know* motorcars say Dodge gives most for your money!

But you don't have to know engineering to appreciate all the good things this 1940 Dodge Luxury Liner gives you. Here is greater luxury, more new ideas than in any other model in Dodge history. Yet Dodge still sells for just a few dollars more than small cars! You can buy on budget terms to suit your needs.

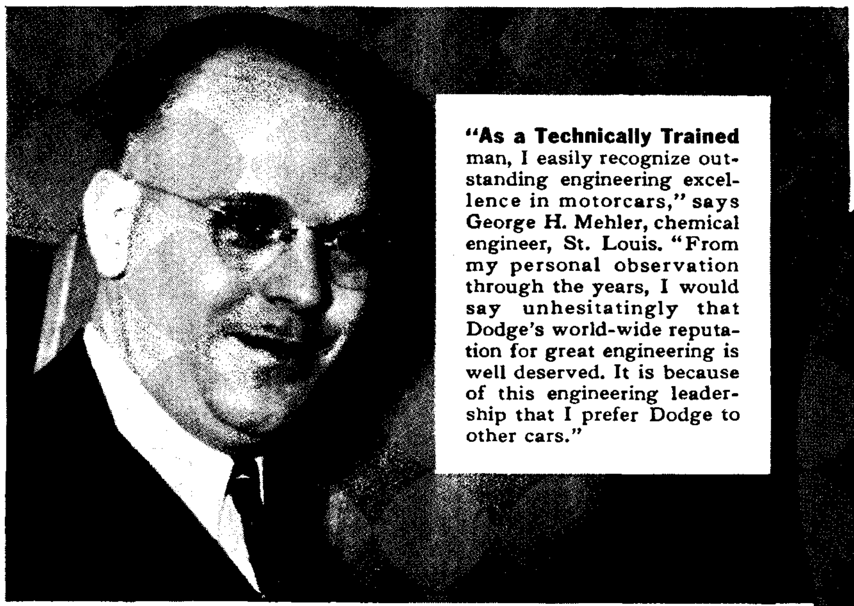
†*October, 1938, through September, 1939. Latest figures available.*

Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

"I've Got a lot of respect for the way Dodge builds cars," says Ed Crowley, hydraulic engineer, San Francisco. "That big Dodge engine is a real miser on gas."

●

"The Way a car is engineered is mighty important to me—that's why I picked Dodge," says H. A. Perry, mechanical engineer, Los Angeles. "There's no question in my mind that this 1940 Luxury Liner is the greatest car Dodge ever built."



"As a Technically Trained man, I easily recognize outstanding engineering excellence in motorcars," says George H. Mehler, chemical engineer, St. Louis. "From my personal observation through the years, I would say unhesitatingly that Dodge's world-wide reputation for great engineering is well deserved. It is because of this engineering leadership that I prefer Dodge to other cars."

New York Stylist says: "I'm not familiar with engineering, but I know a dream-car when I see one. The new Dodge is so beautiful, so exquisitely appointed that I don't see how anyone could ask for more. I'd match this new Dodge any time with cars costing hundreds of dollars more—that's what I think of its style and luxury!"

4,061 Engineers

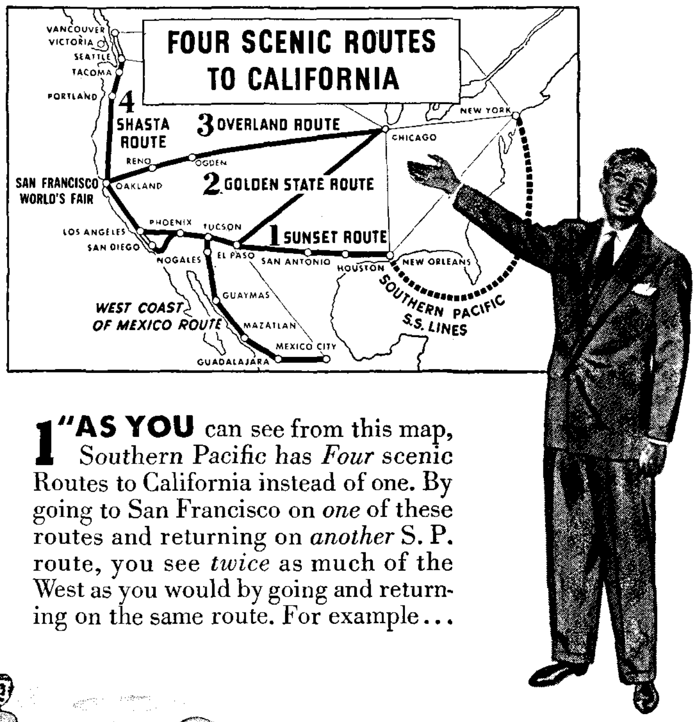
BOUGHT DODGE IN THE LAST TWELVE MONTHS

HOW TO

See Twice as Much of the West

ON YOUR TRIP TO CALIFORNIA AND THE

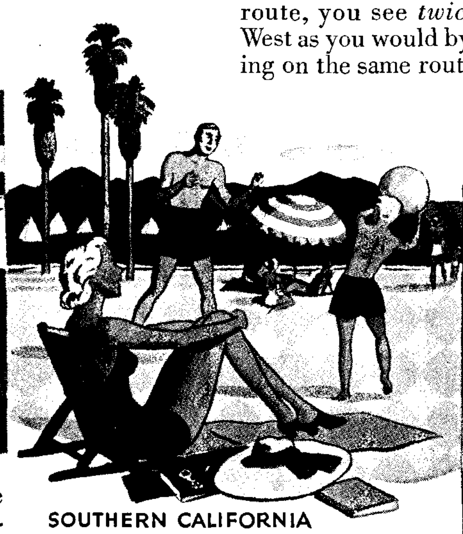
San Francisco World's Fair


FOUR SCENIC ROUTES TO CALIFORNIA
VANCOUVER
VICTORIA
SEATTLE
TACOMA
PORTLAND
4 SHASTA ROUTE
3 OVERLAND ROUTE
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
RENO
OGDEN
SAN FRANCISCO WORLD'S FAIR
OAKLAND
2 GOLDEN STATE ROUTE
PHOENIX
TUCSON
LOS ANGELES
SAN DIEGO
1 SUNSET ROUTE
NOGALES
EL PASO
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
NEW ORLEANS
SOUTHERN PACIFIC S.S. LINES
GUAYMAS
WEST COAST OF MEXICO ROUTE
MAZATLAN
MEXICO CITY
GUADALAJARA

1 **"AS YOU** can see from this map, Southern Pacific has *Four* scenic Routes to California instead of one. By going to San Francisco on *one* of these routes and returning on *another* S. P. route, you see *twice* as much of the West as you would by going and returning on the same route. For example...

NEW ORLEANS

TEXAS - ARIZONA


SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

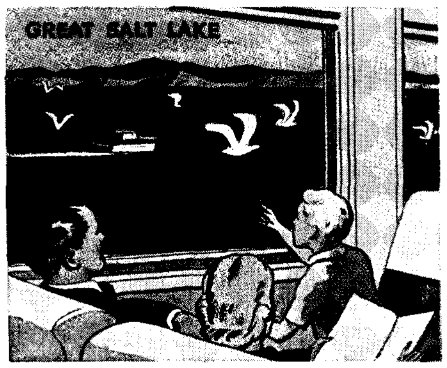
MONTEREY BAY

2 **"GO** on Southern Pacific's famous *Sunset Limited* or *Argonaut*, tracing the romantic Sunset Route through New Orleans, city of fine restaurants and old-world hospitality; Texas, with its magic cities rising from the plains; El Paso, gateway to Carlsbad Caverns National Park; the Mexican border country along the Rio Grande; Southern Arizona's mesas and cactus forests; Southern California.

3 **"SEE** the gleaming white beaches and trim orange groves of Southern California, and Hollywood, where the movie stars live. Then board Southern Pacific's streamlined *Daylight*, the most beautiful train in the world, for the daylight trip up California's coast past Santa Barbara and the lovely Monterey Bay country to San Francisco. In San Francisco, you'll thrill to the world's largest bridges. You'll explore the Golden Gate International Exposition, most beautiful world's fair in history, re-opening May 25 for four exciting months—bigger and better in every way.

San Francisco World's Fair re-opens May 25-Sept. 29, 1940. Above: Court of Pacifica at night.

RENO
THE BIGGEST LITTLE CITY IN THE WORLD
CLUB


GREAT SALT LAKE

4 **"RETURN** from San Francisco on our historic Overland Route, through the high Sierra and Reno, across Great Salt Lake on the spectacular Lucin Causeway. You'll ride the swift Streamliner *City of San Francisco*, the royal *Forty-Niner*, the *Overland Limited, Pacific Limited* or the friendly *San Francisco Challenger* (good meals for 90¢ a day).

"From most eastern places, such a 'go one way, return another' Southern Pacific ticket costs you not 1¢ more rail fare than a trip straight to California and back on the same route."

SEE TWICE AS MUCH ON

Southern Pacific

THE ROAD OF WESTERN HOSPITALITY

5 **MAIL THIS COUPON** today for free, illustrated booklets describing the 1940 San Francisco World's Fair and our Four Scenic Routes. Address O. P. Bartlett, Southern Pacific, Dept. CO-3, 310 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

*Your Name*______________________________

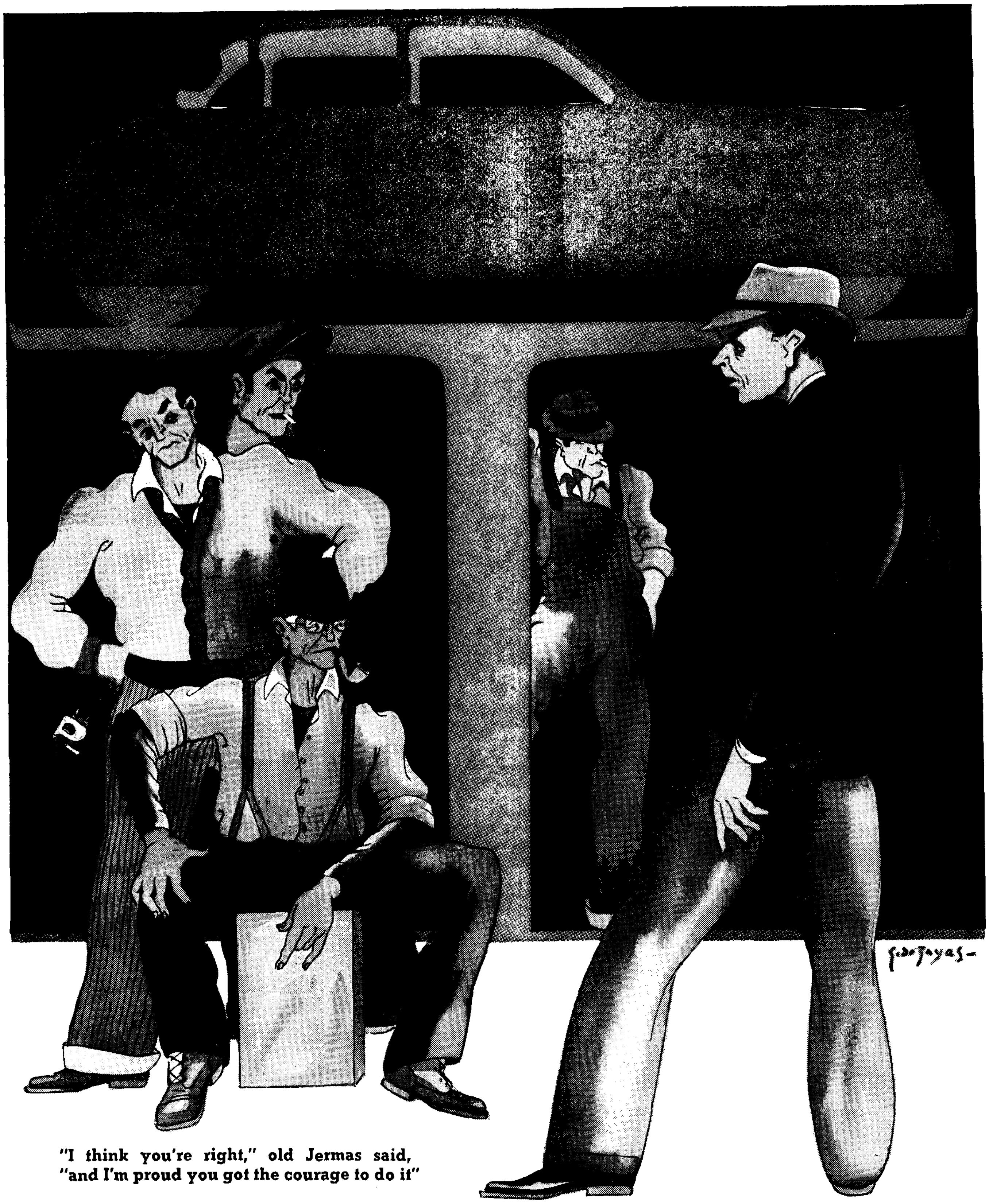
*Address*______________________________

*City*____________________ *State*__________

The Good Friends

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



"I think you're right," old Jermas said, "and I'm proud you got the courage to do it"

NOW that he had determined to kill himself, Orville Eller felt that he ought to say goodby to somebody. Not to his wife, of course; certainly not to his father-in-law—they would learn of it in some other fashion. But there were good friends to whom he had been close, who would remember him when he was gone; would recall some of his smart words, repeat certain of his caustic remarks, and breathe softly, "Poor Orville!"

He stopped at the open door of the garage, fingering the short gun that lay heavy in his pocket. Jim Falling was at work in the small office, Killey was under a car, Gorman, farther away, was tinkering with a balky motor, and old man Jermas, who was too old to work, was sitting peacefully on an oilcan.

"Come out here, Jim," he said. "Come here, you other fellows. I got something to tell you."

They gathered doubtfully. "Well, what?" Gorman asked.

"I come to say goodby to you."

"You going away, Orville?"

"No, boys, I've come to the end. I'm going to kill myself."

Their mouths and eyes came open and they looked at him and then at one another. Old man Jermas stared at the floor, then his eyes rose to Orville.

"Well, Orville," he said, "I think you're doing right. What do you other fellows think about it?"

Their mouths went shut and their eyes narrowed a little. They studied old man Jermas, and they didn't say anything.

"Things ain't gone right with Orville," old man Jermas explained. "He's showed pretty well he ain't much good. He done all right in high school, married a nice girl. His wife had no cause to kick; she knew when she married him, Orville drank a little. They might have got on all right. Orville has plenty times told us the trouble is with her folks. They don't treat Orville right.

"He worked quite a bit at first—Well, not exactly regular; a man's got a right to choose his own job, and there ain't much in this town a feller like Orville can enjoy doing. Since they give up their home, he sleeps most of the time at her folks' house, where she and his little girl is. He eats there too, unless he should win a little at cards, or someone should loan him some money—then he eats at the restaurant. Well, there won't hardly anybody loan him money now. Yeah, Orville, I think you're right, and I'm proud you got the courage to do it. What do you fellers think?"

They seemed uncertain.

"How do you figure to do it, Orville?" Killey asked.

"I got a gun." He showed it to them. "I was up at Ed Miler's office. I went in to get the loan of fifty cents. He wouldn't give it to me. I don't know why—he done it plenty times before, and we was in school together. He got called out about something and I knew where he kept the gun, so when he was out I took it out of his desk."

"Well," Jim Falling said, "I believe you're right. You got the right to your own decision anyway. We're all your friends. We won't stand in your way. Where do you mean to go to do it, Orville?"

"It don't matter where. I'm past thinking about things like that."

"The toolroom here might be a good place," Falling declared.

"The floor ain't very clean," old man Jermas observed. "How do you want to do it, Orville—standing or sitting down or lying?"

"I ain't thought about that."

"There's clean excelsior in them packing cases out back," Gorman remarked.

THEY went and got some, and they spread it carefully on the toolroom floor.

"There, Orville!" old man Jermas said. "All fine and dandy! Well, Orville, we're sorry to see you go. We'll miss you. Still, we all know it's the right thing for you to do."

"That's right," the others agreed.

"I'm obliged to you," Orville declared. "You fellows are my best friends. I knew you'd stand by me to the end."

"That's right, Orville."

"Well, boys, I'll say goodby to you. It's kind of sad."

He went around and shook each one by the hand.

"Goodby, Jim. Goodby, George."

"Goodby, Orville. We sure hate to see you go."

He went in and closed the toolroom door. They were uneasy. Only old man Jermas seemed perfectly at peace, and went back and sat on the oilcan.

"You fellers better get back to your work," he said.

They went back to their work. They kept looking at the toolroom door. They didn't hear anything.

In half an hour the door opened and Orville stood frowning at them.

"A fine lot of friends you are!" he exclaimed bitterly. "Yeah, I got a nice lot of friends! I hope I don't ever see any one of you ever again!"

"He didn't like it," Jim Falling observed when Orville had gone. "I wonder where he has gone."

"I can tell you," old man Jermas asserted. "I seen them fellers before. He's went to look for a job, and he'll find one or I miss my guess."

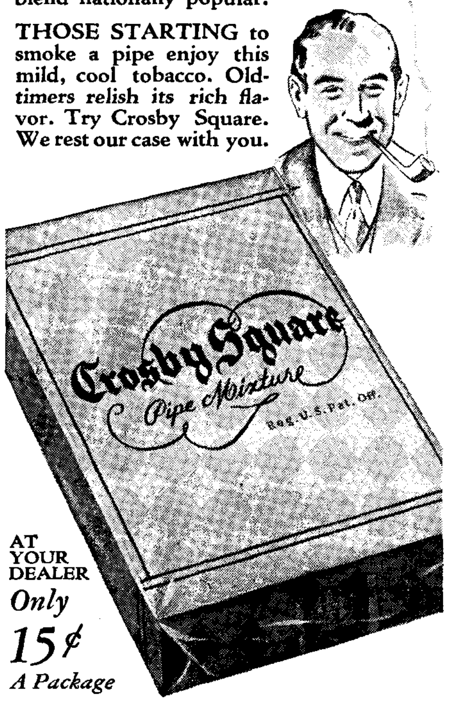
A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Why PIPE SMOKERS THINK STRAIGHT

THE VERY ACT of smoking a pipe marks the pipe smoker as a man who will not jump at conclusions.

AND IT'S this good judgment of pipe smokers that has carried Crosby Square to the top — made this master blend nationally popular.

THOSE STARTING to smoke a pipe enjoy this mild, cool tobacco. Old-timers relish its rich flavor. Try Crosby Square. We rest our case with you.

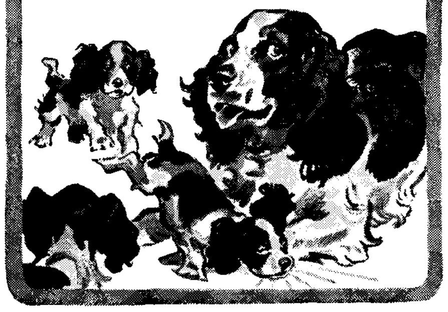


AT YOUR DEALER *Only* 15¢ *A Package*

WRITE FOR A GENEROUS SAMPLE
Send 6¢ in stamps to cover mailing. Mention your dealer's name. Address CROSBY SQUARE, 102 Delmar Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

CHRISTIAN PEPER TOBACCO CO.
Fine Tobaccos since 1852

NO PUP OF MINE IS VITAMIN-STARVED!



***Sergeant's* VITAMIN CAPSULES for dogs and pups**

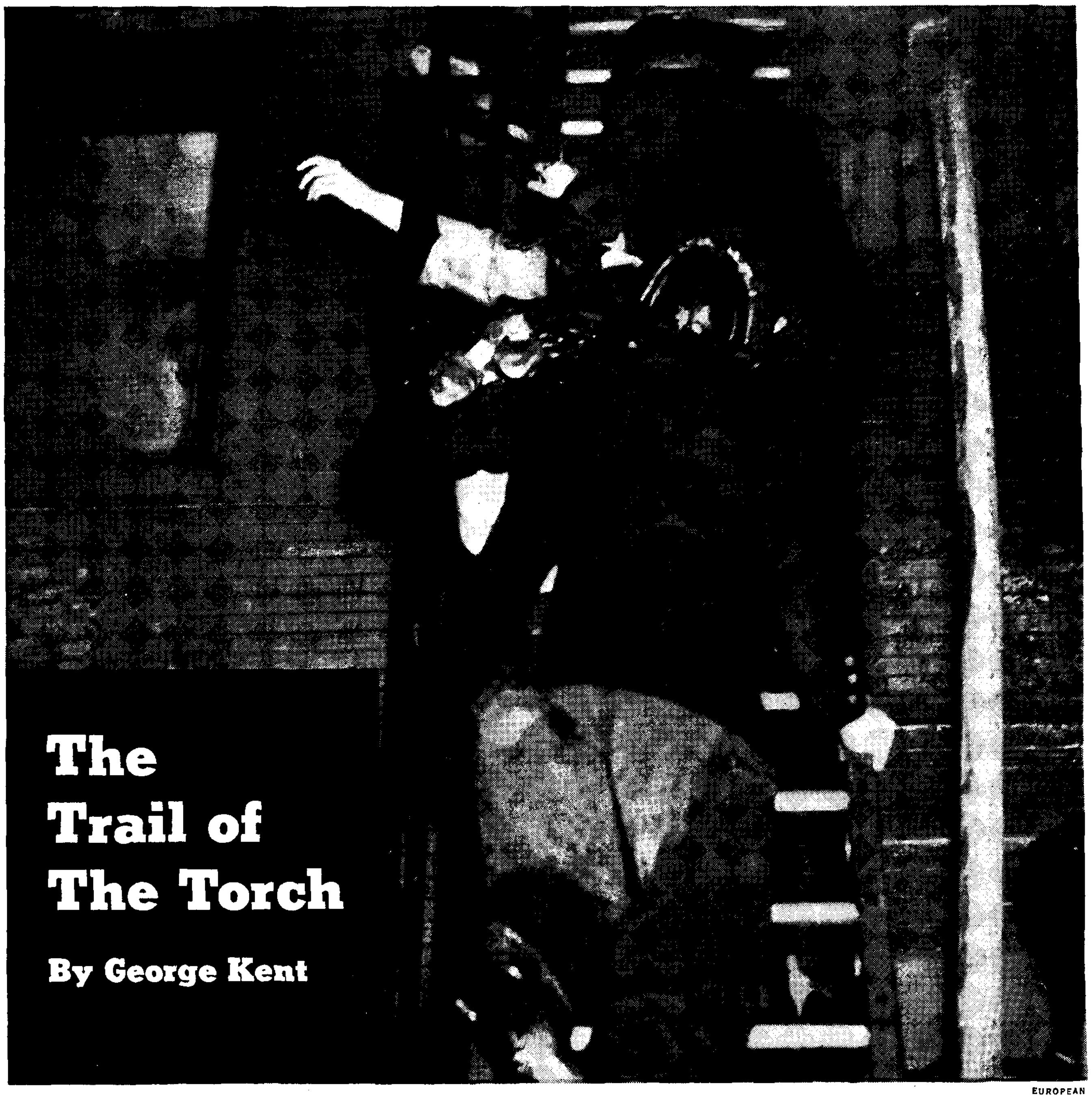
It's tragic but true—most dogs' diets lack important vitamins! Poor coat, bad condition, Rickets, "running fits," deficiency diseases may result.

Sergeant's VITAMIN CAPSULES contain the vital vitamins A, B_1, D and G (and Nicotinic Acid to prevent or cure Black Tongue)—specially prepared for dogs. Used daily, they supply correct vitamin balance.

About 2 cents a day will buy VITAMIN CAPSULES to protect *your* pet. Get them at drug or pet stores—and the *free* Sergeant's DOG BOOK (or send coupon below).

Sergeant's VITAMIN CAPSULES (VITAPETS)

Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 2-C, Richmond, Va.
Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:
Name__________
Address__________
City__________State______



The Trail of The Torch

By George Kent

EUROPEAN

Fires, incendiary and otherwise, cost 10,000 lives each year in the United States

Trained fire detectives, who read the story of a fire in a piece of charred wood, have cut losses through organized arson close to the vanishing point. Here's how they have done it

TO THE newspapers it was a routine item: *"Two Children Perish in Fire."* A one-story house had burned to the ground, damage $7,500. It happened every day.

At the scene, only two men remained, one the policeman on guard, the other a big man who was burrowing in the debris. The fire engines were gone and the mother, shrieking over the charred bodies of her two sons, had been led away. The face of the man at work in the ruins was sooty, his light gray suit smeared black up to the knees, but he went on digging. Suddenly, he straightened up. Raising the pulpy remnant of a telephone directory, he sniffed.

"Smell this," he said to the policeman.

"What d'ya know!" muttered the officer. "It's kerosene!"

Where there's kerosene, more often than not there's arson. This was a planned fire.

To A. Bruce Bielaski, the man who found the telephone book and later used it as evidence to send three men to prison, this was a simple case. As director of the Arson Squad of the National Board of Fire Underwriters he has smashed every important arson ring in the country, sent hundreds of firebugs to jail and cut the loss from incendiary fires by from fifty to seventy-five per cent. In Nashville, Tennessee, for example, a gang in 1928 cost the insurance companies $1,357,236. In 1936, a year after the incendiaries were put away, payments dropped to $229,459.

The loss is still huge—about $100,000,000 annually. But as an organized racket, practiced by gangs, it is pretty well finished. The firebug of today operates as an individual. If you own a home or barn or factory, you may meet him. He is brazen. He may call on you, especially if times are bad, and suggest you have a fire.

One factory owner in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, received such a visit some months ago and, being public spirited, flew into a rage. Grabbing his hat, he took a train and stormed into the office of Mr. Bielaski in downtown Manhattan.

"It's high time something is done," he fumed, "when people can come around soliciting fires."

"Are you willing to co-operate?" Bielaski inquired.

"Of course."

"Even if it means that you will have to testify?"

"What's your plan?" asked the manufacturer.

Between them they set a trap. When the fire solicitor called again, the factory owner admitted he was in the market but, coached by Bielaski, expressed doubt of the incendiary's ability. The bug swallowed the bait. "All you do is give me the key, and your troubles are over," he said. "I'm the best in the business." Then to clinch the argument, he invited the prospect to ride with him and inspect some samples. It was the most grisly trip the manufacturer had ever taken.

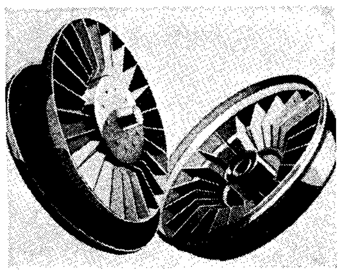
They drove from one black ruin to another, and at each they paused while the "torch" explained: "This man here collected $15,000." A little farther on, he pointed out another, saying: "That fellow was

*Illustrated: 6-passenger New Yorker Sedan, $1260**

GET A NEW CAR FOR YOUR MONEY

...not just a "new model"!

NEW!... *Chrysler Fluid Drive*



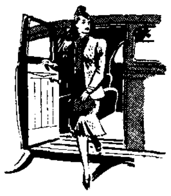
Why Shift Gears?

Why shift gears? Touch the throttle to go...touch the brake to stop. That's the new way, introduced by Chrysler in America's First Fluid Drive. Takes the hard work out of driving, because you seldom use the clutch or shift gears.

Fluid Drive is so silent, so liquid smooth, that it gives you an entirely new sensation of ease and comfort. Transmits power to the wheels through a cushion of oil, with no rigid metal connections.

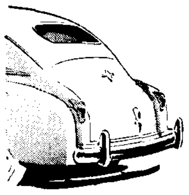
Fluid Drive is available for immediate delivery. Standard on Crown Imperial, only $38 extra on Traveler, New Yorker and Saratoga.

NEW!... *Easy-Entry Doors*



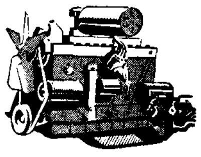
Chrysler's big rear doors are of uniform width from top to bottom, with no "dog-leg" cutaway for the rear fender housing. No stumbling, no awkwardness, no soiling of dresses.

NEW!... *Completely New Bodies*



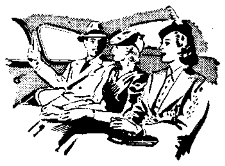
New bodies throughout, with new roominess, new comfort, new styling. Broader, deeper windows and windshield, with narrower posts. Tremendous luggage space. Seats like divans, with exclusive two-tone upholstery fabrics.

NEW!... *High-Torque Engines*



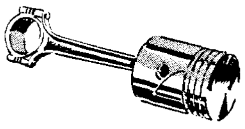
Chrysler's *High-Torque* engines, with greatly increased horsepower, are designed for maximum pulling power and acceleration in high gear.

NEW!... *Riding Comfort*



Aero-type shock absorbers! Scientific weight distribution! Airfoam seat cushions! All passengers are cradled at the center of balance.

NEW!... *Exclusive Chrysler Engineering*



Baked plastic enamel finish, that improves with age. Superfinished parts ... tin-coated pistons ... Floating Power ... time-tested hydraulic brakes ... steering wheel gear-shift ... a combination only Chrysler gives you. Learn about them at your Chrysler dealer's.

$895 **3-PASSENGER ROYAL COUPE DELIVERED IN DETROIT**

*Federal Tax included. Transportation and State or Local Taxes extra. Dual horns and cigar lighter additional equipment on Chrysler Royal.

★ Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

BE MODERN *Buy Chrysler!*

Got a COLD?

BE WISE Take

Alka-Seltzer
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH BETTER I FEEL

It's Great FOR RELIEF OF COLD SYMPTOMS

Don't trifle with a *Cold!* For a deep-seated cold, Be Wise—*See Your Doctor.*

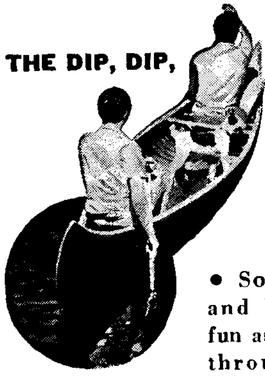
—but for the first symptoms; a "scratchy" throat or that stuffed-up, "grippy" feeling, take Alka-Seltzer and see how much better it makes you feel.

Remember—Alka-Seltzer with its buffer-protected pain relieving properties can bring welcome effective relief from the misery of cold-symptoms. *At All Drug Stores.*

FOOD & FLAVOR

DUXELLE PURE FOOD one pound mushrooms concentrated into four liquid ounces flavors soups, sauces, stews. One teaspoon worked into softened butter spread on broiled fish or meats. Three bottles Parcel Post in U. S. A. one dollar, refund guaranteed if unsatisfactory. Recipe booklet included. Address—**Turin's Inn (Packer), Hazleton, Pa.**

THE DIP, DIP, DIP OF AN Indian Blade



• SOAK up sun and have more fun as you paddle through Indian pleasures. Hunt and fish, and set up camp away from the world on the water.

Winding rivers and lonely lakes invite you to sport and adventure. An Old Town Canoe brings you years of pleasure. It costs very little to own one.

FREE CATALOG shows all kinds of Canoes for paddling, sailing or outboards. Also Outboard Boats, including big all-wood family boats. Rowboats. Dinghies. Write today. Address Old Town Canoe Company, 633 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

about to declare bankruptcy. Now he is taking it easy in Miami."

When the manufacturer asked how much, the firebug said, $1,500. "It's a little high," he conceded, "but I use embalming fluid. You know how much it costs to embalm a body, imagine what it must cost to embalm a whole factory!"

At last the date was set. Police and firemen were scattered through the building. The incendiary lit a candle timed to burn a definite period, and laid a fuse to a setup of embalming fluid and wood shavings.

All this time, while he chatted with the factory owner and spread his combustibles, a hidden movie camera worked silently. He was arrested as he left the building, and the film, shown in court, assured his conviction.

The movie camera pointed through a keyhole is only one of Bielaski's bag of tricks. He has caught firebugs with bloodhounds and he has traced them by a single curly wood shaving. In other cases, a splinter of wood, dust lodged in a trousers cuff or a stain on a pair of pliers has led to capture. Once he broke up a gang through a dictaphone hidden in a refrigerator. And he has even caught them by fingerprints, well-nigh impossible in arson.

All Because of Baseball

Bielaski, in his early fifties and a grandfather, doesn't feel romantic about his profession. He has been pursuing criminals ever since he passed his bar examination in Washington, D. C. During the war, he was chief of the Bureau of Criminal Investigation of the Department of Justice. It made him the nation's head spy chaser.

Enlisting postmasters and private citizens in every town, he spread a net over the country, and except for one or two who wriggled through, he captured every enemy agent at large in the United States and interned scores of men and women who were co-operating with them.

The son of a poor Methodist minister, Bielaski, as a young lawyer fresh from George Washington University, then known as Columbian College, looked around for a job. He found one in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. He might still be there if he hadn't started playing baseball.

In prewar Washington the big excitement was the weekly games between the teams of the various departments. Bielaski was the Joe DiMaggio of the printers' team. One day a scout from the Department of Justice took him aside and offered to get him a better job if he would play ball for the department team.

"What kind of a job?" Bielaski wanted to know.

"Don't worry, we'll find you something," replied the scout.

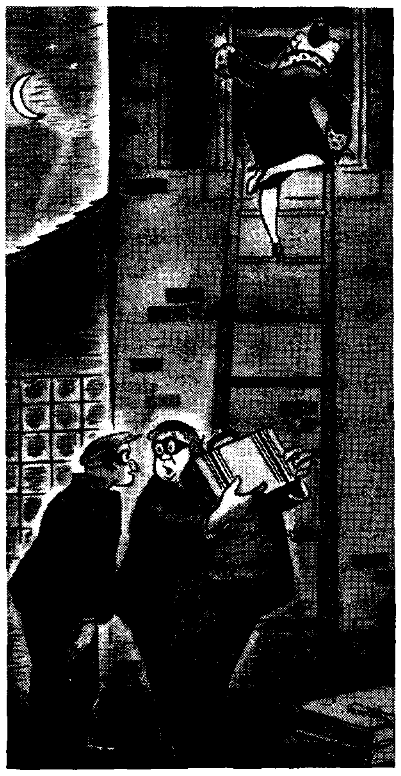
Starting as a clerk, he was chief of the Bureau of Criminal Investigation by 1917 although not much over thirty. When the Armistice was signed, he quit to go into private practice, hanging out his shingle for the first time. But he had not been at it long before the government hauled him back and set him to hunting bootleggers and rumrunners. It was an endless and futile enterprise and two years later Bielaski was back in private life, resolved he was finished forever with detecting. He was going to be a lawyer and that's all there was to it.

Just about that time the National Board of Fire Underwriters decided to do something drastic about arson, which had developed into a multimillion-dollar racket. Gangs, protected by politicians, operated in every large city. The losses were overwhelming. The most timorous of the underwriters suggested they quit writing insurance in certain districts of larger cities. But when it came to a vote, the board decided unanimously to take the fight against arson into its own hands, agitate for stronger laws and hire men capable of tracking down firebugs and bringing them to justice.

So Bruce Bielaski was made director of the proposed Arson Squad. The legal profession may have lost but many people are alive today who would have been burned to death but for his effective war against the racket.

The Arson Squad, now ten years old, numbers one hundred men, selected with great care. Most of them are college men, many are young lawyers, all are well paid. Their work costs underwriters over $500,000 a year, or about $5,000,000 for the life of the Squad, and it's the best investment the companies ever made.

Located in cities scattered between the two coasts, these firebug exterminators chase out to every fire that seems suspicious. They co-operate with police and fire marshals and determine whether the property was insured. In several instances they have joined the hunt for men suspected of having set forest fires.



"—an' as soon as I put th' ladder up, somebody says, 'Here, darling, catch'"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Often, the Squad members arrive with the fire engines. If possible, they take photographs. The location of the fire, the intensity of the flames, the speed at which it is going, can be filmed and furnish valuable clues. Celluloid, for example, burns furiously. It makes a flash fire and will consume the furniture in an apartment or the merchandise in a candy store without damaging the building. That kind of fire photographs nicely and is almost always incendiary.

But it is after the engines depart that the real work begins. The way Bielaski and his men are able to dig clues out of the smoldering remains of a fire is one of the miracles of crime detection. His discovery of the kerosene-soaked phone book was commonplace. In Throop, Pennsylvania, not long ago, an operative turned over the charred body of a man and discovered a small pool of kerosene the body had shielded from the flames. Kerosene and gasoline are almost never wholly consumed. At the same time, they are the most common incendiary materials. That's why they are looked for first.

One of the Bielaski commandments is: "Get to the bottom of the fire," meaning of course, the bottom of the ruins, physically. Not long ago, a householder in a Western city filled a cardboard hat box with gasoline and placed it at the head of the stairs. At the foot of the stairs he set a lighted candle. The gasoline in time soaked through the paper, ran down the steps, struck the flame—and the house was afire. It was a clever scheme and it worked—in all but one detail. The fire moved so fast that the walls collapsed on the incompletely burned candle. An investigator, digging deep, found it.

On another case, one of Bielaski's men, standing ankle-deep in sludge, picked up a blackened brick and found a cigarette wedged among a package of burned-out matches. A line of light-colored ashes, leading away to either side, proved that a fuse had been laid. The "torch" apparently had lighted the cigarette which had ignited the matches which, in turn, had started fire traveling along the fuse.

Clues in Burned Wood

"If you know where a fire started," says Bielaski, "you can usually figure out the rest."

A trained fire sleuth can read a piece of charred wood like a page of print. Burned under normal conditions, a slab of pine finishes up in a definite pattern. Add kerosene and the fire becomes hotter and the charring is noticeably different. The markings are smaller, closer together. The hotter the fire, the tighter and tinier the "alligatorings." The markings are smaller, closer together. Each type of wood has its characteristic char and each accelerant has a specific effect.

Pat Hurley, one of Bielaski's men, used to spend his Sundays and vacations burning wood in a cabin in the Connecticut hills. He learned how to fix the time a fire started from the depth and pattern of the char. "When did the fire start?" is as important in arson crimes as "When did the man die?" in murder cases. Testifying as an expert, Hurley upset hundreds of alibis. In one schoolhouse fire, he stated that the blaze had been going 70 minutes. A boy who had glanced at the clock before leaving the building fixed the duration of the fire at 71 minutes. One minute off.

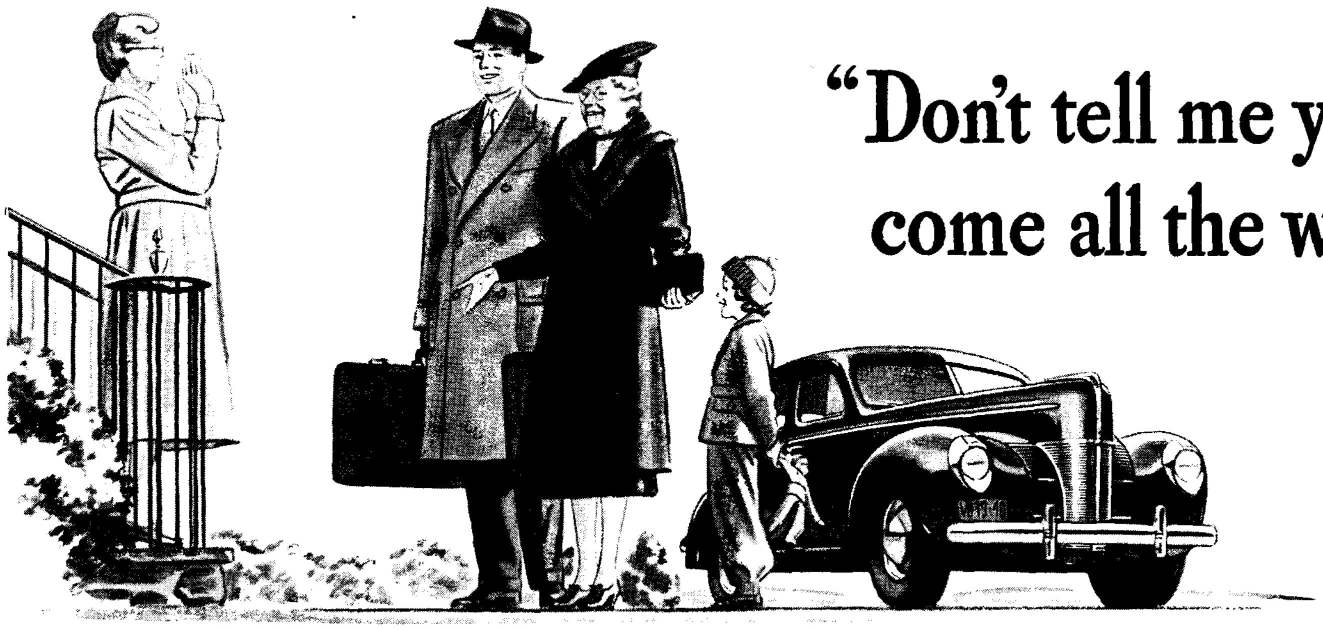
Working as undercover men, Bielaski's men pose as crooks, forgers, bootleggers, often as respectable businessmen. One operative and his wife moved into White Plains, New York, where an arson gang was operating. They lived there more than a year before the break came. One day the local storekeeper said to him: "Business is so bad, I don't know what to do, declare bankruptcy or have a fire."

The detective murmured sympathetically and went away. A few days later he remarked to the man, "Funny, my brother-in-law is bad off too and he wants a fire—but he doesn't know how to go about it."

Eager to oblige, the storekeeper produced a broker who bragged that he had in his employ "the best mechanic in the East." Another detective appeared posing as the brother-in-law. From there on the trail led at last to the conviction of twenty men who among them had set close to a thousand fires.

Bielaski, tall and athletic despite his years, operates from a desk in an old-fashioned office. But he keeps jumping to his feet and striding about the room, a man who would prefer to be out doing things than directing others.

Members of the staff out in the field use their own judgment except where a case becomes too big to handle alone. Bielaski as a rule concentrates on gang



"Don't tell me you've come all the way *TODAY!*"

Sure — miles aren't what they used to be. But when you breeze by them in a Ford V-8, you mind them less than ever!

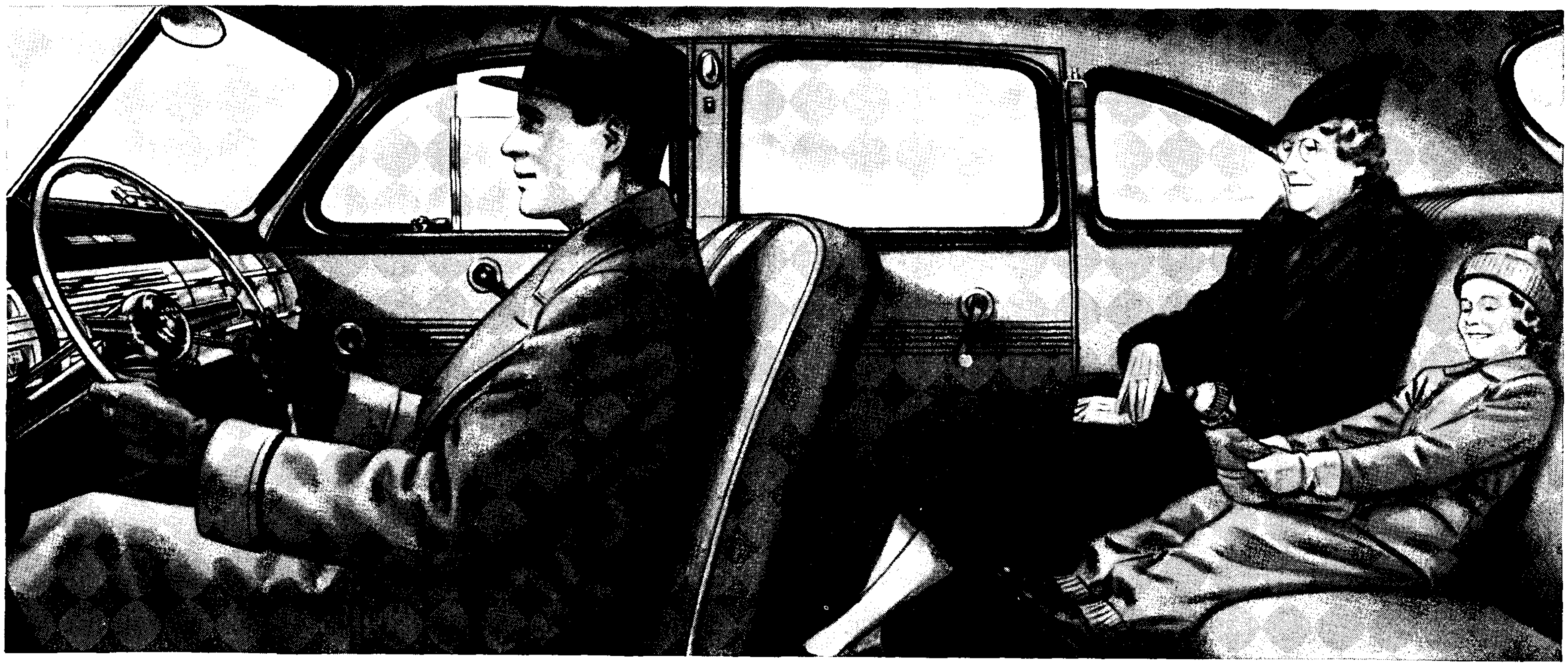
Towns way ahead on the map suddenly appear outside the window. You look at your watch. It's time you were tired — *but you're not!* . . . There are good reasons why.

You've been *resting* on deep, "floating-edge" cushions — with generous room all around — while long, soft springs and double-acting shock absorbers blot out the bumps beneath you.

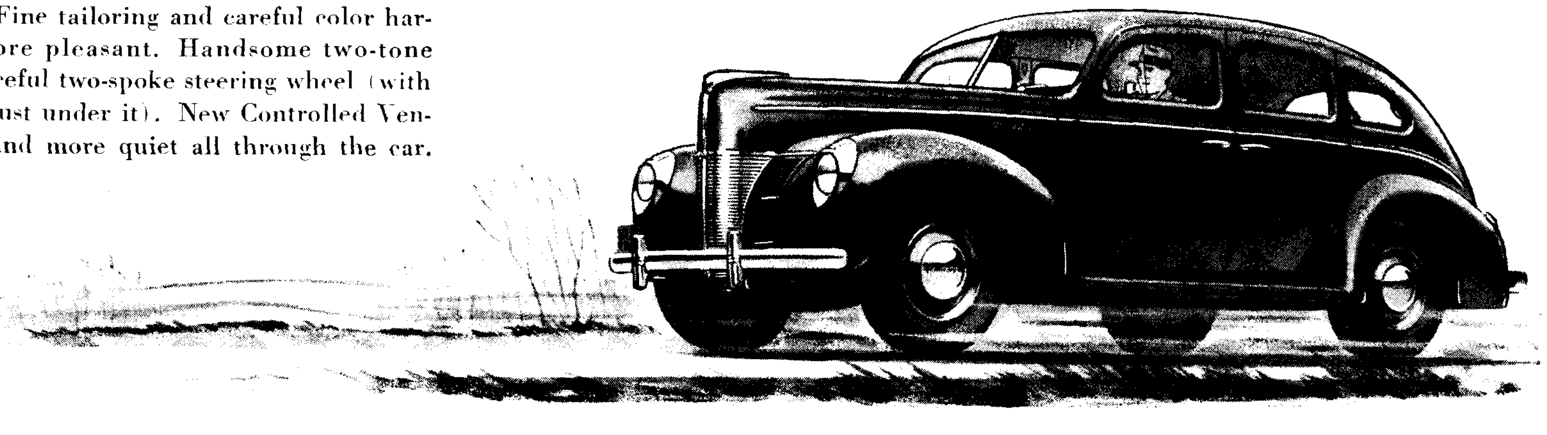
You've been *relaxed* in comforting quiet — in fresh air without drafts — with the confidence born of those eight smooth cylinders up under the hood.

Whatever you want in a motor car — beauty, bigness, power, economy — you'll find in the 1940 Ford V-8. But as much or more than anything else, *you'll like the buoyant, restful way it rides!*

FORD V·8



INSIDE INFORMATION! Fine tailoring and careful color harmony make miles more pleasant. Handsome two-tone instrument panel. Graceful two-spoke steering wheel (with Finger-Tip Gearshift just under it). New Controlled Ventilation. More room and more quiet all through the car.



WITH YOUR SHOES ON

•Just turn your toes loose in this light, limber Walk-Over ROCKET. What a relief from heavy winter brogues. Soft parchment calf, with darker trim. And *inside:* hand-tailored linings—why Walk-Overs *stay smoother* next to your feet. Walk-Over prices $7.50 to $12.50, higher west. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.

WALK·OVER

MENNEN LATHER SHAVE

"I don't care if this IS our stop . . . can't you see I'm enjoying my MENNEN SHAVE!"

Gone with the wind—yessir, wiry whiskers *breeze* off when you use Mennen Lather Shave! No yank. No pull. Oil-dissolving, hair-penetrating Mennen Lather banishes razor-resistance. Want real shaving *comfort?* Then see your druggist and sing out, "Mennen Lather Shave for Mine!"

Mennen makes a swell Brushless, too.

TRY THE 3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE—SHAVE CREAM—SKIN BRACER—TALCUM FOR MEN

and professional firebug activities. Not long ago, the telephone rang and Bielaski's St. Louis agent reported failure. For months he had been trying without success to get close to a notorious "torch" named John Ritter. None of the tricks seemed to work.

The chief thought a moment, then said, "Go out and buy some raincoats—about $7,000 worth. I'll tell you what to do with them later." Here was the scheme. The detective in St. Louis was to rent a store as close as possible to Ritter's home, open it as a raincoat and rubber-goods establishment, hire a salesman, and wait. There were no other instructions.

Sure enough, Ritter showed up in a few days. With a pleasant smile he offered, as a good neighbor, to help the new arrival get hangers and display devices at bargain prices. The detective was grateful, insisted on buying a lunch. They became great companions. Now and then, Ritter would mention the names of men he had "helped." In every case, investigation revealed, the person helped had had a fire.

Months went by, the detective was getting bored with playing store, when the firebug invited him to drive to Los Angeles. There Ritter, who could barely sign his name, asked the dealer in raincoats to write a letter for him. In brief, it read, "Everything is ready. Collect $100 and go ahead with the job." Here at last was a break.

The man to whom the letter was addressed was followed and caught in the act of setting fire to a mass of paint remover planted in a luxurious summer home. He went to prison. Ritter committed suicide in his cell.

Tricks that Betray

Incendiaries collect for their fires anywhere from $50 to $4,000. In bad times when mortgage foreclosures and bankruptcies threaten, their services are in greater demand and the price goes up. None have grown rich, not even the Boston "torch" who has been setting fires for forty-five years. Chicago's arson queen, a 250-pound grandmother of nine, whose son was killed in the act of setting a fire, died in poverty.

Professional firebugs betray themselves by their methods and the materials they use. The Chicago rings all used a special "starter"—an ordinary lampwick sewed in a circle and embroidered with big kitchen matches. One torch always set his fires in the cellar, another beneath the stairs, a third—a pyromaniac—favored empty baby carriages. Still another had a way of chipping away the plaster and setting his fires against the exposed laths. A smart detective nailed him for a long term in prison because of this unfortunate habit.

This incendiary was captured not far from the fire but the police had no way of connecting him with the blaze except by a little plaster dust in his pants cuffs. But how convince a jury that this dust came from the walls of the burned dwelling? One detective took a sample of plaster from the wall, removed the lime and hairs until only sand remained, then he counted the grains. In every 100 grains, he found 36 black particles, 12 white, 26 amber, 26 red. He examined plaster from other buildings and in each case the tally was different. But when he counted the grains from the suspect's pants cuffs, the totals checked. This identification convinced a jury.

Greek torchbearers use grease because most of them work in restaurants or candy kitchens. Sicilians employ excessive amounts of gasoline. One, hired for $100 to set fire to a house in New Orleans, poured in one hundred and fifty gallons, producing an explosion that damaged nine buildings and killed a child. Five persons were sentenced to life imprisonment for the crime.

Fires started by means of an old electric flatiron, a hot plate, a clock, even a door bell, are fairly common. One man strung a wire from a tree fifty feet from his house, fixed a bunch of matches to the wire, and the matches against a sheet of sandpaper in a box of shavings. When the weather forecast promised a storm, he quietly went off on a trip. Unluckily, an investigator saw the wire and pieced together the method he had used in burning the house down.

After ten years of pursuing fire makers, Bielaski finds that four motives account for most incendiarism. Fires are set for money, for revenge, to conceal another crime and finally because of that strange form of unbalance, pyromania.

Dangerous Fun

Saturday night fires are the latter's simplest form. These are set by men who become pyromaniacs after getting liquored up. Boys in their teens are also serious offenders. Recently, an epidemic of fires in Lynn, Massachusetts, so alarmed the inhabitants that police and firemen toured the streets in the hope of trapping the firebug. One cop finally grabbed a fifteen-year-old boy leaving a cellar a few minutes before a fire broke out. He was a member of a good family and had an excellent school record, yet he had set fourteen fires, purely for the fun of it.

Pyromaniacs kindle fires for the joy of watching them and the excitement of crowds and fire engines. They are usually caught at the scene of their crime. A surprising number of volunteer firemen suffer from pyromania and are responsible for hundreds of fires every year.

In aggravated form, pyromania becomes a great danger. Hospitals attract this type of firebug because of the excitement a hospital fire creates. A nurse burned down one out West, causing a loss of 67 lives. Another was burned in New York, during which surgeons performed two major operations and delivered one baby. The porter who started the latter confessed to having kindled two others.

Typical of the revenge fire is the youth in New Salem, Pennsylvania, who wanted to be choir leader. He pleaded with the minister and was refused. Two days later, the preacher's garage, car and all, was in flames. Another example is the porter who was fired. He hung his brass-buttoned uniform in a wooden closet, soaked it in benzine and touched a match to it. The uniform went up in a fire that consumed the hotel.

A banker has been speculating with the depositors' money and now the bank examiners are due. He cannot make good. He dreads the thought of prison, disgrace. So, he burns up the bank. This is a frequent occurrence.

Part of the blame for arson lies with some insurance companies that, in their zeal for business, issue policies far beyond the real value of the property. An example is a house worth not more than $1,500 insured against a fire loss of $10,000. Absurd, yes, but it is being done daily.

In time Bruce Bielaski will get around to correcting that, too. As it is, he has in ten years saved the underwriters at least $50,000,000, and the public countless millions more in reduced premiums. There is no way of reckoning the lives he has saved.

The attitude of people generally toward arson is changing. Where once it was waved aside as a pardonable crime, it is now being punished severely; in North Carolina, by death. Thirty-nine states have changed their laws on arson since Bielaski took over, and other states are strengthening theirs.

Let Me Call You Comrade

Continued from page 17

"Well, of all the screwy gags!" I said.

"What's so screwy about it?" George said, a bit truculently.

"Oh, I get it—Aunt Tissy wants her guests to feel at home."

George snorted.

"Feel at home, nothin'. She's learnin' them radicals a lesson. Wait'll you see 'em, if you think they're at home." Then George slapped the stock of his Tommy gun. "They's in a concentration camp!"

Homer, the yacht hand, came back down the path with Clarence. *He* carried a sawed-off shotgun.

"It's okay. Let Mr. Duncan through," Clarence said.

"Is that gun loaded, Clarence?" I said.

"Yeah."

"Are you all nuts, Clarence?" I said.

But life was real and life was earnest to Clarence.

"It may *look* a little funny, Mr. Duncan," he said, severely. "But it ain't. We got some of the most dangerous radicals in the U. S. here. Aunt Tissy's learnin' 'em for their own good, see?"

THE stable yard was to the left and below the house. Part of it was enclosed by a heavy stockade and had been an exercise paddock for stallions. As I followed Clarence up a graveled drive, I heard a measured "Hep . . . hep . . . hep . . . turn . . . hep . . . hep . . . hep," the tread of marching feet and the clank of a chain.

"What goes on?" I gasped.

"I dunno if you're allowed to look—"

But I looked. There were cracks six inches wide between the timbers of the stockade. And ne'er such a sight before did the blasé eyes of Duncan gaze upon:

Four men were marching, shackled to a heavy log chain. Boris Koslov-Kundbeischer marched in the lead. Then came Mr. Thomas Caldwell. Then Karl Lindauer. And, at the rear, huffing and puffing, tramped none other than Herman Beckstein. Their shirttails and their tongues were hanging out.

Alfonso, armed with a piece of two-by-four scantling, and two thugs I could not identify were acting as jailers.

"You can't do this to us—"

"Pipe down!"

"It is against American law—"

"Stop squawking, Heinie!"

"You'll go to prison for this!"

"You're a swell guy to talk about prison, you kraut squarehead. Hep . . . hep . . . hep . . . *turn!*"

I started for the paddock gate. But Clarence caught me by the arm and yanked me back.

"It ain't allowed. They're incommunicado. We go this way."

I was now thoroughly alarmed. It occurred to me that Aunt Tissy must have suddenly gone off her trolley.

"Where are Miss Audrey and Barney?" I demanded.

Clarence grunted.

"Mr. McGill is held incommunicado an' Miss Audrey's in protective custody."

This was the pay-off. I balked.

"Look, Clarence," I said, "have you noticed a wild gleam in Aunt Tissy's eyes? Does she talk to herself? Is she seeing the little men? Surely, you boys must know that this—this is all preposterous."

But Clarence stubbornly shook his head.

"It sounded like Aunt Tissy was cuckoo to me, at first. It struck all the boys mighty funny. We thought it was just kind of play-acting, see? Like for a masquerade party. But she said: 'I will leave it to you boys' good judgment.' She said if those was harmless radicals they would not be armed. We was to jump 'em an' frisk 'em soon as they got off the Skylark. If we didn't find nothin', then all bets was off. We would just turn it off with merry laughter, so forth an' so on. But them guys was heeled!"

I did some blinking.

"All of them?" I said.

"Naw, not the little Heinie—Beckstein. But Caldwell an' Lindauer had those things, an' the big Russky had a shiv." Clarence poked me in the stomach with his shotgun. "Don't go calling Aunt Tissy crazy until you got the facts."

"Where is she?"

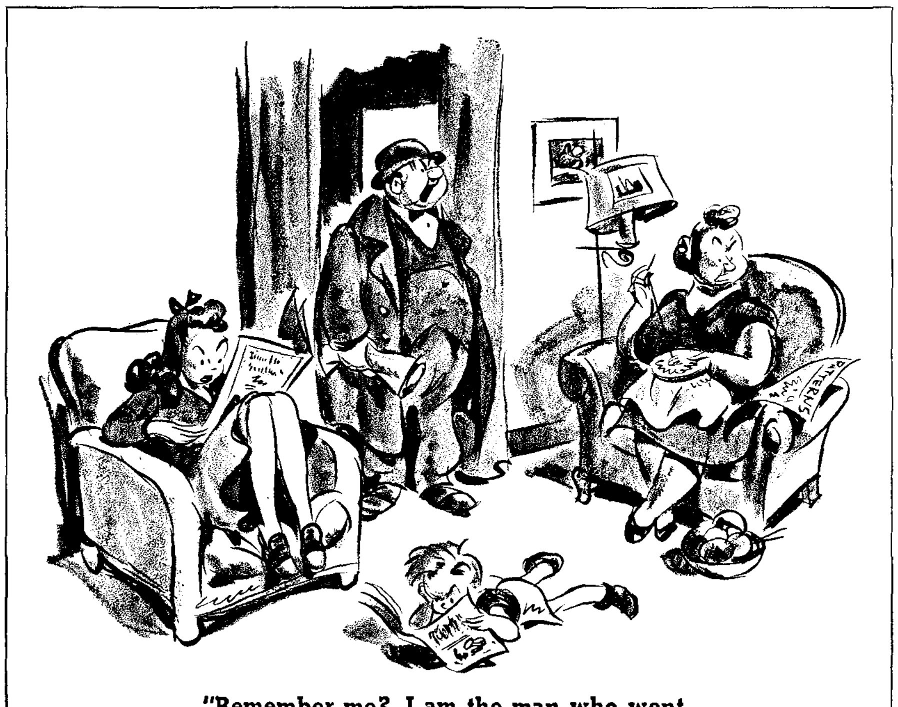
"In the house."

"Will I be allowed to pay my respects?"

"Sure. She said to bring you right in."

"To Aunt Tissy, then!"

I found Aunt Tissy seated in the liv-



"Remember me? I am the man who went out this morning so we could eat tonight!"

GEORGE LICHTY

"Oh her! She's just a fool for an Arrow Tie!"

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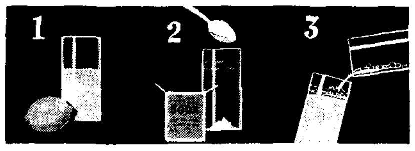
First or last thing daily: 1. Squeeze juice of a Sunkist Lemon into tall glass half full of water. 2. Put half teaspoonful of baking soda (bicarbonate) in another



glass. 3. Pour back and forth, and drink as foaming subsides.

Give lemon-and-soda a ten-day trial. See if you do not benefit when you make it *your "regular" rule.*

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Sunkist Lemons

Hear "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood"—Many CBS Stations—6:15 pm. EST—Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays

ing room. As soon as she saw me, she snapped off her pince-nez and stood.

"Well, you got here!"

"Yes'm."

"Are you being followed by airplanes and photographers?"

"Unfortunately no," I said, and then, although that whip lay ready to hand on a coffee table, I spoke out brave and bold: "You can't do this, Aunt Tissy!"

"Oh, I can't?"

"It's against the law. It's sheer madness. You will be sued for ninety million dollars."

Aunt Tissy picked up the whip.

"Keep your mouth shut one second! Those four men in the paddock are terrorists. They came upon my property as guests, armed with pistols and a dagger. Not one of them will dare to complain to the police—and I wish they would try to sue me. I'd like to face them in court!"

"But the *others*—"

"You mean those five hussies? Bosh! They'll stay where I've put 'em and they'll like it!"

"Where have you put them?"

"Behind bars . . . under guard. Where they belong! It's high time someone gave them a taste of terrorism. I'm going to rub their noses in it!"

"You—you haven't used *violence?*"

"Not yet, but when they have served my purpose, I think I shall have them shot!" Aunt Tissy said.

I gulped.

"But you've locked up Audrey and Barney," I said, "you can't do *that.*"

Aunt Tissy looked at Clarence, over by the door, and laughed.

"He reminds me so much of Little Nemo, Clarence," she said, "snorty and spunky and full of beans—the rascal."

"Yeah, that's right!" Clarence chuckled.

Then Aunt Tissy got grim again.

"Your friend Mr. McGill," she said, "put up the damnedest fight you ever saw—knocked poor Cecil cold. Didn't think he had it in him, did you, Clarence?"

"Them quiet, shy boys is hell on wheels when they get sore," said Clarence.

"Mr. McGill is out of the frying pan and into the fire," Aunt Tissy continued. "As for Audrey—I have merely sent her to her room. I am thoroughly ashamed of her. The girl's got no guts."

"Oh, she hasn't?"

"All frills and fiddle-faddle and treacle!" snapped Aunt Tissy. "This was all as much her idea as mine. But when we started to carry it out she had conniptions. I can hardly believe she's a blood niece of mine."

"She's okay, Aunt Tissy," Clarence objected. "She just didn't want you should lock Mr. McGill in with them broads. That's all they was to it, not no lack of courage."

I stared at Aunt Tissy.

"You've done *what* to Barney?"

"Locked him in the guest house with the hussies he's been chasing. Threw in that Walker girl for good measure. H'mph. I'll have Mr. Barney cured in a week!"

ALL of a sudden I remembered that Mr. Big from the Kremlin was supposed to be a member of our little party. I asked Aunt Tissy if, by any chance, *there* had been a last-minute addition to the guest list. She shook her head, puzzled. I suppose she expected me to fly off the handle and demand the release of my pal, Barney.

Instead, I walked over to her and held out my hands, wrists together.

"Put on the cuffs, Aunt Tissy," I said, "I know when I'm licked!"

Aunt Tissy grinned and tapped me playfully, almost fondly, with her whip.

"Go 'long," she said, "the only thing I've got against you, Scoop, is that you're a liar. But I'm too old and wise to try to cure a man of that."

She turned to Clarence: "Mr. Duncan has the freedom of the place."

"Thank you. Uh . . . is there any chance of my seeing Audrey?"

"Help yourself. Maybe you can talk some backbone into her."

"How about Barney?"

"You may visit him for five minutes." Then, to Clarence: "Tell Alfonso to keep those bully boys stepping lively until four o'clock. Feed 'em some bread and water and lock 'em in the wine cellar."

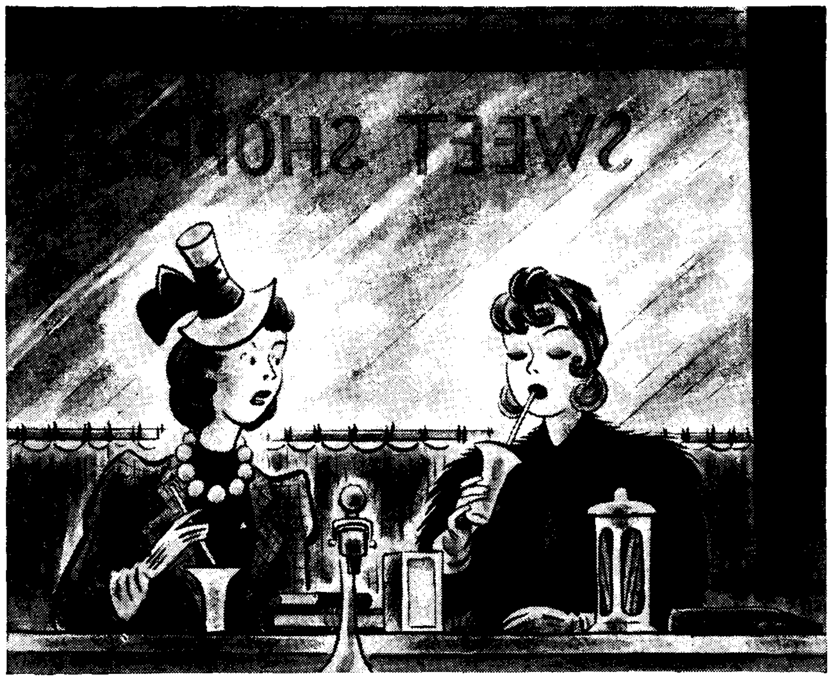
She turned to Alice and told her to show me to Audrey's room.

"And don't try any funny business about an escape when you see Barney," she added. "You haven't a Chinaman's chance, unless you can both swim forty miles!"

"Yes'm," I said.

Full of long, long thoughts, Duncan went to pay his respects to Miss Audrey Atkinson.

There was a snuffling behind the bed-



"He asked me to wear his fraternity pin but wants me to put up two dollars for security in case I lose it!"

FRANK BEAVEN

WHICH of these women has learned the secret of Fifteen Minutes a Day?

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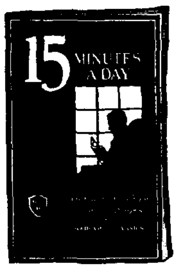

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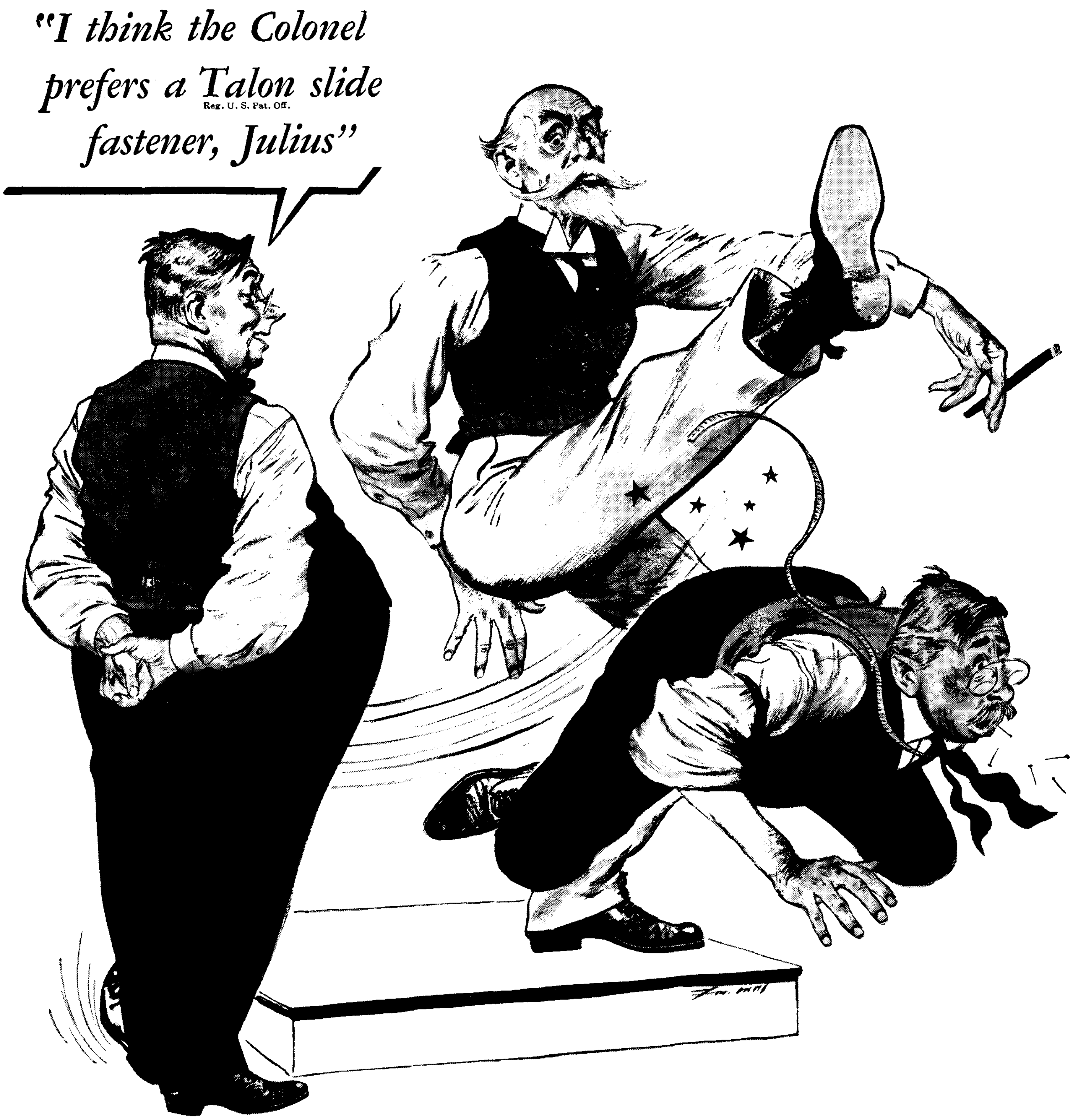
"I think the Colonel prefers a Talon slide fastener, Julius"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WHOOPS . . . looks like the Colonel once got a pair of pants with a slide fastener that was not a TALON slide fastener.

Too bad! But he'll never be trapped again.

Actually, there are thousands of other men who have had the same woeful experience . . . and who now take steps to protect themselves.

Forty-three of America's leading stores discovered this fact when each store questioned thousands of men.

More than 80% of those answering said there are bad as well as good slide fasteners.

To protect themselves, the vast majority want only Talon slide fasteners on trousers.

In fact, among those who have a preference, "Talon" is preferred over any other slide fastener by more than 70 to 1.

Moral: Be guided by the experience of the majority.

When you buy trousers, always "take a second look" for the word "TALON" on the fastener. Then you're sure to avoid unreliable slide fasteners — sure to get the trouble-free, reliable Talon slide fastener.

Because it's the dependable slide fastener—men prefer

"TALON" 70 to 1
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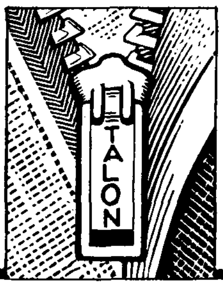
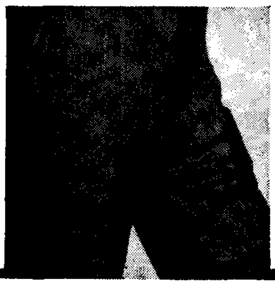


PROTECT yourself... Always look for "TALON" on the slide fastener when you buy trousers.



BEFORE Talon trouser fasteners, remember the offensive gaps caused by the five old-fashioned fastenings?

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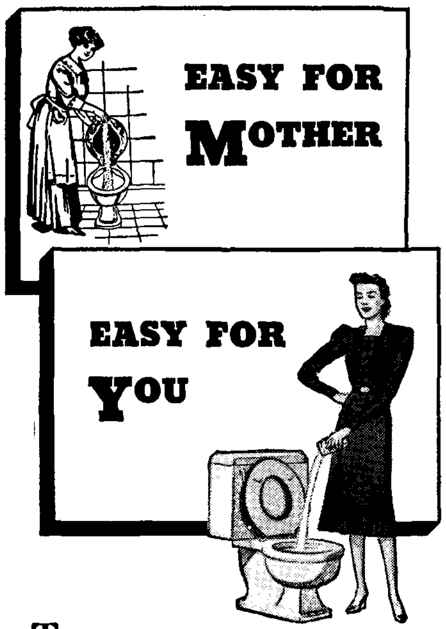

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Use Sani-Flush twice a week. Don't scrub or scour. Don't even touch the bowl with your hands! Sani-Flush does the work for you. Rust, stains and incrustations vanish. Sani-Flush even cleans the hidden trap. Cannot injure plumbing connections. (It is also effective for cleaning out automobile radiators.) *See directions on can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

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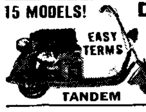

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room door when Alice knocked. There was a glad cry when Alice said I wanted to see her. The door flew open.

"Oh, Scoop!" Audrey said, hurling herself against my manly chest, "I'm so glad you've come. *So* glad! I prayed . . . 'Send Scoop, send him!' You darling!"

"I'm at a loss for words," I said.

"Don't talk. Listen!"

Of Koslov-Kundbeischer and fellow travelers, still walking bull ring, she had not a word to say. Of Joanie Bakewell and Sylvia Ceeley, awaiting execution with the pants scared half off them, she did not speak.

"Aunt Tissy locked Barney—"

"I know."

"In the guest house."

"Yes."

"With *those women*—"

"Awful."

"You've got to get *in* there!"

"That's easy. I have permission—"

"To *stay* in there?"

"For five minutes."

"Oh, no, that's no good! You've got to stay there all the time!"

"Why?"

"Because—you fool!"

"You mean . . . uh, chaperon?"

"Yes!"

"But he's got to be cured."

"No, I don't want him cured. I don't want them to *touch* him! I don't care if it did cure Uncle Dolph. You get in there . . . you stay every minute . . . you hear me?"

"But how?"

"Start a fight with Cecil. Punch him. Then they'll lock you in—"

"I've seen Cecil. No, thanks."

"Scoop! Do you want Barney to . . . to—"

"He's perfectly safe."

"He's not. They'll . . . I've got it! You go in for five minutes. Then, you just lock the doors from the inside . . . and stay! They won't be looking for that! Promise me you'll do it!"

"You don't want Barney reformed?"

"No. Not that way—"

"Not any way."

"All right . . . not any way."

"You'll marry him just as he is?"

"Yes. Just as he is!"

"Okay. . . . I'll do my best to keep him . . . uh . . . just as he is!"

"Ralph Duncan Punkan, I love you!"

Then she pleaded for me to *hurry!*

I WENT out to the guest house, a stout stone cabin up the hill and to the right of the main house. Cecil, wearing a shiner, was on guard at the front door. I saw two assistants prowling the side and back. Clarence had evidently relayed Aunt Tissy's message to Cecil, for he made no objection to my entering.

Barney, Dot Walker, the baroness and Katrinka were playing bridge in the living room.

Dot Walker got off a pretty fair one. "Oh!" she said, "here's the Press—and I ordered the Times!"

The other gals just stared murderously. Barney jumped to his feet. He had a cut lip, a set of bruised knuckles and a torn shirt.

"Have you seen Aunt Tissy?" he said.

"Yes," I said.

"Couldn't you get her to call off this melodrama?"

"No," I said.

"Where's Audrey?"

"In her room. She tried to make Aunt Tissy listen to reason."

"Ha . . . a ninny talking to a coot!" Dot Walker said.

"Oh, pipe down!" Barney said crossly.

The atmosphere was distinctly not good. A canary would have died in it from malicious animal magnetism. Most of this came from Dot Walker.

"Barney, I still think you love the Atkinson money," she said. "Such temper!"

Katrinka spoke.

"Shut your damn' trap, Walker," she said.

This drew a smoldering, brooding glance from the Baroness Thiele.

"You are insulting Barney," she said.

"Absolutely intentional," Dot said.

I saw that Katrinka and the baroness had made up their minds to ignore me. It was just possible that they remembered my blithe promises to get Audrey out of the Trojan horse. So I wasted no time being polite.

"Follow me, Barney!" I said.

"Aw-aw, the little boys' room again!" Dot said.

But I dragged Barney into one of the two bedrooms and locked the door.

"Mr. Big is here!" I said.

And I hastily sketched all the events leading up to the lovely, glowing moment. Barney looked excited.

"Then Aunt Tissy's bagged him!" he said. "Who is it—Caldwell?"

"Dunno. The message said 'Pravda.'" Then I had an idea. "Why would it have to be a 'he'? Why not Katrinka?"

Barney was determined to be chivalrous.

"No. It's either Caldwell or Lindauer. Both of 'em put up a scrap. Judas, Scoop! I was cussing Aunt Tissy right and left—but she's *done* it!"

I cooled him off.

"Sure. All we've got to do is pick out Mr. Big and get a confession."

"I think I can pick him out."

"How?"

He grinned and opened the bedroom door. I followed him back to the card table. He lighted a cigarette and sat down. I decided to do a little kibitzing.

Katrinka glowered at me.

"*Must* he stay?" she said.

Dot Walker grinned.

"He's fitted with suction cups on his feet and hands, my dear. The Buggis Journalicey."

"Lay off Scoop," Barney said. "I love him like a brother."

The baroness took this right up.

"I do not think he is a very good friend of yours, Barney," she said.

"Is it my deal?" Barney said.

I said to the baroness: "Just for the sake of journalistic accuracy—I want one thing cleared up. Barney *is* engaged to Katrinka."

Barney gave such a flustered, exaggerated take 'em that I knew I had said the right thing.

"Why, Barney!" Dot said. "Congrats!"

The baroness looked at Barney.

"Tell her it is not so!"

"Oh, but it is," Katrinka said coolly.

SLOWLY, the baroness put down her cards and got to her feet.

"So?" she said to Barney.

Barney looked furtive and miserable.

"I'm sorry, Olga," he stammered lamely. "The leader wants it that way."

"The leader? So?"

The baroness started away from the table on a slow circuit of the room. Katrinka looked sharply at Barney.

"You're kidding her, aren't you?"

"No, Katrinka."

"Oh, now, wait a minute—" Katrinka stood up. "Are you going to marry me because you want to, or because the leader is in favor of it?"

"Well . . . uh . . . both, Katrinka."

This talk flabbergasted Dot Walker.

"You folks mean to admit that little peewee can arrange *marriages* in the U.S.A., for cripes' sake?" she said.

Before anyone could answer, the baroness glided back to the table.

"He cannot do that, Barney," she said.

"Well . . . uh—"

Katrinka bristled.

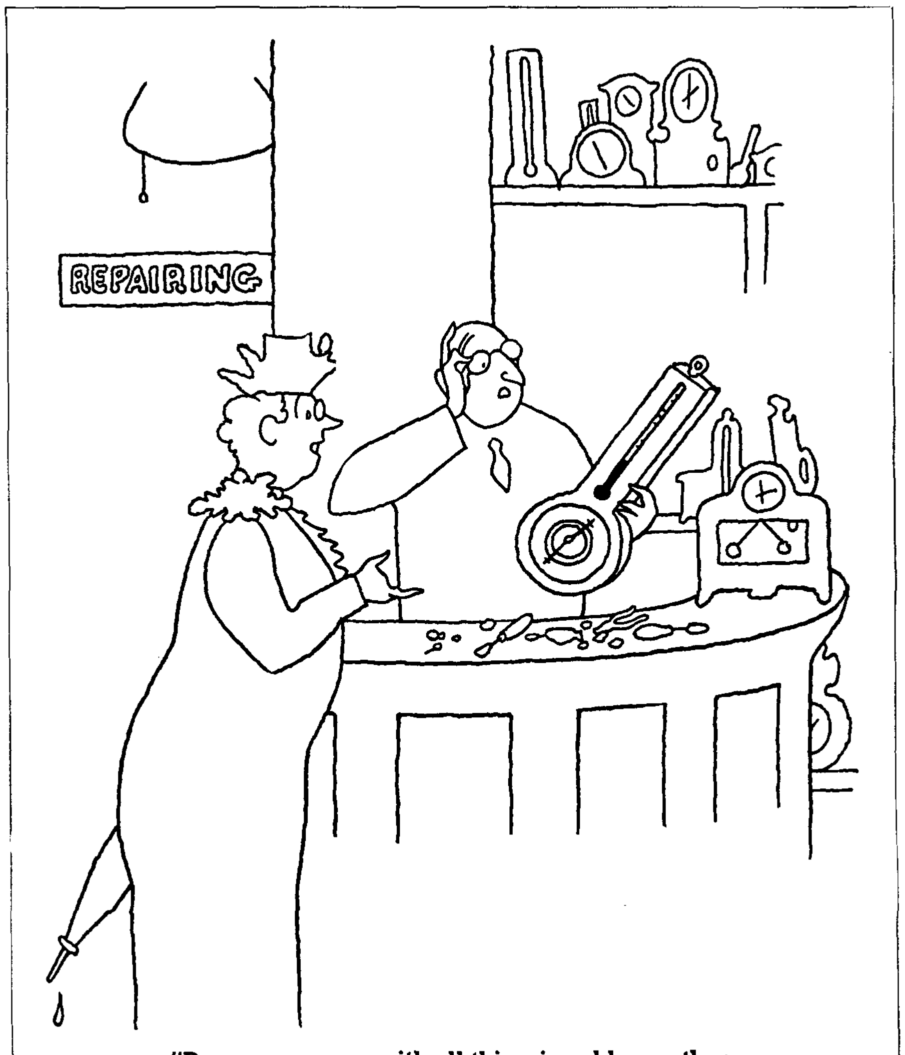
"Oh, he could if he wanted to," she said.

The baroness laughed.

"So? You think that? I say you are a liar. He will not be the leader long!"

"Want me to *tell* him that?"

"Yes. I do not fear him. That little



"Do you suppose, with all this miserable weather we've been having, it just needs a rest?" GARDNER REA

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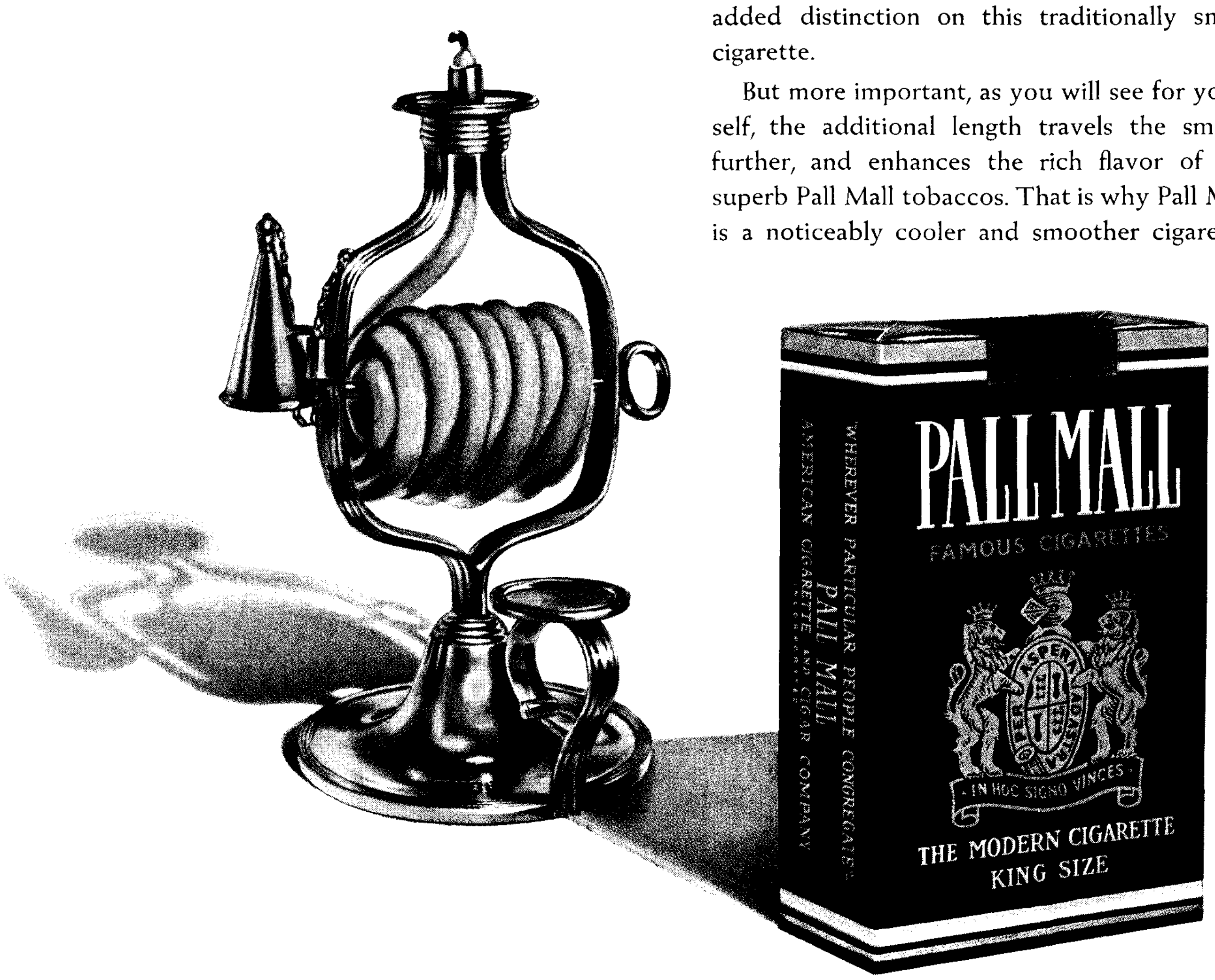

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Beckstein pig. Pah . . . pah—" she spat.

"Beckstein?" I said.

"You dirty Nazi spy!"

Barney jumped up, his eyes agleam with triumph.

"Ladies . . . ladies!" he said.

I heard a great deal of shouting and running about outside; but that was the moment Baroness Thiele launched her Blitzkrieg. She sprang at Katrinka with long fingernails flashing. Katrinka socked her and they grappled.

"Just . . . wait . . . till I tell . . . Herman—"

"Pah. He betray Kurt Niessen—"

"Oh, you—"

"He murders Kelleher. . . . Ja!"

"Ladies . . . ladies—"

Now they really went at it, tooth, nail, fist and hair.

"Stop 'em, Barney!" I yelled. "I'll nail Beckstein!"

"No, you stop 'em. *I'll* get Beckstein!"

Dot Walker got in the way of one of Katrinka's wild swings and went down. She sat up saying swear words—

The front door flew open. In stamped three very foreign-looking gentlemen. They carried Mauser pistols.

"Baroness Thiele! Attention!" snapped the leader. He rattled off several phrases in German. One of his men grabbed Katrinka. The other pulled the baroness away.

"Wh-who are you?" Barney said.

Before the fellow could answer, I heard a familiar "Yoo-hoo!" on the porch.

Miss Audrey Atkinson romped in. Her cheeks were rosy and her eyes sparkled.

"Oh, Barney darling, are you all right?"

Barney and I were still looking at the lads with the pistols. The baroness, Katrinka and Dot were interested in them, too.

"Who're these guys?" I said.

Audrey shrugged.

"Oh, they've taken all our boys prisoners!" she said. "It's some silly row inside that Trojan horse. They followed us here."

Dismissing the matter as of no consequence, Audrey stared at Katrinka and the baroness.

"Why, they've been fighting!" she exclaimed. "She pulled *her* hair! How coarse and common. Oh, surely, Barney, you see how *very* common they are?"

The baroness' captor released her with a soft-spoken apology in German. But the one holding Katrinka kept a tight grip.

Dot Walker got off another cat's miaow.

"The face that is going to launch a thousand quips!" she said, pointing at Barney. "If you only knew how *sappy* you look!"

"Why were they fighting?" Audrey asked.

"Over Barney."

This amused Audrey mightily. She gave a merry, tinkling laugh.

"How stupid of them! Don't they know that Barney was just stringing them along?"

"Audrey . . . for Pete's sake!" I said.

Der Fuehrer, by the door, was fingering that Mauser automatic.

The baroness stepped up to Audrey.

"Barney fools us. Ja?"

"Yes, he—"

"Audrey, it's time you were going to see Aunt Tissy. Come, Audrey—"

She shook off my hand, tossed her head and faced the baroness proudly.

"Yes!" she said, "Barney is a counterespionage agent! And an extremely clever one, too." She laughed scornfully. "Why, he had you poor prunes believing *he was in love with you!*"

Fräulein Olga turned to the leader of the gunmen. She spoke rapidly in German.

"Ja! Ja!"

He jumped and laid hold of Barney's coat collar. He jammed the pistol against Barney's ribs.

"Now, you've done it!" I yelled at Audrey. "You and your rattlebrain—"

"Take it easy, Scoop," Barney said.

Then he started talking to Der Fuehrer, trying to get Audrey and me out of it. Barney said Audrey and Aunt Tissy had been playing a practical joke. He said I was a newspaper reporter.

Katrinka was actually pretty fond of Barney.

"They'll shoot him!" she shrieked at Audrey. "You've done it . . . you've killed him—"

"Shoot Barney?"

"It's a putsch, you dumbbell!" said Katrinka. "Those men are Nazi stormtroopers. I know that one." She pointed to the lad who had the pistol on Barney. "His name is Heinrich Brucker. I knew him in Milwaukee. He belonged to the Bund there!"

Audrey merely tittered.

"You needn't be so dramatic, Miss Red Horse-radish of Hate," she said, "they are not going to shoot Barney. They are not even going to shoot Scoop!"

The Baroness Thiele stamped her foot and glowered at Heinrich Brucker.

"I want them all shot. Ja!" she said.

This brought a snap of the fingers from Audrey.

"Pooh for you!" she said. "They aren't even going to shoot that nasty little Beckstein man, although he certainly deserves it—"

Heinrich Brucker of the Milwaukee Bund was not, it appears, Der Fuehrer.

The real New Leader of the Hollywood Trojan horse marched in. He was a big pot-bellied Hun that I had never seen before.

Audrey turned to him.

"You've got to do something about that baroness person, Mr. Sturmwald!" she said. "She's telling these men to shoot everybody."

Mr. Sturmwald bowed to Audrey, like a street-corner Santa Claus who has just been given a whole dollar.

"I shall straighten everything out, Miss Atkinson. Immediately!" he said.

He rumbled some German gutturals at the baroness. She looked chastened in a trice and rolled a few German gutturals back at him. Then, Mr. Sturmwald sent a small avalanche of harsh vowels at his three bully boys. They released Barney and Katrinka and hurriedly left the living room.

Audrey beamed.

"That is very sweet of you, Mr. Sturmwald," she said. "It proves that you are a gentleman and a man of your word."

Mr. Sturmwald clicked heels and bowed.

"Which is the American secret service man?"

"That darling man right there!"

The real Der Fuehrer made quite a speech to Barney. First, he said, he was sure it would be good news that his men were releasing the little Bolshevik scoundrel, Beckstein, to Barney's custody. The organization had been asked to get rid of Beckstein. The Soviet rat was a common criminal. The organization must be put on a high plane at once. Henceforth, it would have only one noble purpose—to keep the great and glorious United States out of that lamentable war. He, Mr. Sturmwald, gave ground to no man in his stalwart Americanism. From now on—

"Isn't that wonderful, Barney and Scoop? The Trojan horse is going to work for peace!"

"How big a piece—of your dough?" Dot Walker said.

Mr. Sturmwald was smilingly oblivious.

"Auf Wiedersehen, Fräulein!" he said, "I shall be happy to welcome you at our next meeting!"

He bowed again to everyone but Katrinka and Dot Walker. Then, he backed out the door.

Dot Walker cursed quietly.

"I tank I go work on Garbo picture now!" she said.

A pretty punk tag line, but Dot was overcome with emotion.

Katrinka cursed, not so quietly.

"Another sell-out!" she said. "I congratulate you, Miss Atkinson. You've certainly got what it takes!"

And she went out the door.

Barney started after her.

"No . . . wait, Barney!"

"Oh, I'm not going after her!" Barney said, "I've got to collect Mr. Beckstein."

Duncan tottered to a divan and sat down. Audrey sat down, too.

"I'll rest for just one moment, Scoop," she said, "and then I've got to get into some decent-looking clothes. Oh, hasn't it all turned out marvelously? And, Scoop . . . do you think Barney loves me?"

"Yes."

"You think he'll ask me to marry him?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I'll just run—"

"Hey . . . wait—"

I grabbed her with my last remaining strength. I held her until she had explained when, where, how, who and why. (The city editor was going to call me Scoop and mean it, this time.)

Well, it had all happened very simply. Audrey was waiting anxiously in her bedroom when she heard a commotion on the path leading to the dock. She looked out the window and saw a motorboat approaching Wilsonia. She also saw a quickly gathering concentration of Aunt Tissy's reformed gangsters ready to repel the invader. Determined to prevent any more rough stuff, Audrey said, she dashed down to the landing just as Der Fuehrer Sturmwald and his gallant men—only six in all—reached the dock.

Clarence and Alfonso were all prepared to put the blast on the invaders. But Audrey got between the two forces and, with sweet reasonableness, called for a truce.

"When I learned that all Mr. Sturmwald wanted was to discharge that horrid little two-faced Beckstein man and put the organization to work at something noble and worth while, I knew it was the thing to do—"

"What was?"

"Help them disarm Clarence and the others, silly."

"Oh."

"Then, Mr. Sturmwald was so peeved at Beckstein and Mr. Koslov-Kundbeischer that he wanted to shoot them. But I said if he shot them I would withdraw from the organization and stop giving them ten thousand dollars. So Mr. Sturmwald said if I would just help to start the new keep-America-out-of-war campaign with fifty thousand dollars . . . he would do it—"

"Do what?"

"Not kill those poor misguided Russians."

"Go on—"

"Why, that was all. Except I was so happy when Mr. Sturmwald exposed that Herman Beckstein. It proved that you and Barney had been telling the truth. You've no idea the thrill it gave me. . . . Barney was a counterespionage agent instead of an evil, wicked, dissolute girl-chaser. But you mustn't tell Aunt Tissy."

"Mustn't tell what?"

"About me giving Mr. Sturmwald so much money to help keep America out of war."

"Why not?"

"She thinks we ought to be in it. She was horrid—oh, I've got to go kiss Barney—"

"What was she horrid about?"

"About Mr. Sturmwald. She hit him."

"With what?"

"Her whip, stupid!"

"Then what—"

Audrey got resolutely to her feet.

"I've got to go kiss Barney!" she said.

Well, children, I suppose I should have gone to pay my respects to Aunt Tissy and thank her for just everything. I might have paused long enough to jeer at little Herman, who, I insist, is still a penguin. Maybe I should have halted for a few words of consolation to Joanie Bakewell and Sylvia Ceeley, released from their dungeon cells. I know I ought to have lingered long enough to catch Barney and Audrey in a love scene.

But I am a newspaper reporter. As soon as Audrey had dashed out to kiss Barney, I made a quick sneak down to the dock. Der Fuehrer Sturmwald was still up at the house with his men. I told the guy in charge of their motorboat that Mr. Sturmwald would return with the Skylark. When he seemed dubious, I gave him twenty bucks and agreed to pay him eighty more to land me in Santa Barbara. Luckily, he belonged to the organization in a humble way. (Watch Duncan, he's ironic.)

I got to Santa Barbara at seven minutes past six o'clock. At exactly 9:52 P. M. I walked into the Press office.

The city editor beckoned.

"Scoop," he said, with profound contempt, "your Aunt Tissy wants you to call her at the Samarkand in Santa Barbara immediately. When you have talked to her I shall have a surprise for you."

So I telephoned Aunt Tissy.

"H'mph . . . what sort of reporter are you?" was her greeting.

"Oh, was there any little thing I overlooked, Aunt Tissy?" I said.

"You overlooked that Sturmwald villain!"

"W-what happened to him?"

"Barney has him under arrest."

"His men, too?"

"All of them, and you may say for me that I shall have them prosecuted to the full extent of the law, and furthermore—"

"But how did Barney capture them?"

"It wasn't Barney . . . it was Phyllis, Baby's maid."

"Phyllis? But *how*—"

"Oh, she remembered a submachine gun that had been overlooked. Got it off the pantry shelf and held up those thugs. Spunky of her, wasn't it?"

"Yes, yes, charming girl, Phyllis. I got to go write now, Aunt Tissy. Thanks. G'by."

The city editor leered as I turned from the phone.

"Scoop!" he said, "I am delighted to tell you that you don't work here any more!"

"Goof," I said, "you are very funny."

I walked over to the managing editor's desk and sat down at his typewriter. I had just finished the lead and two paragraphs of my story when the managing editor came back from the little boy's room.

"Get the—" he started to say.

Duncan handed him three sticks of deathless prose.

"The city editor," I said, "fired me for getting this story, sir!"

The managing editor read my words, his hand shaking a little.

"I am sure he was joking, Scoop," said the managing editor. "Now you stay right where you are and write very fast. And Scoop—"

"Yes, yes—"

"Couldn't I get you a highball or something while you work?"

I raised an eyebrow.

"Send the city editor after it," I said.

THE END

Romance in Crimson

Continued from page 24

The diner was on lower Court Street, diagonally across from the railroad station. It was a not wholly antiseptic institution which dispensed excellent hamburgers and hot dogs, good coffee and somewhat flabby pies. On occasion Mr. Rudd could do an excellent job on ham and eggs, and, what was more important —he knew everything and everybody in Karnak.

Today the reporters occupied all the revolving stools to the exclusion of local residents, and Mr. Rudd, working frantically, had only brief moments in which to admire the keen, alert faces and to enjoy the staccato comments. There was something about these visitors that was like wine to Mr. Rudd—not that he entertained ambitions to be alert or active, but he felt that his somewhat malodorous diner had taken on a cultural atmosphere. It had become a sort of temporary Bohemia.

THE door opened and a young lady entered. She was small and blond and very pretty. She was, in fact, everything that Mr. Rudd did not imagine a newspaperwoman to be. Spike Warren swallowed a bite of hamburger and called over his shoulder, "Hi, Sue. What gives?"

Sue Manning shrugged. "Zero," she reported.

"The gal wouldn't talk?"

"No dice. Couldn't even reach her."

"You're slipping, Sue." Spike grinned.

Sue said, "Brother Rudd, how's about two hamburgers and a very large, hot cup of coffee?"

"Coming up," announced Ernie. And then, to the guests in general: "How did things go up to the co'thouse this mawnin'?"

"Routine, Ernie. Harrison declared that she was not guilty, which wasn't exactly a surprise. The jury was impaneled, the indictment was read and the judge gave 'em the go-ahead signal. Then it was time for lunch, and here we are."

"Ain't been no witnesses yet?"

"Usual stuff. The sheriff and the coroner. They've succeeded in proving that the Andrews woman is completely dead and that it all happened in the jurisdiction of this court. All according to Hoyle. After lunch we get the first real touch of something. That chauffeur of Stuart's—"

Ernie nodded. "Frenzy Gillings. He discovered the body."

Sue lifted innocent blue eyes to Mr. Rudd's preternaturally grave face. "You know plenty, don't you, Ernie?"

"I sort of hear things."

"Then tell me this . . . how does the town feel about the trial?"

Ernie pondered. "Well, ma'am, they're excited, of course, on account we don't have a lot of murders heahabouts—"

"Brand-new league, eh?"

"Somethin' like that. But they ain't what you'd call impersonal about it."

"No . . . ?" They were all listening now. Sue Manning had the faculty of putting her finger on interesting dope.

"No'm. This Miz Andrews, her and her husband was awful charitable. They done heaps of good fo' the po' folks around heah. Never made much to-do about it, but the news kinda gets around, and there was lots of people who felt that they'd sort of lost a relative."

"Hmm. . . . So the district attorney might really go to town on her and not be unpopular?"

Nat Williams said, "Winthrop! He's a windbag. Allatime shootin' off that silver-tongued mouth of his."

"He sho does," drawled Ernie, "but don't you folks make no mistake. Lee Winthrop is smart. An' he knows somethin' this Mr. Jason Marsh don't know: that's Karnak juries."

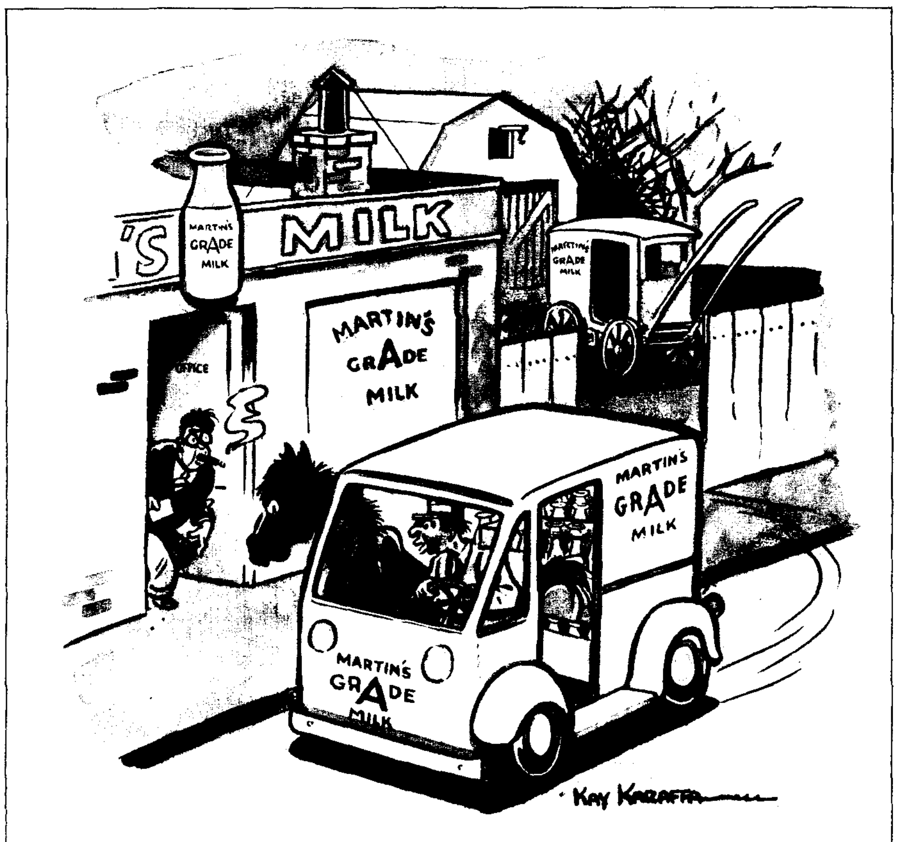
Sue nodded. "I had things figured out about that way. I'm glad I'm not Lynn Harrison."

Spike said, "Give us the female slant, Sue. Did she or didn't she?"

She said seriously, "I haven't been much concerned about Harrison—not so far."

"Why?"

"Because Wally Andrews has caught



"Of course I'll still need him. He's the one who knows the stops"

KAY KARAFFA

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my eye. I'm so damned sorry for him."

"A sob sister at heart, aren't you?"

"I got tenderness, if that's what you're insinuating. And he's good copy." She shook her head. "I never saw a man so flattened by grief or so splendid about it."

Spike Warren said, "You got something there. But the guy I'm stringing along with is Mister Solicitor Winthrop. He's been making a lot of promises."

"And how he has," broke in Horton. "To hear him talk, you look for rabbits."

"He's got 'em, too. And does *he* value the power of the press. And now, if Mr. Rudd will accept payment for his refreshments . . ."

They paid their checks and ambled toward Courthouse Square: an odd crew of keen, alert men and women; hardened on the surface and soft and sentimental underneath. They were at the press table when the bailiff commanded silence and the judge nodded to the state's attorney.

Lee Winthrop rose, cleared his throat, and said, "Frenzy Gillings."

Frenzy, feeling important and frightened, rose and said, "Yassuh, Mistuh Winthrop. Heah's me."

"Take the stand, Frenzy."

"Y-y-yassuh." His eyes caught Gregg Stuart's and Gregg smiled encouragement.

MR. GILLINGS took the oath and seated himself. Lee Winthrop approached. His voice was gentle and reassuring:

"What is your name?"

"Me? Now, Mistuh Lee, you know good an' well—"

"I've got to ask you anyway, Frenzy. What is your name?"

Mr. Gillings shook his head, already flabbergasted by the technicalities of court procedure. But he managed to say, "Frenzy Gillings."

"Where is your home?"

"New Yawk." Proudly.

"Have you always lived in New York?"

"Seems like, Mistuh Lee. Co'se I was bawn an' bredded right heah in Karnak."

"When did you come to Karnak—this last time, I mean?"

"Th'ee-fo' days befo' Thanksgivin'."

"Did you come alone?"

"Nossuh. I drave Mistuh Gregg's car."

"Who came down with you in that car?"

"Well, suh, there was Mistuh Gregg an' Miss Toby an' Miss Lynn."

"Miss Lynn Harrison?"

"Yassuh. She's her."

"Hmmm . . ." Lee Winthrop looked at the jury importantly, as though to say: "Get set for something interesting." Then he turned back to Frenzy: "You have worked a long time with Mr. Gregg Stuart at his New York apartment?"

"Yassuh. Yas indeedy, suh. Might' nigh onto two yeahs."

"What is your job with him?"

"Well, suh, Mistuh Lee—I sort of chauff an' cook an' buttle."

"Did you ever see Miss Lynn Harrison at Mr. Stuart's apartment?"

JASON MARSH rose slowly. He said, "I object, Your Honor."

"On what grounds, Mr. Marsh?"

"I fail to see the relevancy—"

"May it please the Court . . ." Lee Winthrop was suave and mellow. "The state, by this line of examination, is attempting to authenticate Frenzy's recognition of the defendant and to account for her presence in Karnak. It is our purpose to prove that her trip to Karnak was part of the premeditation in the crime with which she stands charged."

"Proceed, Mr. Winthrop. Objection overruled."

"I will repeat, Frenzy. Did you ever see Miss Harrison at Mr. Stuart's apartment?"

"Yassuh."

"How many times?"

"Jes' one time, suh."

"When was that?"

"The mawnin' us lef' fo' Karnak."

"That was the first and only time you ever saw her?"

"Yassuh, Mistuh Lee. Cross my heart an'—"

"You say it was morning when you first saw Miss Harrison there?"

"Yassuh. Breakfas' time."

"Oh!" Winthrop paused significantly. "She came for breakfast?"

"Nossuh. She was a'ready there."

There was a gasp from the spectators, and Sue whispered, "Hot! What do you think of Mr. Winthrop now, Spike?"

He shook his head. "Depends on what he's driving at."

"Gawd, you men are dumb. He's trying to prove she's a loose lady. Take a look at her."

Lynn's cheeks were flushed and she was looking straight ahead. Her lips were pressed tight and it was apparent that she was controlling herself only by a great effort.

Winthrop withdrew abruptly from that line of attack, and Jason Marsh looked at him with new respect. The man evidently was keen: he made his point and left it there, planted deep in the minds of the jurymen. The solicitor continued softly:

"Frenzy, where were you at about midnight of November twenty-eighth?"

"You mean the night Miz Andrews got kilt?"

"Yes."

"I was in my house."

"Where is that?"

"Back of whereat Mistuh Gregg lives."

"Tell me what happened."

Frenzy looked worried, and the solicitor prompted him: "Go ahead. Tell me what happened."

"Well, suh . . ." Mr. Gillings was visibly miserable. "Fauna was tellin' me that we better had git ma'ied, an' . . ."

"I don't mean that. I'm only talking about this case."

"Oh!" Frenzy heaved a sigh of relief. "Well, suh, fust thing I heard was somebody screamed fo' me."

"Somebody?"

"Miss Lynn yonder."

"Where was she?"

"In her room. Upstairs in Miz Stuart's house."

"She screamed for you. What did you do?"

"I come a-runnin'."

"Into the big house?"

"Yassuh."

"Where was Miss Harrison?"

"Standin' at the haid of the steps."

"What did she say?"

"Well, suh—I don't rightly remember. She seemed awful historical."

SOMEONE laughed and Judge Mayberry rapped for order.

"She was hysterical, eh? What happened then?"

"I thought she was sick, suh—so I run upstairs. She said, 'Frenzy, somethin' terrible . . .' Tha's all she said, suh."

"And then what happened?"

"She sort of pointed to her room. The do' was open so I looked in. An' then . . ." Frenzy's eyes rolled. "There was Miz Andrews, layin' there on the flo'."

"Was anything said then?"

"Yassuh. Miss Lynn, she say, 'Miz Andrews is daid. She been kilt.' "

"Oh! She said, 'Mrs. Andrews is dead. She has been killed.' "

"Yassuh. Them ve'y words."

"What else, Frenzy?"

"She say for me to go call Mistuh Gregg—quick."

"And what did you do?"

"Mistuh Lee, you know what I done. I exodusted fum there fast."

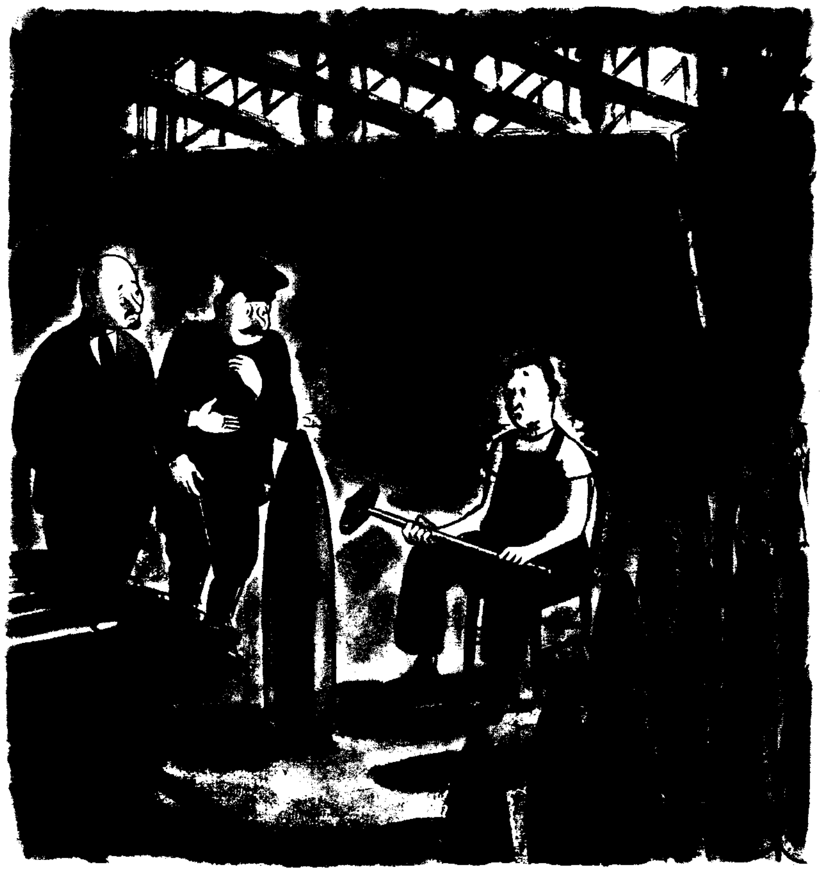
"You ran to the lodge?"

"Yassuh. I traveled. If I'd had one feather in my hand, I'd 've flew."

"And you called Mr. Gregg Stuart?"

"Uh-huh. I calt ev'ybody."

The solicitor walked up and down in front of the jury. He eyed them and



"Comrade Kublanov is our tester. They've all been duds, so far"

CHAS. ADDAMS

strutted before the press table. Then he faced the witness again.

"You say, Frenzy, that when you ran upstairs you saw Miss Lynn Harrison standing there, and Mrs. Wallace Andrews lying on the floor?"

"Y-y-yassuh."

"Had you heard anything before that—any shot or quarrel or anything of the sort?"

"Nossuh. I didn't heah nothin'."

"Did you see anybody else in that house at that time?"

"N-n-nossuh, Mistuh Lee, I sho didn't."

"You saw only Miss Harrison and the body of Mrs. Andrews?"

"Yassuh." Frenzy spoke firmly. "I didn't see nobody but them two. Just them two alone. An' Miz Andrews was daid."

"Your witness," said Lee Winthrop, and Jason Marsh rose. His voice was mild, his manner casual. He said, "Frenzy, you just stated that you drove from New York to Karnak with Mr. Gregg Stuart, Miss Lynn Harrison and Miss Toby: Is that correct?"

"Yassuh, Boss: tha's just what I said."

"When you say 'Miss Toby,' whom do you mean?"

Gregg saw Lynn's figure stiffen.

Frenzy said, "Why, Mistuh Jason—Ise meanin' Miss Toby Fuller."

"Miss Toby Fuller, eh? Now tell me, Frenzy—when was the last time you ever saw Miss Toby Fuller?"

"Me, Boss? Why, that's easy to answer. I ain't sot eyes on Miss Toby sence the ve'y evenin' that Miz Andrews got kilt."

"WALLACE ANDREWS."

A murmur of pity swept the dingy courtroom as Wally started for the witness stand.

Wally had aged. The gay sparkle had gone from his eyes, the lightness from his step. Short, stout, semibald—he was an old man now: there was nothing remindful of the Wally Andrews of two weeks since.

He walked with head bent, hands dangling at his sides. Gregg could see that this was an ordeal he hated and dreaded; a bitter task that must be done. He showed no anger—only grief. And Gregg looked beyond the paunchy figure of the witness to the prisoner's dock where Lynn Harrison was sitting.

It was pretty bad, looking at Lynn. Her fingers were clasped tight in her lap, her eyes were on the floor, her lips pressed into a straight line. Gregg knew that she dreaded this more than any other phase of the trial because—no matter what she had or hadn't done—she was deeply human and warmly sympathetic.

The jurymen shifted in their seats and leaned forward. Solicitor Lee Winthrop stood motionless while Wally was being sworn, and when he took up the direct examination his voice was gentle and considerate. He asked for the witness' name, his place of residence, his age; he established the facts of his membership in the Karnak Hunt Club and his presence in Karnak County on the night of November twenty-eighth. It was all very quiet, sympathetic and apologetic.

"Mr. Andrews . . ." Winthrop had moved just a little closer to the witness stand, yet not so close that his words were less than clear to the jury, "would you mind telling us what occurred that night?"

Wally moistened his lips: "There was a barbecue and dance at the club. It was informal, and quite gay."

"Your wife was with you?"

"Yes . . . Madge was there."

"Go ahead, please."

"She seemed to be enjoying herself." He hesitated for a moment, and continued with an effort: "She was—very popular. . . ."

"I see. Believe me, Mr. Andrews, I hate to open old wounds, but I must. Will you tell me whether you noticed anything—er—unusual that evening?"

"I didn't know it was unusual—at the time."

"Please explain more fully."

"Madge—my wife—sat on the clubhouse veranda a long time talking to Miss Harrison."

"To Lynn Harrison, the defendant?"

"Yes."

"What time was this?"

"Between eleven o'clock and midnight."

"Do you know what they were talking about?"

"No. I meant to ask Madge, but—" he passed his hands across his eyes "—but I never spoke to Madge again."

"Have you any idea what they were discussing?"

"Yes. . . ."

JASON MARSH rose and said coldly, "Object, Your Honor."

"Objection sustained."

Lee Winthrop nodded, and resumed his examination: "What happened then, Mr. Andrews?"

"Shortly after midnight I went to call my wife. She wasn't there. Someone told me she had gone off with Miss Harrison."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. I wondered about it."

"And after that?"

"Stuart's man, Frenzy, came running up to say that something had happened. Almost everybody followed him to the Stuart house. I went, too."

"And you found . . . ?"

Wally's mouth twitched. "My wife had been killed."

Winthrop let that sink in. He stood motionless, wordless, until the silence in the courtroom became almost unbearable. Then he produced a little box, wrapped in tissue paper. He unwrapped it slowly, meticulously; building up the dramatic effect. From the box he took a magnificent emerald brooch and a string of matched pearls. He held these in the palms of his hands and walked close to Wally Andrews. He asked, quietly, "Have you ever seen these before, Mr. Andrews?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"They belonged to my wife."

"You gave them to her?"

"Yes. . . ."

"When did you last see them?"

Wally hesitated, then answered carefully: "The night Madge was killed."

"Where?"

"In the room where it happened."

"Whose room was that?"

"Miss Harrison's room in Mr. Stuart's house."

"Before that night, Mr. Andrews—when had you last seen these particular pieces of jewelry?"

"About two weeks before. My wife wore them at an affair given at a club we belonged to on Long Island."

"Did anything unusual happen that night?"

"Yes. . . ."

"Tell us about it, please."

The members of the press held their pencils tighter. Sue Manning said, "Now we're beginning to get somewhere," and her companions nodded without taking their eyes from the witness.

"On that night," said Wally Andrews, "while I was driving Madge home from Long Island, we were held up."

"Held up? How?"

"Ordinarily I never stop at night when somebody hails me. But that particular night—" he glanced briefly at Lynn Harrison and then back at the solicitor "—a young lady in evening

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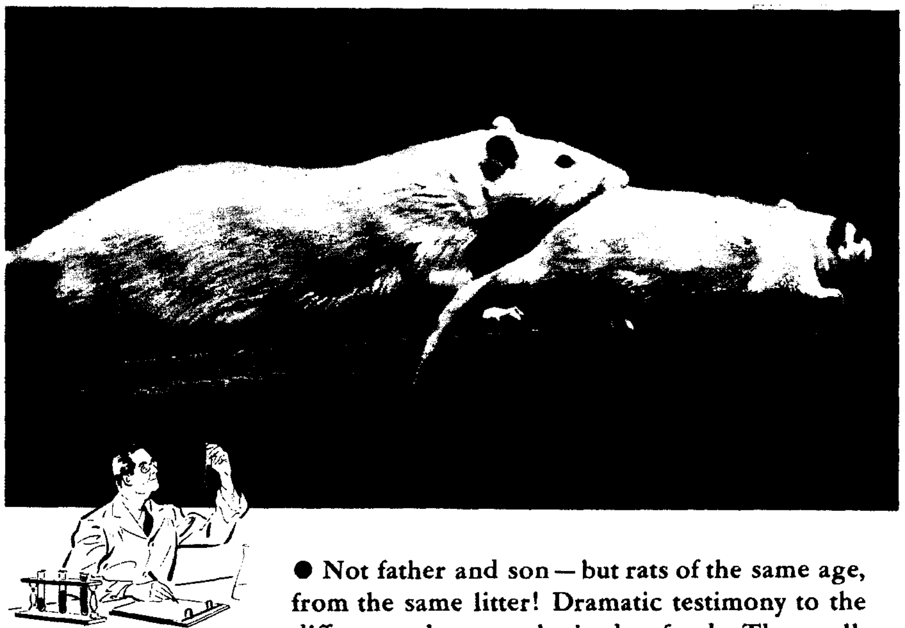

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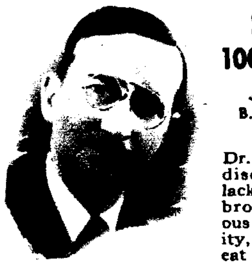

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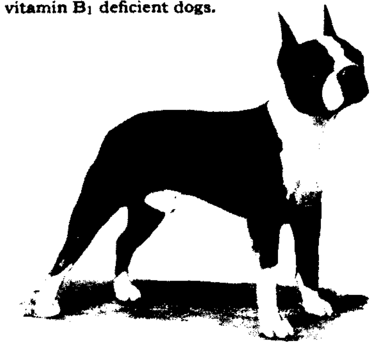

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dress walked into the middle of the road and flagged us down. Naturally—under the circumstances—I stopped."

"Of course you did. And then . . . ?"

"There was a car by the side of the road. I couldn't see it very well. But almost immediately as I stopped, a tall young man, also in evening clothes, walked out. He was holding a gun. He took our money and jewelry."

"A gentleman bandit, eh?"

"The only jewels Madge was wearing were those—the emerald brooch and the necklace."

"What would you estimate their value to be, Mr. Andrews?"

"They're insured for almost four hundred thousand dollars."

There was a whistle of amazement, and the bailiff yelped for silence. Lee Winthrop said suavely, "I offer these in evidence, Your Honor." Then he turned back to Wally: "Had you ever seen the bandit before? The man, that is."

"No."

"Have you seen him since?"

"No."

"Had you ever seen the girl before?"

"No."

"Have you seen her since?"

"Yes—several times."

"Can you identify her?"

"Yes." He pointed to the prisoner's dock. "That is she."

"You mean to say that Lynn Harrison, the defendant in this case, is the woman who participated in that holdup on Long Island?"

"Yes."

"Are you positive of this, Mr. Andrews?"

"Positive."

Jason Marsh rose.

"Your Honor—may I inquire of my esteemed colleague the object of this line of examination?"

Winthrop's answer was direct and sharp. "You may," he barked, reveling in this first opportunity to cross legal swords with so famous a person as Jason Marsh. "Those jewels were found in Miss Harrison's possession in her room the night Mrs. Andrews was murdered—"

"I object to that word."

"Have it your own way. The night the homicide occurred. The presence of those stolen jewels in the possession of Miss Harrison supplies the motive for this crime, as I shall prove. I intend to prove that Mrs. Andrews had recognized Miss Harrison as one of the bandits, that she went to Miss Harrison's room to demand the jewels and was killed. . . ."

Judge Mayberry rapped on his desk. "Kindly refrain from testifying, Mr. Solicitor. You may proceed with that line of examination, however."

WINTHROP was beaming. His eyes, his manner, his gestures, all said to the jury, plainly as words, "This New York lawyer isn't so smart after all. You'll see. . . ."

To Wally he said, "When did you first suspect that Miss Harrison was the same person who helped to hold up you and your wife on Long Island?"

"Thanksgiving night. There was a dance at the lodge. That's the first time we met her—socially."

"Did you comment on this?"

"Yes. To Gregg Stuart. Of course we agreed that it was just a startling resemblance."

"Why did you comment only to Gregg Stuart and why were you so ready to concede that it was only a resemblance?"

"Because," stated Wally carefully, "she was Gregg Stuart's guest, and he vouched for her."

"But when your wife was found dead in Lynn Harrison's room . . . ?"

"Then I knew I was right. I knew that Lynn Harrison had participated in that holdup. I knew that she had killed Madge."

Jason Marsh sprang angrily to his feet, but Lee Winthrop waved suavely and said, "Your witness, Mr. Marsh."

Jason's manner was friendly, not hostile; it was the manner of an adult attempting to correct a child's wrong impression. He said, "Mr. Andrews, when you first saw Miss Harrison at the Thanksgiving dance, you *thought* you recognized her as the woman who took part in the holdup. You commented on this to Gregg Stuart. Then, as I understand it, you and your wife agreed that you were mistaken. Is that right?"

"Yes. It seemed preposterous. . . ."

"Of course it was preposterous."

"Several times later, however, we commented on it."

"But you weren't certain."

"Not then."

"It was only at the moment of—pardon me, Mr. Andrews—at the moment of emotional stress following the discovery of your wife's body that you made up your mind definitely they were the same person."

"Yes."

"THANK you for your frankness. I'm sure you don't seek any miscarriage of justice. Now tell me this, please: in the several days that elapsed between the dance and the night of the twenty-eighth, you and your wife saw Miss Harrison frequently, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And during all that time you still believed it was merely a resemblance?"

"Yes. Because—"

"Never mind why, Mr. Andrews. The point is that had nothing tragic occurred, you would have been content to believe that Miss Harrison was not the woman who helped hold you up?"

Wally nodded. "Perhaps. . . ."

"Good. Now think carefully, Mr. Andrews: At the time of the holdup on Long Island, how did this woman act?"

"I don't remember."

"You don't remember?"

"No. I was concerned chiefly about Madge's safety. I was looking only at the man who had the gun."

"Did the woman say anything?"

"Really, I don't remember."

"But you cannot say that she acted like a bandit, can you?"

"I don't remember what she was doing. All I thought about was protecting Madge and getting away from there."

"Fine." Jason gave the impression of being satisfied. "Just one more question, Mr. Andrews. Did you meet a young lady at the club here recently named Toby Fuller?"

"Yes. She was also a guest at the Stuart cottage."

"When is the last time you saw her?"

"The night of the barbecue."

"The night your wife was killed?"

"Yes. . . ."

"You haven't seen her since?"

"No."

"In other words, so far as you know, Toby Fuller disappeared from Karnak immediately after your wife's death?"

"Yes. But I don't see what one has to do with the other."

"You will, Mr. Andrews. That is all. And thank you."

Spike Warren whispered to Sue Manning, "We gotta find out more about this Toby dame. Brother Marsh has ideas."

Miss Manning favored him with a contemptuous glance. She said, "Be yourself, Stupe. Jason Marsh is defending Lynn Harrison. And if my guess is any good, he's got two strikes on him already."

"So what?"

"So he's laying down a smoke screen." She thought for a moment and then conceded, "But it still ain't a dumb idea—finding out more about Toby."

(To be continued next week)

The Ham Horse

Continued from page 10

"Mediocre has the part," he said simply.

"Oh," she whispered, sinking down on a chair. "Oh, Edgar!"

Mr. Snow colored at this familiar use of his name. "It's nothing," he said hastily. "I'm sure that he will be eminently satisfactory."

The dinner was forgotten while he explained, with some reservations, how Mr. Steinberg had reached the momentous decision. When she had recovered and learned that Edgar was still minus dinner, she insisted on putting on some more bacon and eggs. He was surprised at how nice such a simple meal could be. While they were lingering over the bakery pie she glanced at him and her eyes were troubled.

"I don't feel right about taking the money," she said. "After all, I donated Mediocre's services."

Edgar coughed. "You would do well to accept the money," he said. "Otherwise, Mr. Steinberg would insist on using some other horse."

She stared at him and he added: "Hollywood's very odd that way, Miss Bates."

"Lily," she corrected.

"Lily," he said, growing more and more certain that Miss O'Halloran would never approve of this. "You see, if the price is high, that makes the artist that much more desirable in Hollywood's eyes. It is one of the many local eccentricities."

"Well," she said uncertainly, "if that's the way they feel—"

"They do," he said grimly. "One learns." He glanced around, then lowered his voice: "Things are in such a state that before closing my office I always face the walls and say, 'Good night, Mr. Steinberg.' "

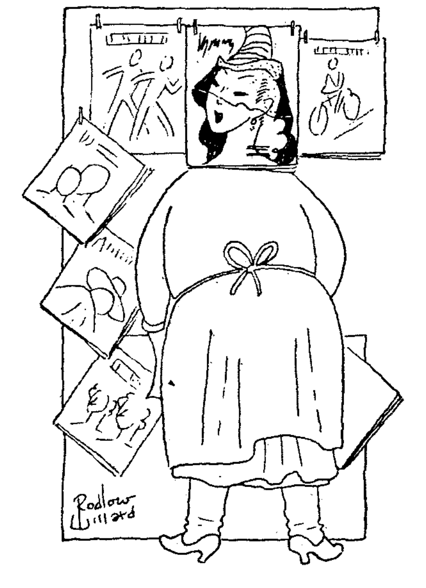
"Why, Edgar?" she repeated.

"Dictographs everywhere," he said darkly. "The Theater Guild was never like this!"

After that it was quite natural that he should explain how he had been wooed away from the legitimate stage, and on his arrival in Hollywood had promptly been assigned to that ancient turkey, Trees Must Fall. But he had stumbled on a long-buried script and had insisted on making it. To everyone's consternation it was an immediate success. Now it was up to him to duplicate that success with Derby Day.

"I'm sure you will," she said. "I just know it, Edgar!"

Derby Day started the following Monday. As an Ancil Steinberg production the set was dignified by a visit from the producer on the day the cameras first started. Edgar introduced him to Lily.



"Very young you look to have such a famous horse," he said. "Maybe I should see him, yes?"

Edgar and Lily exchanged apprehensive glances. "Well," said Edgar, "I know how busy you are . . ."

Mr. Steinberg laid a fatherly hand on his shoulder. "Never too busy to see animals," he said. "Animals I like. Maybe a lump of sugar it gives."

There was nothing they could do but introduce him to his latest contract player. Mediocre was already installed in the studio barn and he was dozing when they arrived. It was only after a sharp nudge from Lily that he opened one eye. After a moment he closed it again, giving an excellent imitation of a stuffed horse.

There was a loud silence.

"Practically dead he looks!" Mr. Steinberg said finally. "Never have I seen something so unlaxed!"

Edgar hurried him from the barn. As they started up the street Lily said apologetically: "He's always that way, Mr. Steinberg. He—he always rests before his greatest efforts."

"If rest can do it, a Man o' War he must be!" said the producer. "Not even an actor looks so dopey!"

DURING the first two weeks' shooting there was no need for Mediocre's histrionic ability. Instead, a colt was portraying him as a youth and was busily nuzzling up to the leading lady, Miss Marianne Magee, as she fed him sugar and the necessary dialogue. Each day, however, Mediocre was brought on the set that he might become accustomed to actual shooting conditions. It was Miss Magee who summed up the company's opinion.

After viewing him for the first time, she said in an awed voice: "I didn't know horses could walk in their sleep!"

"They can't," said Lily, who had observed that Miss Magee was always giving Edgar the business. "He's only this way when he's bored."

"Really?" said Miss Magee. "I suppose it's the company he keeps."

That, thought Lily, was just what you would expect of someone wearing false eyelashes. For the duration of the picture there was only coldness and sweetness between them. Edgar was too preoccupied to notice it. The rushes had far exceeded his hopes and if he could only get a strong racing tag, the picture was in. Almost every night he and Lily had dinner together, plotting ways and means of awakening Mediocre to his destiny.

The last week of the shooting schedule read, "Santa Anita Exteriors," and it was there that the company went for their location shots. Eight hundred extras had been hired and for two days they did nothing but sit there as Edgar and Lily desperately tried every known method of getting a horse to run.

No matter how often they reshot the scenes Mediocre persisted in dropping back to last and staying there. It was a six-horse race and the groom swore he had obeyed Edgar's instructions and hired only horses who were on a loan-out from a plow. But Mediocre didn't seem to care which of them beat him. As far as he was concerned, they were all fast company.

Mr. Jerk McLean, his jockey, held a conference with the other boys. He returned to where Mr. Snow and Lily were gloomily studying their problem child.

"It's no use," said Mr. McLean. "All

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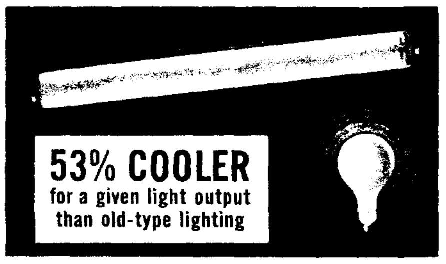

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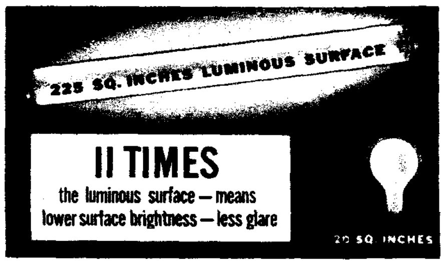

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you can do is get another horse. Those other mules can walk faster than Mediocre can run."

Lily bit her trembling lip. "Edgar," she said brokenly, "Edgar, maybe he's right. Maybe you should get another horse. . . ."

"Nonsense," Mr. Snow said briskly. "It's out of the question. The retakes would cost too much."

Her hand crept into his. "Thank you," she whispered. "Maybe tomorrow—"

On the third day Edgar turned his attention to the extras. If nothing else, he must record the crowd effects before another day was wasted.

He climbed up on the camera car with Lily beside him and explained over the p. a. system what he wanted of the crowd: The usual prerace hubbub; the roar as the horses broke from the gate; that final, thrilling crescendo as they entered the stretch. To make it more realistic he ordered the horses on the track. They were lining up at the starting gate as Edgar gave the extras one last instruction.

"Please," he said, "please try and believe that this is a real race and that you had"—he coughed—"bet your last dollar on Mediocre."

MISS MARIANNE MAGEE laughed sweetly at that and the camera car started to move, staying thirty yards ahead of the horses as the gate flew up. A second camera unit was working the stands and at the assistant director's signal, a roar broke from the crowd. At the far turn Mediocre was in his usual position, a neat last. As they entered the stretch the crowd really gave out.

"Come on, Mediocre!" they cried, and in neighboring Arcadia startled citizens flung up their windows, convinced that another earthquake was en route.

"Go get him, Mediocre!" they cried, and far back in the stretch the object of their affection shied and pulled up sharply. Lily sprang to her feet. The crowd was really screaming now. "Come on, Mediocre! Come on, you Mediocre!" For a moment he faltered, looking off at the stands. Then as the volume increased, he suddenly laid back his ears and began to run.

He ran as Lily had always dreamed he would run. His legs began to stretch as they never had before, his stride lengthening with every step. He was sixth and then fifth and suddenly he was on the rail, coming faster and faster.

"My lord!" Edgar said reverently. "He *can* run!"

Lily's tears were big and unashamed as Mediocre stormed across the line, first by a nose!

"Oh, Edgar!" she cried, "did you see him? As soon as they yelled his name, as soon as he knew they were on his side—" She began to cry in earnest. "He wasn't used to it," she sobbed. "Sometimes people threw things but no one ever cheered him before. No one!"

Edgar had his arm around her. "I know," he said gravely. "He's like all actors. He had to have a public before he could give."

MR. SNOW'S suspicions that Mediocre was just a slice off the old ham were confirmed during those last days at Santa Anita. Each morning Mediocre would count the house and then, assured that his public was still there, would canter majestically onto the track. Edgar had only to signal the crowd then and Miss Bates' meal ticket began to act like a race horse. In three days Edgar got all his pickup shots, was caught up with his shooting schedule.

"I can't get over it," Lily said again and again. "I just can't wait to see him in a real race, Edgar! Why, he acts real bright!"

Personally Edgar felt that if anything Mediocre was acting a bit smug. He didn't mention that, however. On that final morning he was far more concerned with an item that Miss O'Halloran had just sent out from the studio. It was in the Hollywood Reporter and it read:

"Latest news around this track-crazy town is that Ancil Steinberg is finally feeling the urge. Is reported to be dickering for Mediocre, racing nag now appearing in Steinberg's Derby Day."

"Lily," Edgar said sternly, "do you know anything about this?"

She glanced at the item. "Of course," she said brightly. "I was telling one of the publicity men how well Mediocre was doing and I asked him if he couldn't get something in the papers." She colored. "Mediocre never had a good press before. And, besides, I don't think Mr. Steinberg would mind. It's publicity for him, too, isn't it?"

Edgar didn't reply. A town car was speeding through the entrance, and the little man in the back seat was Mr. Steinberg.

He was waving a paper as he got out of his car. "Snow!" he shrilled. "Snow, you see where it gives here that I am buying Mediocre?"

Edgar coughed and glanced at Lily. "It's just a little publicity story, Mr. Steinberg. I'm sure—"

"I ain't!" cried Mr. Steinberg. "The minute it comes out, that Bert Blatz has to call me at home. Already he owns an Argentine racing horse, this Santiago, and he has to challenge me for a match race. Five thousand dollars he's got to bet!"

Lily could feel herself going numb all over. Santiago was a stake horse, as yet unraced in this country. "Well," she said weakly, "you only have to tell him it was a publicity story and . . ."

"And have him talking that Ancil Steinberg is still from Poverty Row?" He looked around, lowering his voice: "And anyhow, I already heard how fast Mediocre's been runnin'. So I raised him five right back!"

Lily closed her eyes and Edgar grew pale.

"What's wrong?" the producer fretted. "Ain't it that Bert Blatz is my worst enemy? Ain't it that Mediocre already wins this All-American Futurity?"

"Of course," Edgar said wanly.

THE match race was set for the following week. The picture was already having its rough cut but, with his whole career at stake, Edgar didn't have the heart to supervise it. As Lily said over and over, if Mediocre could have had a prepping race, one chance for them to learn if he had that upbeat for keeps . . .

"We can only hope he's rehabilitated," Edgar said glumly.

It was Mr. Steinberg, who was also growing more and more nervous as the race approached, that suggested a sneak preview. A racer was borrowed from one of his stars and early one morning all the principals appeared at Santa Anita. Mediocre took one look at the barren stands and that familiar glaze came into his eyes. He wasn't even in sight as the other horse finished.

Mr. Steinberg moaned. "Ach!" he said piteously. "That this has got to happen to me! That mine worst enemy should be taking my money!"

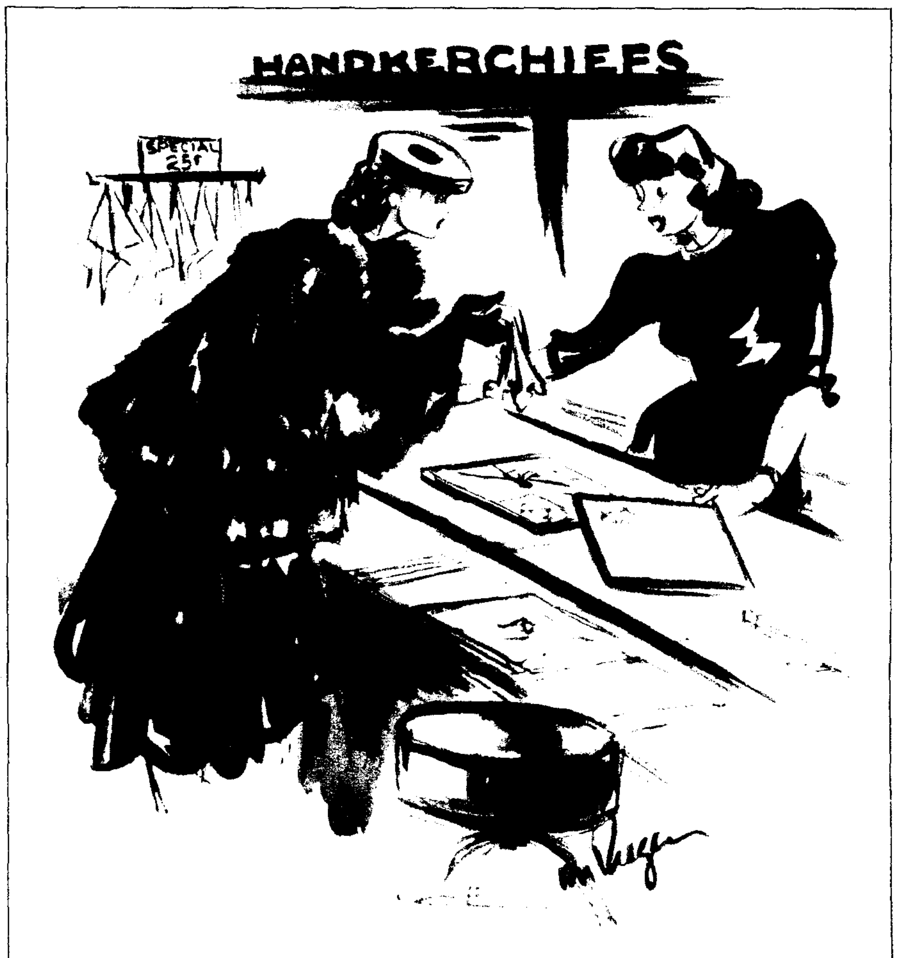
Edgar came up with the reprieve. "Remember," he said hoarsely, "it's just because he's relaxed. He was the same way before the picture started!"

The producer brightened some. "So it was," he admitted. "All I'm asking is will he unnerstand he ain't just exercising when he meets Santiago?"

Lily tried to keep her voice steady: "I'm sure he will."

The producer nodded nervously. "Just the same we gotta keep this race in the family. No lookers can it give! If any outside chance there is that I maybe lose, it's gonna be private!"

On the eve of the race Edgar was resigned to the inevitable. Mediocre became more listless with each passing hour. Edgar was taking Lily to dinner that night and she was late in meeting him at the Derby. When she did come in she was looking far more cheerful than she had any right to be. She had, she said, been downtown on business. They went for a long, silent ride and at midnight were lingering on her steps.



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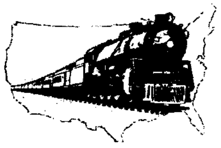

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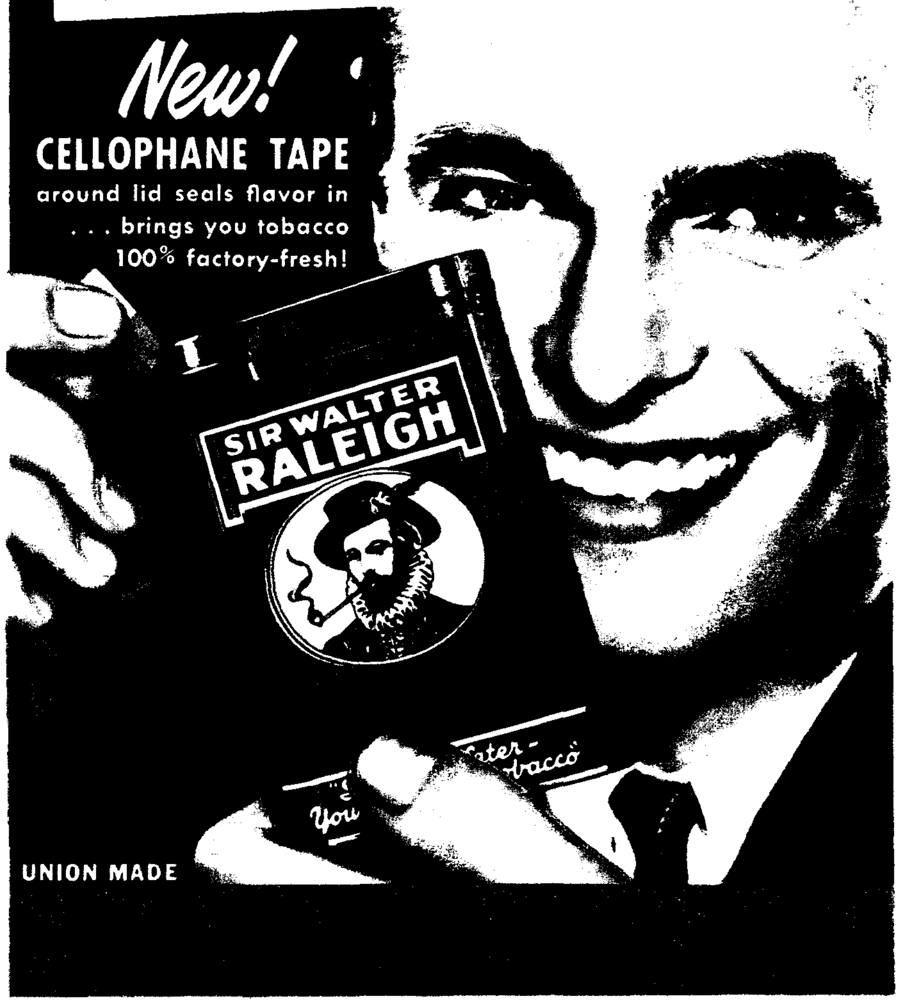
"GIDDYAP, NAPOLEON! Looks like this boot-and-saddle Romeo is trying to smoke us out. And he's certainly succeeded! His tobacco smells like the backfire from Pa's flivver!"

"STOP!" cried the Ranger as he galloped up. "Well, doggone! I saw all that black smoke and figured I had a forest fire to handle! And here it's only a pipe needing *mild* tobacco."

"DON'T LOOK NOW, but that gal is watching what we're doing. Take this tin of Sir Walter Raleigh and fill your pipe. When it's lit, just jog by where she can sniff it. Okay?"

"OH, JOE! Can you ever forgive me! That tobacco smells scrumptious!" Sure it does. Two ounces of the best-tasting, mildest-smelling burley blend in the whole dang country!



New!
CELLOPHANE TAPE
around lid seals flavor in . . . brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
UNION MADE

TUNE IN *Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.*

"Edgar," she said softly, "no matter what happens I'll always remember how you tried to help." She was above him on the step and she took one hand and raised his face to hers. "You lied to get us in," she said. "Why did you do it?"

"Well," he said, coloring, "I realized what it meant to you and—and—"

She bent and kissed him gently. When they finally broke apart: "I love you, too," she said. "And don't you worry, Edgar. It's going to be all right!"

Mr. Steinberg, as became his station, was late in reaching Santa Anita the next morning, and when he arrived he took one look at the grounds and gave a heart-rending moan. Cars were parked for blocks around. Whole families, complete with picnic lunches, had taken over the stands. Mr. Bert Blatz, the fleshy overlord of Supreme Pictures, was there and Mr. Steinberg seized him by his lapels.

"Only Blatz would be such a stinker!" he cried. "A gentleman's agreement we got that we keep this private and like a production set it looks!"

Mr. Blatz shook him off. "I got nothing to do with it," he said coldly, "and if you ask me, Steinberg, I seen the ad and I recognize the only man who can think that up. Free crowds, I tell my wife, free crowds so that Steinberg can get stock shots!"

Mr. Steinberg stared at him. "Ads?" he repeated. "It ain't so!"

Mr. Blatz laughed coarsely and exhibited the Star-Courier. There was a full-page spread urging the public to come one, come all, to Santa Anita. At absolutely no charge they would have a chance to see pictures in the making. And to see the match race of the century—Mediocre vs. Santiago!

And apparently all of the tourists as well as half of the natives had responded. Mr. Steinberg looked out at them and moaned, "It ain't ethical!"

"Yeah?" said Mr. Blatz, lighting another cigar. "And maybe you'll tell the crowd that, hunh, Steinberg? For an hour already they been yellin' where are the stars, where are the cameras? Naturally, I had to tell them this ain't my idea, it's yours."

Mr. Steinberg's wild gaze fell upon Lily. She had unloaded Mediocre and was just leading him onto the track. The producer struggled to her side. "Where's Snow?" he cried. "There's monkey business he's got to explain!"

Lily's little chin tilted. "He has nothing to explain," she said. "*I* put that ad in the paper!"

THERE was no sense in telling him that she had had to do it to save Edgar's career. If Mediocre was going to have any chance he simply had to have a public. The producer stared at her for one raging, apoplectic moment and then the crowd swept him aside. Lily tried to assure herself that once she had explained things to Edgar, everything would be all right.

She wasn't so sure of that as the minutes passed and Edgar didn't come and didn't come. The crowd was growing more and more sullen and now some of the more hotheaded ones were thronged around the judges' stand, angrily demanding an explanation from the anguished Mr. Steinberg.

Desperate, Lily called Edgar's home, his club and the studio but no one knew where he had gone. For one frightened moment she visualized him, certain that his career was ended, headed for the beach and self-destruction. The growing mutter of the crowd drove those thoughts from her head. Some alarmist had called the police, and now the riot squads were struggling into the grounds and here and there a fight broke out.

Lily's whole attention was, however, consumed by Mediocre. He had started to work nicely and then, always the actor, he felt that sullenness in the stands and he began to sulk.

Up in the judges' stand the red-faced captain of the riot squad was facing Mr. Steinberg. "I don't care who started this," he said grimly, "but you've at least got to run off this race. You stall any longer and you'll have a real riot!"

The producer consulted Mediocre's owner. "You got us into this," he moaned. "We got to do something!"

Lily nodded wanly. "We might as we[illegible] have it over with. I'm—I'm afraid Edgar isn't coming."

Santiago went to the post then but it was another five minutes before Mediocre could be coaxed into his position on the rail. There was a false start before that ominously silent crowd and as the horses returned to the gate Lily heard the approaching wail of another police siren. She turned just in time to see Edgar at the wheel of a truck that came racing into the grounds, hotly pursued by four motorcycle policemen. The sight of Edgar, practically in custody, was too much. Miss Bates fainted just as the horses were off.

She was just opening her eyes when there was a sudden, familiar: "Come on, Mediocre! Come on, you Mediocre!"

HER eyes widened and as a man helped her to her feet she stared at the stands. The cheering was increasing, growing louder every second, but it wasn't coming from the stands:

"Come on, Mediocre! Go get him, Mediocre!"

The cheering was right behind her!

Lily whirled around. Edgar and his own sound man, Doug Gould, were working frantically in the truck. They had brought out a portable recording outfit and amplifiers and were running off the sound track that had been used in Derby Day. Up in the judges' stand there was a loud, jubilant cry from Mr. Ancil Steinberg, an anguished moan from Mr. Blatz.

Lily stared out at the track. Mediocre was coming into the far turn only a length behind Santiago and gaining steadily. He pulled abreast as they entered the stretch and then, with the loud-speakers screaming out their celluloid encouragement, he began to forge ahead. Inches at first, then a head. Ears laid back, his tail streaming in the wind, Mediocre breasted the tape a clean length in front and going away.

"I been jobbed!" screamed Mr. Blatz.

"Look who's crying!" demanded the jubilant Mr. Steinberg. "Him and his card sharpers! Maybe now he admits Ancil Steinberg ain't no dummy!"

Lily was in Edgar's arms. "I was afraid we wouldn't make it," he said weakly. "Driving out here, I was wishing Mediocre could have his public and then I remembered the sound track. So I turned around and tore back to the studio and explained to Doug. He was getting it set up on the way over and then the policemen . . ."

Mr. Steinberg was happily squaring the law. When he was finished, he came over and laid a hand on Edgar's shoulder. "Never will I forget this, mine boy!" he said huskily. "From now on, only A pictures it gives!"

He turned to Lily. "Something I got to ask you that you can't say no!" he said. "I gotta own Mediocre. After today no more can he race! I got to have him at my ranch so I can show people this is what happens to Bert Blatz!"

Lily hesitated only a moment. After all, a girl can't be racing a horse that needs his own public-address system. The stewards might object. And there were other things to be considered, too. Such as the way Edgar was looking at her.

"I think it can be arranged," she said, lifting her face to Edgar's. "In fact, I'm sure of it!"

Trade is a Two-Way Street

Continued from page 20

properly complaining. For, although they were getting lower and lower prices for their farm products, they had to pay higher and higher prices for heavily protected articles of manufacture. For generations, during the period when agriculture in this country was constantly developing new and fertile areas and when the foreign demand for its products was almost unlimited, it was all right for us, as I have indicated, to pursue the policy of strong protection for the industries that we wanted to build up; and, in general, with the growth of those industries farmers themselves prospered. But long before 1929, what with the overstimulation and overproduction of farm products here, and the falling off of the heavy World War and postwar demand for such products, a radical change had occurred. The farmers were getting the short end of the stick. And, naturally, they set up an outcry.

THUS it was not unnatural that consideration should be given to the demand for tariff protection on farm products. But, of course, when the subject was once broached Pandora's box flew wide open and all sorts of industries began clamoring for higher duties. The result was the hodgepodge Hawley-Smoot Tariff of 1930. That was the last straw. That act did indeed raise our tariff barriers as never before and in many directions constituted almost an embargo on foreign goods. But its far worse consequences were its evil effects on the whole world of international trade. A score of nations, looking across the oceans and seeing that the most powerful country on the globe, with its immense resources, had felt it necessary to build up higher tariff barriers immediately followed America's example. And there developed the vicious circle of higher tariff barriers all around, quotas, embargoes, and so forth, with the resultant breakdown in international trade that we have witnessed throughout the last decade, which unquestionably has been one of the factors contributing to the rivalries and bitterness preceding the outbreak of European war. And among the ill effects of all the demoralization were the intensification and prolongation of our own domestic business and industrial depression. No one will for a moment lay upon the poor old Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act the chief responsibility for all this confusion in the world economy, nor in our own, but it had a sizable finger in the pie.

Another development upsetting to foreign trade has been the overwhelming mass of the world's gold supply that has piled up in America. Our gold holdings amount to almost $18,000,000,000, over half of the gold in the world.

We continue to siphon from the other nations of the world a good part of their gold resources for which we have no use. To cap that, as a measure of reprisal because of their incapacity to find enough dollars to pay their war debts to our government, we have maintained a loan embargo against governments like Great Britain and France, so that American nationals are not permitted to lend them any money to be used here in part payment for their purchases. In other words, we are sitting on the top of this heap of gold with nowhere to go with it unless we seize and develop every chance to increase our foreign trade and by loosening trade restrictions, and to encourage imports as well as exports. That is our only recourse. A whole book could be written on this heavy gold problem of ours, but it must be obvious that it has a direct effect and an important bearing upon all our foreign-trade policy.

In fact, we may well ask ourselves what sort of world we are going to find ourselves in after the war ends. We may be sure that it will be a groggy one and hard to keep on its feet at all unless we take this time to encourage our foreign trade on the greatest scale possible—our own foreign commerce and international trade generally. That is the reason that I advocate so strongly the continuation today of the Hull trade policy. I do not contend that the Hull agreements are perfect. Of course they are not. And I have no doubt that the six New England governors and others in opposition are entirely sincere in their conviction of the temporary disadvantage of these trade pacts to some of their local industries. It is always true that somebody has got to have his toes trod on a bit. But in the long run, under expanding international trade, those very industries that now complain will benefit from their share of the greater purchases that will eventually come from abroad and from a more prosperous people here at home. Thus our only sensible course is to make every effort to welcome a flow of trade not with our own country alone, but all over the world. With this flood coming in, all the ships now stranded on highsand tariff barriers will be floated off and there will be prosperity all around.

THESE, then, are my general reasons for hoping that these enlightened trade arrangements will be gradually expanded. So far as I can see, they seem to represent the one tangible effort made during the thirties to dam the tide of intense nationalism, including our own particular brand, that has played such havoc with world commerce. In a darkling world of upset trade, they constitute the only bright ray of light.

This country must not turn back the hands of the clock. Despite so many neo- and quasi economists to the contrary, we Americans believe that prosperity rests not on scarcity but on abundance. We still believe in private initiative and in the honest enterprise that has built up our country over the last 150 years. There are no frontiers to the mind or genius of the American people. We will still fight—believe it or not, as you like—for the ideal of hard work and thrift in private and public affairs. And I believe we shall not turn our backs on the policy of rebuilding world trade. The pursuit of such a policy now will, when anything like peaceful times comes again, mean for us greatly added prosperity and increasingly high standards of living for all our people.

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CARRYING 4 OR 5 HANKIES IN MY POCKETS DURING COLDS MADE MY FIGURE BUMPY IN THE WRONG PLACES. NOW I CARRY KLEENEX AND I'M IN GOOD SHAPE AGAIN.
(from a letter by M. K. E., Normal, Ill.)

I'M SNAP-HAPPY!...
SINCE I DISCOVERED KLEENEX CLEANS THE HIGHLY SENSITIVE LENS OF MY CAMERA WITHOUT SCRATCHING LIKE LINEN DOES.
(from a letter by E. S., Seattle, Washington)

NO MORE WASHDAY BLUES...
BECAUSE WE USE KLEENEX INSTEAD OF WASHING DOZENS OF HANDKERCHIEFS WHEN WE HAVE COLDS.
(from a letter by M. S., Bessemer, Mich.)

I GOT A SHINE... NOT A SHINER
SINCE I STARTED WIPING MY SHOES WITH KLEENEX INSTEAD OF WIFIE'S GOOD TOWELS.
(from a letter by F. G. D. Springfield, Ohio.)

LOVE IN BLOOM!
MY BEST BEAU REFUSED TO PARK BECAUSE HE HATES BEING SMEARED WITH LIPSTICK. NOW I CARRY KLEENEX AND HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN.
(from a letter by P. D., Danville, Ill.)

DID YOU KNOW?..
During colds especially, these soft Kleenex Tissues soothe your nose, save money, reduce handkerchief washing. You use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all. Keep the Kleenex Serv-A-Tissue box in every room in the house—kitchen, nursery, bathroom and bedroom, as well as in the car!

Only KLEENEX TISSUES have the Serv-a-Tissue Box to end waste!
GOOD NEWS! NOW BOTH 500 AND 200 SHEET KLEENEX ARE IN THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX!
Pull a double-tissue Straight up
...Next one Pops up Ready for use!

ADOPT THE KLEENEX HABIT!
KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

The Silver Saddle

Continued from page 23

HE WAS
THE LIFE
OF THE
PARTY
LAST NIGHT!

Too much to eat, too much to drink... and last night's party is no party today! Take soothing, pleasant Pepto-Bismol.

• •

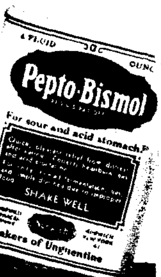
When your stomach is upset, don't add to the upset with doses of drastic, irritating physics and purges. *Take Pepto-Bismol* and help soothe the irritated stomach and intestines.

Pepto-Bismol has no laxative action and is not an antacid. It is recommended for stomachs distressed by over-indulgence, nervous indigestion, change of diet, or improperly prepared or selected food. Its action is gentle and mild and its flavor is decidedly pleasant.

50¢, at your druggist's. Or by the dose at drug store fountains.

Norwich*

*Makers of *Unguentine*



*PEPTO-BISMOL
FOR UpSET STOMACH

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

You had to remember how youngsters felt.

Baker put Little Bill in the chair, dumped part of the hot water into the tub and refilled the boiler; he rolled back his sleeves, and undressed Little Bill and knelt down, the pipe angled at a corner of his mouth. Little Bill was round-bellied, full of the devil and as slippery as the bar of soap; when he had finished this chore, buttoning on Little Bill's nightgown, Tom Baker was wet to the armpits. Afterward, dumping the tub and adding fresh water, he gave Lissie her bath; and called Elzie in.

Elzie took his own bath, making work out of it. He was pretty close to twelve, flat-sided and skinny-muscled as boys get to be at that age, the skin on his stomach white in contrast to the burned tan of his arms and legs and neck. Lissie sat, half sleepy, in Baker's lap, and Little Bill, holding the edges of his nightgown from the damp floor, slowly circled Elzie in the tub; he pointed his finger at Elzie and said, "Bang-bang."

Elzie said: "You ought to send these kids to bed. I'm gettin' pretty old to be stared at."

Baker's glance lifted over Elzie's head, to his wife watching in the background. "For a fact, I guess you are."

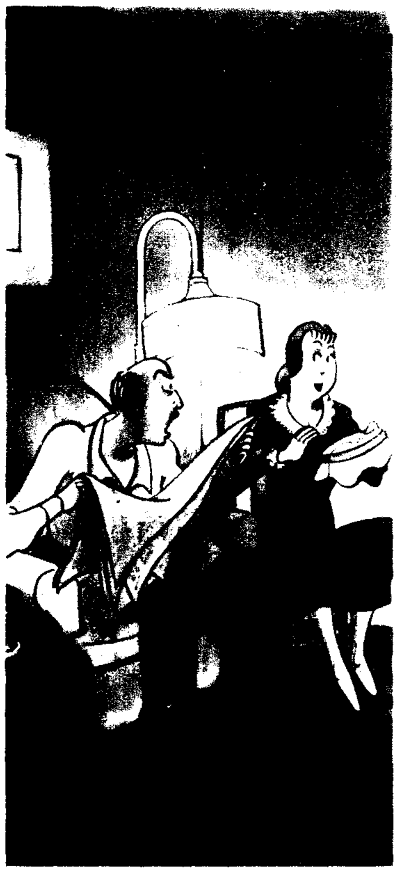
IT TOOK time to get all this done and sometimes it dragged when you were tired. But, herding the youngsters up the stairs, with Little Bill riding his back, Baker figured it was something you had to stop and think about. They wouldn't be young long; soon enough they'd be out of his reach for good. So the time to make them remember, to see they learned the right things and saw the proper examples, was now—in this short space you had with them.

He listened to their prayers and opened the attic windows and left the lamp low-burning on account of Little Bill, its faint light making all the shadows of the attic darkly mysterious. He kissed Little Bill and Lissie, smelling the soap on them and the rank, sweet odors below the soap fragrance, which was the smell of childhood; and scrubbed Elzie's black hair with his hand. He hadn't kissed Elzie for a couple of years now, knowing the boy was a little old for it. "Well, maybe if we need a little fresh meat we'll go after another one late this month." He walked downstairs, dumped the tub and refilled the boiler, and went out to sit on the porch, nursing his pipe. In a little while his wife joined him.

The hard heat of the year was gone; this was Indian summer, with haze closing over the land and the smell of smoke abroad and the kind of a quietness that comes when the earth slows down and steadies itself for winter. He felt an edge in the small wind—the edge of coming rain. Crickets were singing and the frogs had begun to make their pleasant sawed-off racket down in the quiet willows where Dullknife Creek idled in its slack-water pool. The moon was a quarter full and this light silvered the thick dust of the Prairie City road and lay on the rising benchlands like a depthless mist. In this night the land gave up its thick scents of sage and stubble field and stacked hay and barnyard and dust and wild rose and the sweet William growing by the gate. He had lived with them so long he could catch each smell distinct and clear from the others. A night like this took all the trouble out of a man's bones; the last murmuring of the children was pleasant to hear in the stillness.

He laid the flat of his heavy hand on his wife's knee, turning slowly to see her. There wasn't anything easy about a woman's life on a sagebrush quarter section; but she still stayed young, she still had her quick humor—and a sort of swing and sparkle to her. Her hair was very black and after twelve years of marriage she held her strong, soft-rounded shape, so that even now it stirred him when he thought about it, as it had before marriage. He liked her steadiness; he liked her fun; he liked the way she still could flirt with him, holding him off, and then, when it got exasperating, coming to him and making everything all right. It never got calm and settled, never dull; there was still that sudden hunger underneath.

He tapped his pipe on the toe of his boot and went in to pour his bath water, and to refill the boiler for her. The tub was always a problem for a man his size. He sat jackknifed in it, his toes jammed against the sides, his back creased into the rim, feeling pretty awkward and wryly grinning back at her open laughter at the sight he made; she knelt and scrubbed his back and dripped water perversely on his face and left him. When he was through he emptied the tub and refilled it for her; and went around the house, trying the windows and doors, and took the clock and wound it, and went to bed.



"You must be sore about something! Why haven't you interrupted my reading tonight?"

ADOLPH SCHUS

Lying there, thinking back over the year, he saw nothing to be disturbed by. For a man who had come off the open range, salty and a little wild twelve years before, he had done well. When she came to bed, warm and close and her hair damp and sweet-smelling, he said:

"Next week we'll just load up the wagon and go up into the hills for a vacation."

Her laughter, quick and like a summons, turned him. "For an old woman," he said, "you're pretty fresh."

"Next week's next week."

"Sure," he said, "and this is now."

He went into the hills at first daylight and brought out the buck, and strung it up in the woodshed and skinned it, with Elzie watching. Baker said: "Keep a heavy pull on the hide. Stretches the tallow from the skin and gives you a clean cut." He halved the carcass and butchered it on the chopping block, taking off the quarters, slicing the steak meat and trimming the ribs. His wife already had jars boiling and the frying pan on the stove. The steaks would be fried—they'd go in gallon jars, sealed in their own gravy; the chuck meat she'd make into meat balls, using the tallow to cover them; and she had a way of putting part of it up in brine, so that nothing was wasted. The last thing he did was to cut long strips of flank meat to be put in the smokehouse and jerked. He got the smokehouse fire started, left Elzie in charge and, with a remaining quarter wrapped in a clean muslin sack, he lined out for town.

He left the quarter at Mrs. Tyson's, four miles down the road, and reached Prairie a little beyond noon. He saw Pete Luz about selling his four cows, bought a few things his wife had asked him to get and got a bag of candy apiece for the children. Roundup time was a week away and somebody had put a couple of banners across the street, giving this raw, wooden town an overdressed air. There was a Sunday crowd in the saloon, homesteaders and riders from the cattle outfits. He knew most of them, saluted them cheerfully and had a drink or two, passing the time of day and catching up on the gossip.

IN THE middle of the afternoon he thought about eating and started over to the Shorthorn. Somebody said, "Hello, Tom," and he stopped to talk to Ned Puryear and then saw the banker's boy, Jimmy Ryan, come riding down the street on a good horse and a new saddle.

Jimmy Ryan was around twelve, same as Elzie, and he was a smart young fellow, taking some pleasure in showing off the horse and the saddle. Puryear said: "Where'd you get the saddle, Jimmy?"

"Birthday," said Jimmy, and held a tight bit on the horse, making it fiddle-foot in the dust.

The saddle, Tom Baker saw, was straight out of the shop, and expensive, with silver ornaments. Jimmy Ryan went down the street, the horse dancing sidewise in the dust, and on that instant a feeling, quick and cold and disheartening, shook its way through Tom Baker. He forgot about the Shorthorn, about being hungry. He stood there, staring at the boy until the boy was gone; and turned on his heels to get his packages from the saloon, returning to his horse. This was the way he looked in the saddle, a heavy-thewed, limber man with his skin smooth and sun-brown, and long pair of lips settled across heavy teeth, and a loose-brimmed hat raked over his hair, which was black as dye. He sat there, staring at the candy he had bought and a change went through him completely. The liquor had loosened him, but when he came to think of Jimmy Ryan and the saddle and the three bags of candy in his hand, he wasn't loose any more. He rode slowly home.

The youngsters were happy about the candy but that didn't help him. His wife had the side table full of canned venison and he said in the soft voice that never left him, "That's sure nice," but emptiness rattled inside Tom Baker and his wife saw it and took time to come to

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A Special Shave Cream—It's Not a Soap, Needs No Brush!

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw and sensitive. Yet, because of his business and social status, one out of every 7 men must shave every day.

To meet this condition, Williams has now developed GLIDER—a special cream for daily shavers. With *no* soap base, it's a complete departure from ordinary shave creams. No brush. No lather. Not *sticky* or *greasy*.

A superabundance of moisture is contained in this rich cream. Applied with the fingers, it quickly softens each whisker. A protective layer is formed over which your razor glides. Off comes each hair at the base without scraping. Like a cold cream, Glider helps keep your skin smooth all day. Glider is the result of 100 years' experience in making fine shaving preparations. FREE—tube of Glider. Send your name and address today. The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. EG-2, Glastonbury, Conn.

Offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada.

the door and watch him when he crossed the yard. He relieved Elzie at the smokehouse, building up the fire. He stood at the fence and looked across the quarter section; he rolled a cigarette and just stood there, with the points of his shoulders dropped, as though the heart had gone out of him.

The sun went down and suppertime came. He sat at the table, a changed man who said nothing while he looked at Elzie and the younger ones; and afterward he built a smoke in his pipe and went to the porch. He didn't lean back in ease. He humped forward, his long arms rested on his legs, hands down, staring out at the land through the tobacco smoke. It was funny what a day did to a man. Now this had looked pretty nice last night, this quarter section by moonlight. It didn't look that way now. It wasn't exactly the saddle; Elzie had a good enough saddle even though it was old and plain. Well, it was what the saddle meant. Ryan had something to give his son; Ryan would send the boy away to school and Jimmy would keep up with things, the way Ryan had. It was a matter of learning—you weren't anything in the world without learning, not the way the world went now.

He listened to the children as they climbed the stairs, not following them as he usually did. His wife finished the dishes and came out to sit beside him, waiting through his silence; she was, he realized gratefully, an understanding woman. She knew he was in trouble and waited until he spoke it.

When a man felt satisfied he never saw much; it took trouble to open his eyes. Right now he was remembering his boyhood and the two-room log house in Montana that had somehow held his parents and five children, and a grandfather who slept in the barn. They had a small outfit and they got along; but when they grew up it was his oldest brother Pete who took the ranch. It wasn't big enough to support anybody else and so the rest of the young ones just drifted away; some of them he had never heard from since, nor had he ever written back. That's the way it was.

And that's the way it would be here. This quarter section on Dullknife Creek wasn't much to pass on; looking through the moonglow, he saw it pretty straight—just a sagebrush outfit, with his kids growing up to nothing, and drifting, and not knowing enough to be anything better than he had been or his father had been. And never writing back.

He sat there, miserably seeing it, and spoke: "Well, it was just a saddle Ryan gave his boy, Jimmy. Never mind the saddle. It's Ryan standing behind Jimmy, able to give him something and send him out to school. You could see that on Jimmy when he was sittin' in the saddle—a sort of top-man look. He knows he's on the right track, goin' somewhere. It shows up. What've I got to give Elzie or Little Bill? What's ahead for Lissie? No, I got to find a way. I got to get some money. No use sittin' around here all winter." And presently he added: "In the mornin' I'll pack a blanket roll and go over to that railroad construction outfit. A man can always get on there."

HE WAS gone by daylight, hiking the thirty miles, and was on the construction company's pay roll that same afternoon, handling a shovel at three dollars a day. They were cutting a grade down the face of the Rim—one long slash to let the new railroad off the high desert to the Prairie City level. He paid six bits a day for board and bunked in a shanty that had a tin stove and double-decked bunks and a card table and a couple of chairs; you could smell the staleness of tobacco and whisky and unwashed clothes and blankets. In this particular shanty were three Irishmen, a Lithuanian, a Mexican and a dangerous kid that called himself Calumet Red.

Three hundred men worked on the grade. On the second day the straw boss came by. "You're a rancher—you handle horses?"

"Sure."

"All right, you drive team. You're on the book at five and a half a day."

The teamsters worked up and down the raw powder-gray dust of the grade, hauling water and supplies. The work was easier, and it brought in two-and-a-half more a day.

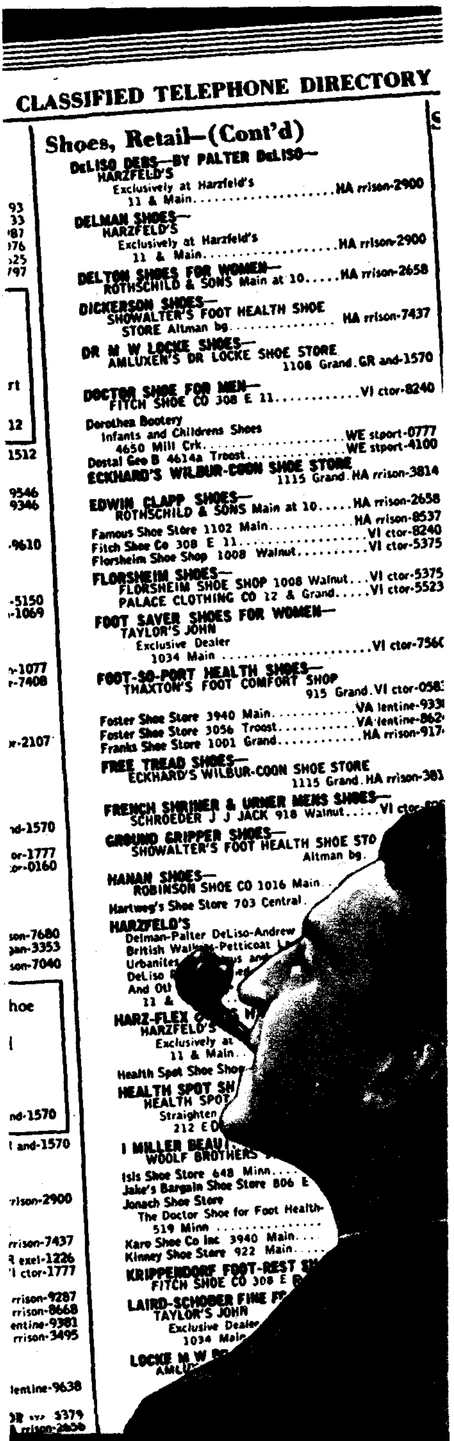
But it was hard to stick out that first week. He missed his wife and he missed the children; and he worried a little at not being around to talk to Elzie—just to slip in a word now and then, so that Elzie might catch something he wouldn't otherwise get. About growing up, about what was the right thing and the seemly thing, about what was straight and what was not. This mighty short time in childhood was all you had to set them out with their feet in the right direction. It was hard to be here and feel this time slip away. He sat in a bunkhouse chair by night, or lay on his bunk and smoked his pipe, all his muscles heavy with weariness, listening to the men in the shanty, and watching Calumet Red.

The kid had a swagger and he was insolent. Blond hair grew down like a woolly mat on the back of his neck and he had thick shoulder muscles and there was a strain of red in the corner of his eyeballs, and he had the men bluffed, even the Lithuanian, who was a giant. Calumet Red was maybe twenty, and once or twice Tom Baker saw the kid turn his pale, red-shot eyes on him, as though sizing him up to see if he could bluff him or lick him.

FIRST fall rain set in that week, coming up out of the southwest in long, slantwise ropes glittering like ragged splinters of glass against the leaden day. When Saturday came it was too stormy to go home; and he sat through Sunday in the bunkhouse, idle and irritable, smelling the damp steam rising out of clothes and the smell of unwashed bodies and listening to the broken stories of the men around him. He sat there, far away from all of them, while he thought of his family, and a jumpiness got into him. Calumet Red, coming to the stove, pushed him accidentally, perhaps, back in the chair, and stared at him with his red-stained eyes. "Why in hell you got to take up all this space?" and the kid seemed to wait, with his lips puckered back from his bad teeth.

Baker let that pass, though he knew he should have called the kid at once; there was always that slow way of judging in him. Then it was Friday with all the world drowned out in gray rain mists and the bunkhouse was like a steam bath, close and rank and dismal, and everybody was on edge. There was a bunch of Russians in the next shanty, all good men, but they had gotten some whisky and now were singing in a wild, low way that clawed at a man's nerves. Tom Baker came in from the rain, and was in the doorway when Calumet Red started out of the bunkhouse. He met Baker right there and his face was straight and bad and his nostrils swelled and without a word he dropped his head and hit Baker twice in the stomach and knocked Baker out of the door, down into the gray liquid mud of the grade.

The wind came back to him when he stood up, the mud slid in loose fragments all along his clothes; he walked in against the kid waiting at the doorway. The kid hit at him and missed, and Baker just walked in, solid and slow, and drove the kid backward, through the narrow aisle between the bunks, back into the rear space by the stove. The bunkhouse was full of men; they stood up to get out of the way,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Exclusively at Harzfeld's
11 & Main....................HA rrison-2900
DELMAN SHOES—
HARZFELD'S
Exclusively at Harzfeld's
11 & Main....................HA rrison-2900
DELTON SHOES FOR WOMEN—
ROTHSCHILD & SONS Main at 10.....HA rrison-2658
DICKERSON SHOES—
SHOWALTER'S FOOT HEALTH SHOE
STORE Altman bg.............HA rrison-7437
DR M W LOCKE SHOES—
AMLUXEN'S DR LOCKE SHOE STORE
1108 Grand.GR and-1570
DOCTOR SHOE FOR MEN—
FITCH SHOE CO 308 E 11............VI ctor-8240
Dorothea Bootery
Infants and Childrens Shoes
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EDWIN CLAPP SHOES—
ROTHSCHILD & SONS Main at 10.....HA rrison-2658
Famous Shoe Store 1102 Main.............HA rrison-8537
Fitch Shoe Co 308 E 11.................VI ctor-8240
Florsheim Shoe Shop 1008 Walnut..........VI ctor-5375
FLORSHEIM SHOES—
FLORSHEIM SHOE SHOP 1008 Walnut...VI ctor-5375
PALACE CLOTHING CO 12 & Grand.....VI ctor-5523
FOOT SAVER SHOES FOR WOMEN—
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FOOT-SO-PORT HEALTH SHOES—
THAXTON'S FOOT COMFORT SHOP
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Foster Shoe Store 3940 Main.............VA lentine-933
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Franks Shoe Store 1001 Grand............HA rrison-917
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No need to tramp the streets searching for the product or service you want. The classified (*yellow*) pages of your telephone directory tell you where to buy it.

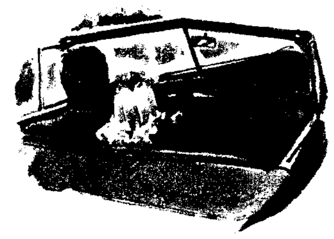
There also you can quickly find business and tradespeople so often needed—such as Clothing, Men's Furnishings, Sportswear.

"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"

"No," said Sally
when I asked for a date

I guess I said things when Sally thumbs-downed a date. And she let fly—both barrels. "A little polish wouldn't hurt your *manners, Johnny Brown*," she snapped. "Or your *car*, either," she added tartly.

Burned? I was so sizzling when I drove off I almost missed a miracle—Tub Smith actually polishing his car! "In love, eh?" I cracked. "No dame is worth the back-breaking job of car polishing." "Back-breaking?" Tub chuckled. "Listen, pal..."



"Try this Du Pont No. 7 Polish on your *old ark*," *he said*, "and see what 'easy' really means." Well, I did. And was I surprised! That stuff makes polishing a *push-over!* In nothing flat, almost, my bus was positively *dazzling!* So dazzling that Sally, driving home from the movies, said dreamily, "Johnny, did you use that No. 7 on the *moon*, too? It seems *extra* bright tonight!"

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Please send me a sample of the improved No. 7 Polish—enough for hood and fenders. I enclose 6¢ to help cover mailing costs.

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TAR AND ROAD OIL can be removed safely from the car finish with DU PONT TAR REMOVER. It does not dull or harm the finish.

they rolled into the bunks to get out of the way. Calumet Red crouched and jumped at Baker, strong as a young ox, and hurt Baker badly with his fists; but Baker moved on against him. He caught the kid's arms and tied them up and drove the kid against the shanty wall. He battered the kid's head against the wall and let go with his fists, smashing the kid's face, side to side; then he hit him and dropped him. He felt mean enough at the moment to kill the boy and *was ashamed of the feeling.*

The only sound in the bunkhouse was the draw of the kid's breathing, and his own. The kid was down in a corner; he looked up at Baker with his face bleeding and a dead, confused, hating color in his eyes.

Baker said: "Get up and sit in that chair, son."

The kid just sat there until Baker added, in the soft voice that never left him: "Do as I say, boy, or I'll break your neck." Calumet Red came off his haunches; he sat in the chair, his thick shoulders bunched over, his feet touching a stove poker lying on the floor. His glance reached the stove poker and rose swiftly, livened by a thought.

"Where you come from?" said Baker.

"Duluth," said the kid. "What of it?"

"Where's your dad?"

"In the pen, if he's alive," said the kid. "I dunno. I pulled out long time ago."

"Got a mother?"

"How the hell do I know?"

The kid's glance dropped to the poker and Tom Baker knew what was in his mind at once. Before the kid moved he brought his tough hand around like the sweep of an ax, palm open, and hit the kid on the side of the face. It was like the sound of an exploding bottle; the kid fell off the chair—he was thrown off—and struck the floor in a round heap. The kid was dirty all the way through, which was the way he had been taught by his kind of life. But maybe there was something below that was worth looking at; and then Baker knew there wasn't. For the kid brought up his hand to shield his face, and on his face was *nothing but the cringing look of a whipped pup.* No hatred, no life, no anger.

"I'm sorry for that, son," said Baker. "I shouldn't have done it."

NEXT morning the kid was gone. He had rolled his blankets and pulled out. But, driving team through the bottomless mud, with the rain slashing against him, Baker remembered what the kid had said about his people. His people had not been good and the kid had grown up without help. This was what happened when you left a boy alone in that mighty short space of childhood; when you didn't stand by to steady him and speak to him, and show him the proper road. This was what happened. When he thought of it—and he thought of it all that day—something faltered in him and fear got in him for the time he had been away from home. This was Friday. Saturday morning, driving past the line of shacks, he saw Mr. Cochran, the superintendent, come from the cookshack, wheel slowly and fall into the mud.

Baker wrapped the reins around the brake handle and got down and fished Mr. Cochran out of the mud. Mr. Cochran was drunk; his legs would not hold him and Baker had to support him and push him back into the cookshack. He settled Mr. Cochran down on a bench. Mr. Cochran hooked his elbows against the long table and stared at Baker.

"You're all right—you're all right," he said. "You're all right."

Baker said in his slow, quiet way: "What's the need of getting drunk, Mr. *Cochran?* For a hunky, *maybe.* Not for *you.*"

"Not for me?" mimicked Mr. Cochran. He was laughing. It was a giggling rush in his throat. He almost cried when he laughed. "Well, you're all right. Not for me, uh?" And then he quit laughing and it hurt Tom Baker to see what he saw. Mr. Cochran's face was pale and it was empty. You looked at it and you saw maybe misery, or foolishness, or maybe something behind that really was like the beginning of a black hole. But you didn't see any happiness or anything solid, such as a man with knowledge, like Mr. Cochran's knowledge, ought to have.

It occurred to Tom Baker that it wasn't seemly for him to stand here spying on another man like that. So he said, "Mighty sorry, Mr. Cochran," and went back to his wagon. He drove down the grade, delivered his load and took the team to the barn; *he didn't bother* about noon meal, but rolled his blankets and got his time from the timekeeper, and headed home.

The day was over with early, drowned out by the rain fog. Passing Prairie, he supposed it would save a trip if he went into town and cashed his time slip, but haste was on him, as though he had wasted too much time away from home now. This mist kept rolling up against him until it got through his clothes and into his shoes; until he was solidly adrip. Deep in the darkness he heard Delzell's dog barking a quarter mile back from the road. At the top of the dip he caught the shining of his own house light—a splinter of warmth that came out and touched him and quickened his heavy legs. It was ten o'clock. When he came up to the porch, his boots making a racket, the door opened and his wife stood there and the warmth of the room eddied against him.

She said, so calmly: "Better leave the blanket roll out there, Tom. Probably it's lousy."

He threw down the blanket roll, stepping into the room. Water began to collect at his feet, the pool gathering mud. He bent down to unlace his shoes, but the slight pressure of her arm drew him upright and she looked straight at him, at *his eyes, and then she was smiling.* "A long time, wasn't it, Tom?"

"Mighty long time."

"You're a funny man. You don't take to worry often. But when you do you worry hard. There never was anything to worry about. The children are all right. They'll always be all right—because of the kind of children they are. And because, maybe, of us."

"Well," he said, in slow, complete conviction, "I know that now." He moved out and got the boiler and filled it and hoisted it to the stove, and brought in the tub. He stood by the stove, shelling off his outer clothes, and watched his wife move around, making up a supper. His woolen underwear began to steam and to itch, and then he went up the stairs and closed the attic window against the inbeating rain. Little Bill slept with his arms flung out and all his muscles loose. Lissie turned in her bed and smiled in sleep and brought up a hand, laying it against her face. Her body was a round ball beneath the quilts.

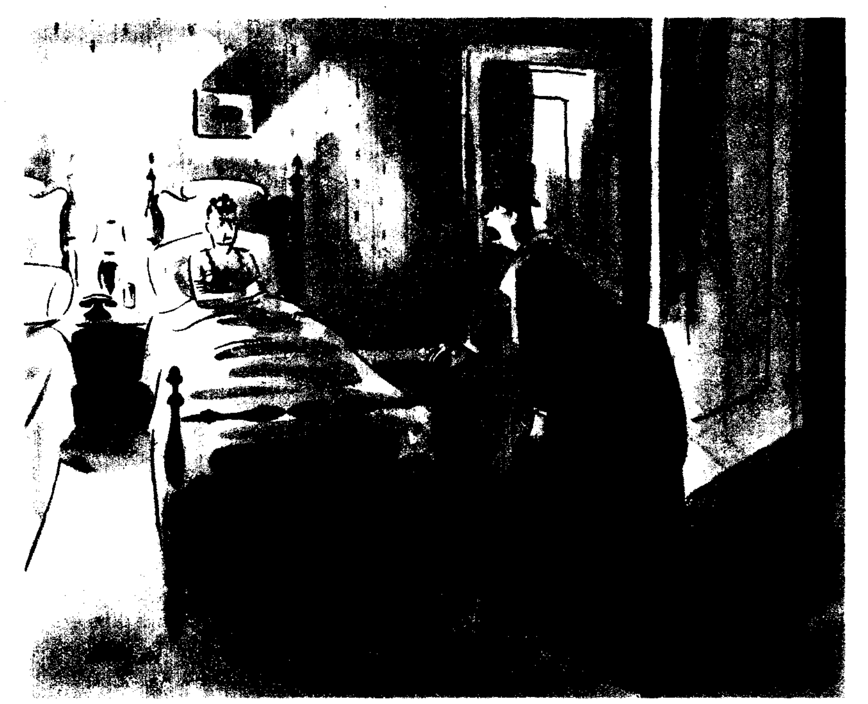
WHEN he came to Elzie's bed and saw the boy's tanned, sober face he had a moment's tremendous regret for the three weeks spent away. Elzie's dark hair stuck up like straw sticks; he was getting long and thin from growth and there was a boy's smell on him. Baker stood there a little while, everything pretty clear in his mind. It took a good deal to make a man, and learning was only one of the things. The thing was, you had to stay by your children and show them how it all went, insofar as you knew. Maybe a word now and then, just a word; and a good deal of example, by the way you did a thing or didn't do it, but mostly by just living with them, so that everything sank in. So that when they grew up—if they had good blood and saw things straight—they were all right. So that when they went away, they could look back and remember; and never go far wrong, because of what they remembered.

He went down and poured his water and had his bath, his wife laughing at the figure he made, and sat up to the table full of hunger. Afterward he built a smoke in his pipe and sat by the stove, listening to the rain beat over the house. Presently it was time for bed. He walked around the house, trying the windows, and wound the clock. Lying in bed, beside the warmth and closeness of his wife, he had a tremendous feeling of happiness; everything went off his mind and he laughed silently at himself.

He said: "When the sun comes out again I think we'll just pack the wagon and roll the tent and go up in the hills. Maybe next week. Should be fine fishing in the lake. And I can show Little Bill the beavers. He ain't seen a beaver yet. We'll have a vacation. Next week."

Her voice was light, amused; there was something in it to hit a man pretty hard: "That's next week, Tom."

"Sure—I know. And this is now."



"Well, I haven't slept a wink all night, either" JOHN MILLIGAN

City on Ice

Continued from page 19

ago that their commercial value was realized.

Now let's walk out to the city. It's 2 A. M.; it's snowing and you can't see the 300 houses a mile out. You wonder how you'll locate them but canny Mayor Smith has the answer to that.

"I was coming back from the city late one night," he tells us, "in a snowstorm. Well, sir, I got completely lost. I wound up miles out of my way. I decided we'd have to have a proper street leading from Smeltania to Boyne City. So I got a lot of Christmas trees that hadn't been sold or that had been thrown away after Christmas and planted them in the ice at intervals of about ten feet. Now those trees make a lane right from the shore straight to the city."

Sure enough. It was snowing so hard and it was so dark that you couldn't see twenty feet ahead of you, but you just walked along guided by the snow-flecked Christmas trees. It's a long walk over rough ice and then suddenly the city looms. Dark shapes are all around but here and there a flicker of light comes from a shack that boasts a window. Mayor Smith opens the door of the nearest shack.

It's cheerful and warm inside. There are four fishermen there, Ed Stark, Mrs. Ed Stark and eight-year-old Junior Stark. The fourth is a very small dog sleeping happily on the bunk the shack boasts.

"Junior just got a whitefish, Mayor," Mrs. Stark says cheerily.

"Got a bite," Junior announces tersely.

He starts to wind up a large reel attached to the wall of the shack. It looks like a wheel about seven inches in diameter and he twirls it expertly. The line is out fifty feet, for we're in deep water here. The others peer intently into the hole in the floor. The water shows light green. An electric-light bulb lighted by an automobile battery is suspended four feet below the surface. The light attracts the smelts. Then they see the minnows on the hooks, grab them and the first thing they know they're being cleaned, dried, frozen and shipped.

Junior's line comes up with a wiggling eight-inch smelt on it. He beams proudly, the dog barks happily, Pa Stark says contentedly, "That's another cent," and the hook is hurriedly baited and dropped again.

Visitors Fish for Fun

Another family is having better luck in the next shack. Here's John Koepke, his wife and seven-year-old Johnny Koepke. A small stove is giving off plenty of heat. Johnny is hauling his line in every few minutes. His mother sits on an overturned egg crate and acts as his assistant.

It's the same in every shack. Sometimes a man fishes alone. Usually he has a companion and the two split the proceeds. Mayor Smith has a few shacks he rents out. Sometimes visitors from Grand Rapids or Detroit come for a crack at the fishing. Wesley Dilworth has the best shack of all. It is about twenty by ten, and two men winter visitors are sitting happily over the holes in the floor. One is a lawyer, the other a doctor. They come to Smeltania two or three times a year to fish through the ice. When they catch a mess they give them to one of the regular fishermen.

Near by was Bill Smith's shack. On the door was painted "No. 50," and below it "Mayor's Office." He'd loaned it to a friend tonight and the friend was doing all right. The mayor suggested that we have a cup of coffee.

"Where?" I asked blankly.

"At the store," Mayor Bill chuckled.

Sure enough, we walked fifty yards and out of the darkness and with the snow slanting into our eyes we saw a rather large shack and, despite the swirling snow, the sign, "Restaurant—Coffee, Fried Smelts, Cigarettes," showed. It was a comfortable house about twenty feet long and a radio was blaring inside. Wayne Burgess, the proprietor, used to be in the business of selling stoves.

We sat and listened to music from Los Angeles and New York and Mayor Bill told some stories of his city and its citizens.

The Post Office Knows

"They elected me mayor three years ago," he said proudly. "The vote was 298 to nothing. Nope, I didn't make a single campaign promise, either. Some people think that Smeltania is a joke. Well, our city manager, Bill Schaller, is down in Florida. He wrote to me and just addressed it 'Mayor Bill Smith, Smeltania, Michigan.' I got the letter, all right. We're thinking of asking Jim Farley for a post office.

"Don't have much trouble out here. It's a right peaceful city. Had to haul a car out of the water not long ago, though. Harry Parker thought the ice was thick enough to drive on, so he did. Well, suddenly he feels the front end of the car going down. He steps out and the car keeps on going down. He just stood there and watched the taillight disappear in thirty feet of water. It made a big hole in the ice and the next day the boys tried fishing there. Well, what do you think happened? Harry Parker had forgotten to turn off his engine and the car was going around in circles down there getting the lines all tangled up. Yes, sir, and when we hauled up the car what do you think we found? The rumble seat was full of smelts—four bushels of 'em."

We walked back through the snow along Smith Boulevard with its lane of Christmas trees. Now and then we'd pass a man pulling a homemade sled with a crate nailed on it. He'd be dragging his night's catch back home. We passed George Underhill, bowed down a little with years but pulling sturdily.

"Got my hundred," he grinned cheerfully. "Never stop till I get my hundred."

We passed Harry Roof, who had been out with three of his nine children. He was on his way to Wesley Dilworth's hotel to sell his smelts. We'd have them for breakfast in the morning, he said.

You realized that Harry Roof and more than a hundred like him could have been complacently living on government bounty. Instead, they were standing over holes in the ice for ten hours each night, living as the pioneers who first settled Michigan had lived, fighting nature for food, battling blistering storms so that their families wouldn't starve.

Smeltania wasn't a funny little settlement of funny little houses any more. It was a new frontier built by a new kind of pioneer who had the same courage that the pioneer of another day had and something more too. The pioneers of Smeltania can laugh at themselves and insist stoutly that theirs is a regular city with a mayor, a police chief and everything else. They laugh at their little community but it's hard for an outsider to laugh. An outsider can only take off his hat in admiration for these people who have made a city on ice.

It's the taste that sets the pace for your day . . .

Brisk, breezy, bracing, it's SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM having its own cool, sweet, refreshing way!

It's going to click with your taste-sense the minute it touches your tongue . . . a **rousing, rollicking,** minty fragrance **racing** through your mouth.

A quick peek in the mirror and you **love the way your teeth look** . . . a quick glance at the label and you realize why. For Squibb is a dentifrice that **cleans and polishes safely,** and fights acids, when it comes in contact with them . . . acids that threaten **pretty teeth.** You'll like it the minute you try it. Start in tomorrow morning and let its **taste set the pace** for your day!

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Ask your druggist for the new **Economy Package** containing two tubes of Squibb Dental Cream.

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*Taste and feel the refreshing difference!

SQUIBB Dental Cream

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Slave girl to princess — because of her lovely smile! Her teeth were kept bright and healthy by exercise on the tough foods of her primitive homeland

KEEP YOUR TEETH HEALTHY, BRIGHT

Dentyne, the "chewier" gum, offers exercise not provided by modern soft foods. Helps your teeth retain health and lustre!

DENTYNE'S FLAVOR IS A SPICY DELIGHT

Smooth spiciness that lingers — and leaves your mouth feeling delightfully refreshed. That's Dentyne! Notice how conveniently Dentyne's flat package slips into your pocket or purse.

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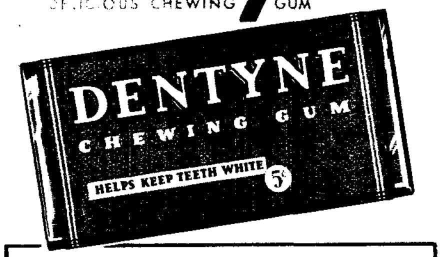
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

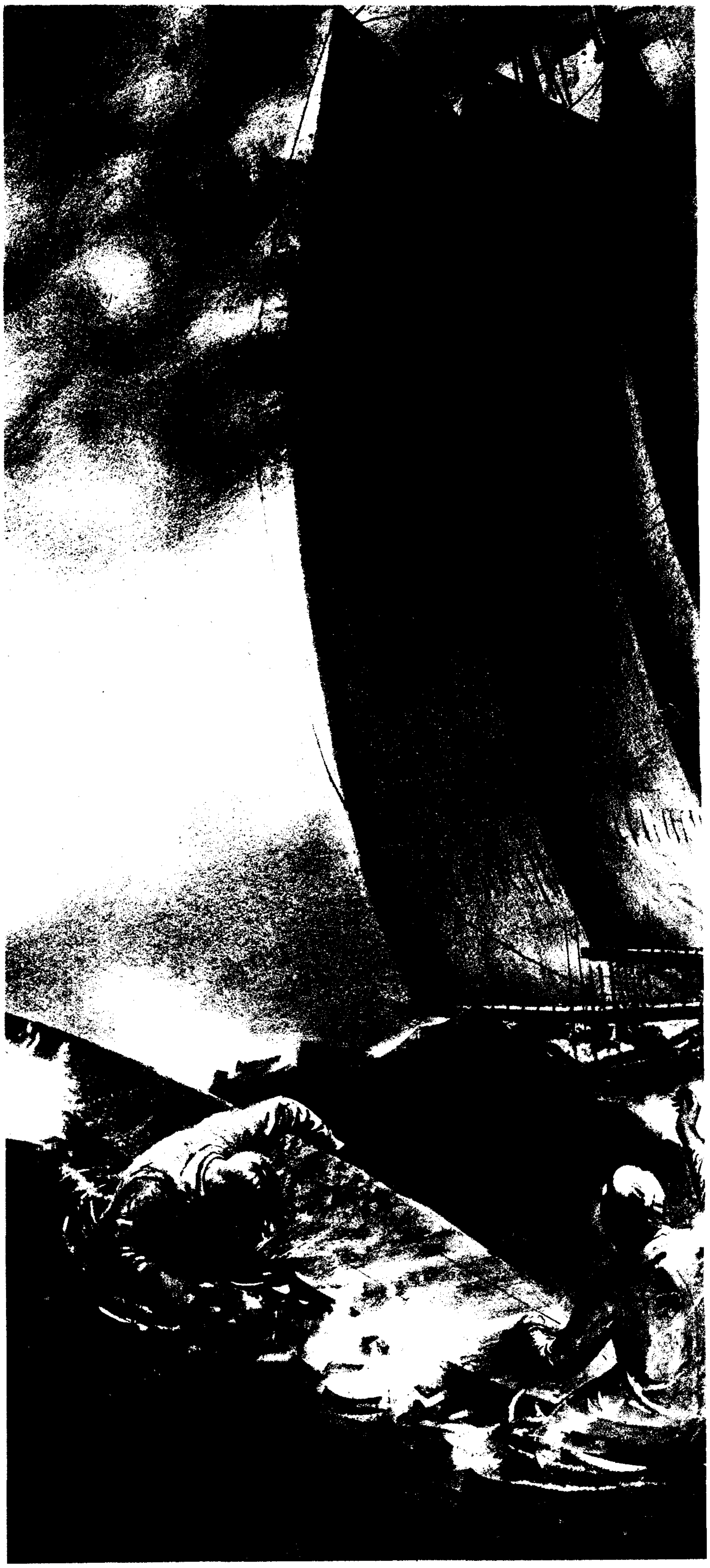
HELPS KEEP TEETH BRIGHT ...MOUTH HEALTHY



Two Men in a Dory

By James B. Connolly

LITHOGRAPHED ON STONE BY JAMES E. ALLEN



WE'D been fresh halibuting all winter in the Cynthia, Josh Bradley, master. Spring comes, and with it is big talk of the prospects for mackerel, and, old Josh's windward ear being always open to any gossip going around, he orders a big-sized seine boat and a 300-fathom seine and says to his crew:

"After a winter o' halibutin' on the Grand Banks, a spring and summer of huntin' mackerel in inshore waters oughta be equal to going yachtin'—who's shippin' along with me for a mackerel cruise?"

Most of us ship to go with him, and among us, of course, is Sam Pryor and Hector Penny. Now, ask any of the Cynthia's crew which two of them is closest together, and all hands would say Sam Pryor and Hector Penny; and so you can imagine the surprise of us when we see Sam and Hector signing on together like the good shipmates they are one day and the next day coming down aboard the vessel to put out to sea and they not even speaking to each other.

Those in the crew who are always explaining things, specially things they don't know much about, start to heaving guesses at what's wrong between Sam and Hector. Politics is the first guess of a new man in the crew, but that don't get far. As Josh said: "Sam and Hector don't nuther of 'em give a sea gull's screech who's President and who ain't. No, no, 'tain't politics."

"Women?" says another of the new men in the crew, and Josh shakes his head again, saying: "I'd like to agree with you, women bein' what they are, and me knowin' somethin' about them, as I oughta after bein' married to four of 'em in my day, and still payin' alimony to the last one. No, no. Much as I don't like to admit it, this ain't any woman trouble. Sam plays around with women, but whoever knows Sam knows he don't take women serious. Sam wouldn't quarrel with a good shipmate over a dory load o' women. That right, Jud?"

I say that's right, and Josh goes on to say: "And's for Hector—he ain't interested in any woman except his wife Sarah. You could pick out a deckload o' them movie queens and add to them all the bathin' beauties on all the summer beaches from Newf'undland to Florida, and you could parade 'em past Hector and he wouldn't turn his head to look at 'em."

SOME of the crew give Josh a doubtful look at that last, and he hurries to add: "I mean acourse if his wife Sarah was anchored alongside him while them bathin' beauties is paradin' by. And now it's too bad, I say, to see good shipmates like Sam and Hector behavin' the way they be. In the interest o' harmony aboard the vessel somebody mebbe oughta go straight to 'em and ask 'em what's chafing 'em."

He looks hopefully around for volunteers, like you would if there was to be a dory put over the side to pick people off a wreck in a high-running sea. But there's no volunteers stepping forward for this kind of business, and Josh sighs and says: "I s'pose it'll have to be me."

I'm the cook, and next time Josh comes into the galley for a mug of coffee, I ask him how he made out with Sam and Hector.

"I didn't make out," answers Josh. "I pin Hector agin the weather foreriggin' so he can't get away 'less he falls backward over the rail, and I ask him what's wrong that him an' Sam ain't friendly any more. And all he says is, 'You asked him yet?' meaning Sam. He don't even mention Sam by name.

"So I get hold o' Sam, and I say: 'Look here, Sammie. You 'n' Hector used to be the best o' shipmates and

The time in the life of sailors when all their differences about women and such shore affairs are wholly forgotten

There's no seeing a dory till you're fair atop of it on a dark night, so it's daylight when we pick them up

friends to sea and ashore and now there's the pair of you goin' around deck an' lookin' as sour as two pollack in a school o' cod. What's wrong between you two?' "

"And what did Sam say?"

"He tells me he dunno. He's got nothin' agin Hector, he says. It's Hector who's got something agin him. 'Ain't you never asked Hector?' I says then, and Sam says: 'I've asked Hector twice what's wrong, and all I get out of him is: "Don't you know what's wrong?" '

"So I go back to Hector, saying: 'Sammie tells me he dunno what you got agin him. Now what is it, Hector?'

" 'He knows well enough,' says Hector. 'But if he won't tell you I won't. It's something that ain't to be talked about among a crew o' men.' "

JOSH is peeved about Sam and Hector and he gets more peeved when we're two weeks out to sea without even an excuse to put the seine boat and dory over the side.

"Who was the false prophet," moans Josh, "that said it was to be a great spring for mackerel? Here's a crew o' men been growin' periwinkles on their after ends for a fortnit now from sittin' around deck doin' nawthin'. And there's the grub bill and all the other vessel expenses mountin' up, not to speak of the interest on the money I got invested in the Cynthy."

Josh is too wise an old sea gull generally to be prying into the shore affairs of any of his crew, but this seeing no sign of fish after two weeks out has put him in a mood to be lookin' around and seeing if there ain't something out of the way to serve him for an excuse for a growl or two.

There's nothing going on around deck to argue about, so he drops into the galley for a mug o' coffee, which he does about every time he happens to think of it when the vessel is out to sea. He peeks out from the galley and sights Sam and Hector in the fo'c'sle. They're playing solitaire at the fo'c'sle table alongside each other almost, but with neither of them letting on he knows the other is aboard the same vessel.

"Jud," says Josh, "you're a great one for readin' mystery stories. You got any suspicion yet to the mystery of Hector and Sam?"

To that I say: "I've got a suspicion, but not a solution."

"What's the difference atween 'em?" says Josh.

I explain that the difference is twenty or thirty chapters. You get the suspicion in the first chapter and the solution in the last chapter.

Josh ponders on that, had another peek into the fo'c'sle, and then: "It ain't nachral, Jud. There's them two that used to be as close as the two shells to a clam. An' look at 'em now, sittin' there like they'd just had their tonsils out and is forbid by their doctors to do any talkin'." He meditates over what's left of his coffee, looks gloomily out at Hector and Sam. All at once he brightens up, and says: "I got it, Jud, I got it! D'y' know what I'm callatin' to do tonight?"

I wait for him to go on.

"We ain't been owlin', yet, Jud, but when the moon sets tonight, Jud, an' it turns out to be one o' them real dark nights, I'm goin' owlin'."

I pour him out another mug o' coffee. "And then what, Capt'n Josh?"

"Then I'm goin' to order Hector 'n' Sam into the dory, and let 'em be dorymates the same's they was halibutin' all

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winter. And the two of 'em in the dory while I'm to the masthead lookin' for mackerel that I ain't likely to sight—why, they'll have to talk to each other. And Hector'll mebbe tell Sammie what he's got agin him."

"They'll be in the dory three or four hours, you think?"

"They'll be there all night mebbe if we don't strike fish. And the two of them by theirselves in a little dory. The pair of them sitting there through all those long hours, through—what was it I read one time? Oh, yes, through the silent and solemn watches of the night. It won't be nachral for them not to get talking to each other, and Hector'll tell Sammie what he's got agin him and I'll get it out o' Sammie or Hector when they come back aboard the vessel. What you think o' that, Jud?"

"It'll be a strain on two men like Sam and Hector."

"Mebbe. But I never did like mysteries aboard a vessel o' mine."

Maybe I ought to explain how a vessel goes owling for mackerel. Mackerel like to go swimmin' along in schools just under the surface of the sea. Daytimes you can trail a school of mackerel by the ripples they make on the sea. Night times there's no seein' any ripples, but if it's the right kind of a dark night—a night when the sea is firing—on a night like that a school o' mackerel leaves a trail of white fire behind them.

THE moon goes down and it comes a black night and Josh orders the crew to get into oilskins and man the seine boat and dory. "You and Sammie, Hector, take the dory," says Josh.

Hector and Sam look at him, and then sort of sideways at each other, but Josh don't let on he's noticing them, and they get into the dory, and when the seine boat drops astern of the vessel they drop the dory astern of the seine boat.

The seine boat is hanging on to the vessel by a long painter, and the dory is hanging on to the seine boat by its painter, which ain't long at all.

Part of a cook's job aboard a seiner is to come on deck and take the wheel when the seine boat and dory leave the vessel. Josh goes to the foremasthead to act as lookout, and direct the seine boat and dory when he sights a school o' fish. He's no sooner aloft than he hollers down to put the vessel by the wind.

I haul the vessel sharp up to the wind.

"Not so close-hauled, not too close," *Josh hollers down.* "Give her a pint o' free sheet so she'll be footin' it lively through the water."

I ease her off a point, and the Cynthia moves along in the way she knows how when she's given her head and any wind at all. The sea is smooth enough then, but there's a promise of the breeze soon freshening. Afore long, the Cynthia is rolling her lee scuppers under, and passing a tumbling wake of white fire astern. When I take time to look back there's the seine boat bouncing around pretty lively like a black shadow in the white fire. The dory is too far astern of the seine boat for me to see even the shadow of her, but when the big seine boat is bouncing around lively I know the dory is bouncing around more lively still.

With the wind making, the sea begins to grow lumpy. It grows more and more lumpy. The seine boat is leaping high and low astern, but it's the dory astern of her that's really catching it; but that tough old gull at the foremasthead ain't minding what's happening to the dory. When a fish killer is on fish all he thinks of is to get the fish. And old Josh is a killer, and now he's on fish.

Pods of mackerel—little schools—are breaking the sea into patches of white fire all around, and I holler up to Josh, more to keep myself company than meaning to try to tell him anything.

"See the pods o' mackerel abeam of us, Capt'n Josh?" I holler.

"I ain't gone blind—not yet," hollers back Josh. "Acourse I see 'em, but there's great splashes o' fire well up to wind'ard. Seine-bustin' schools o' fish they look to be, something to make it wuth while wettin' our twine after a fortnit of waitin'."

The Cynthia by this time is driving to her rail and taking plenty of water aboard. From the seine boat comes a hail from big John Houghton, who's the seine heaver of the crew. "Hi, Jud!" hails John. "Unless you want to see the seine boat swamped soon, you'd better hurry and give us more painter. And you better hail Josh—the dory is ketching hell astern of us."

I pay out all the seine-boat painter there is, and I sing out to Josh about *the dory. Josh hollering down the wind* can easy make me hear him, but me having to holler against the wind to him high up at the foremasthead—Josh don't hear me. Or if he hears me he don't let on. There's no doing much with a killer like Josh when he's on fish.

After a while, John Houghton hails me again from the seine boat: "Didn't you hear me afore, Jud? The dory is ketchin' hell, I said. She's like to be hauled bow under and Sam and Hector washed clear and lost. Pass the word to Josh."

"I can't make him hear me," I holler back. "Or maybe he's thinking it'll be a good thing to let Sam and Hector worry some in that dory. Why don't you cast the dory painter loose?"

"I hollered I was going to do that, and they both hollered no, no. Josh'll have *to order it.*"

"Cast the dory loose anyway. I'll answer to Josh. Even Josh will admit that a seine-busting school of mackerel won't offset the loss of Sam and Hector."

"We'll be gettin' no mackerel this night," hollers back John. "The sea is gettin' too rough for them to show. I'll cast the dory clear."

AND now maybe I ought to tell what happened to the dory when John cast the dory clear of the seine boat.

Sam and Hector see the seine boat and the vessel pass into the dark night and out of sight. Sam, who's in the bow of the dory, hauls in the painter and coils it inboard. Hector is already to the oars. Without a word passing between them, Sam takes to his oars and they start rowing after the vessel, which they *can't see but which has to be somewhere* ahead.

Every once in a while one of them, first one and then the other, drops his oars and with no word out of him takes to bailing out the dory. One time both of them have to turn to at the bailing, and while they're at that an unlucky sea rides down out of the dark night and catches the dory broad on before one of them can grab an oar and put the dory head to sea.

The dory is capsized. Sam and Hector grab the lee gunwale when they feel the dory going, and when the sea passes on over them they climb onto the flat bottom of the dory and stretch themselves out.

Hanging onto the flat bottom of a dory with seas breaking across it ain't any piazza-chair job. After maybe ten minutes of it, Sam lifts his head and like he's talking to himself he says, "What a couple o' damn' fools we are"—meaning that if they were talking to each other they'd been keeping a better lookout for bad seas, and the dory wouldn't have capsized maybe.

Hector was always more stubborn than Sam. He's more stubborn now, and he don't let on he hears Sam. And he don't let on he hears when Sam speaks up again, this time to say: "There's a plug strap there."

In case you don't know, there's a wooden plug in the bottom of every Gloucester dory for draining the dory when it's hoisted aboard the vessel. The strap is a loop of leather that's made fast to the plug, and it's for a man to hang on to when his dory is capsized.

NOW all this time there's the plug strap, and neither of 'em reaching for it.

The reason, of course, neither of 'em is reaching for it is that one man can hook his forearm through the loop of the plug strap and hang on fine, but not two men. And no matter what's come between Sam and Hector, they're still dory mates, and you know what dory mates—good dory mates—are to each other when the going gets rough.

By and by, Sam, who's got nothing against Hector and is growing weary of trying not to be washed off the bottom of the dory, says: "Where's the sense *in letting that plug strap go to waste?* Why don't you take hold of it?"

Hector says: "Take hold yourself."

Sam says then: "Not me. Not yet, anyway. I'm thinking of a number. Is it odd or even? You guess it, and you take the plug strap. You don't guess it and I take it."

"I'll think of a number," says Hector. "Is it odd or even, you?"

"I said it first," says Sam.

"The hell with who said it first," says Hector. "I'm sayin' it now. Odd or even?"

"You always was obstinate!" says Sam. "Odd!"

"It's even," says Hector. "Take the plug strap."

"You cheated!" says Sam. "I'll bet you cheated, and I'll leave it to you to say."

"I said it was even. Take the plug *strap," says Hector.*

"I'll take it," says Sam, "but only for a short watch, mind. We'll shift watches ev'ry half-hour."

By and by Sam says: "Take it, you, now!" And Hector says: "I'm taking no favors from you. It's no half-hour yet."

"Whoever's standin' a watch aboard a vessel always calls the new watch," says Sam. "Take the plug strap."

"I'll take it," says Hector, "but I'm measurin' the time for my watch too, remember."

They took turns at the plug strap in maybe ten-minute watches. That goes *on for two or three hours with neither of* them saying another word except: "Here—your watch!"

The wind goes down, and having the plug strap to hang on to for a change eases the strain a lot, but it's still a rough sea and they're both growin' weary of hugging the bottom of the dory to every sea that rolls over them. By and by from Sam comes: "I don't like to think of bein' lost and not know afore I go what you got against me."

Hector says: "You're still pretendin' you don't know?"

"I'm pretendin' nothin'. I ain't one of the pretendin' kind. Will you tell me what the hell it is you got against me while I'm still atop of water and able to

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Q: What is a Modified 3 Policy?

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Q: How are the premiums "modified"?

A: The premium for the first three years is set 15% lower than the premium for later years.

Q: What is the advantage of lowering the premiums for the first three years?

A: The reduced premium for the first three years means that the policyholder gets *low-cost protection right from the start.* After three years, when the premium increases, whatever dividends are credited to the policy *may* be used to offset the increase. Thus the net cost remains at all times as low as possible consistent with safety.

Q: What makes the Modified 3 a "whole-life" policy?

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Q: If at any time it is impossible to pay premiums, does the insurance cease?

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Q: Does the Modified 3 Policy have a cash value?

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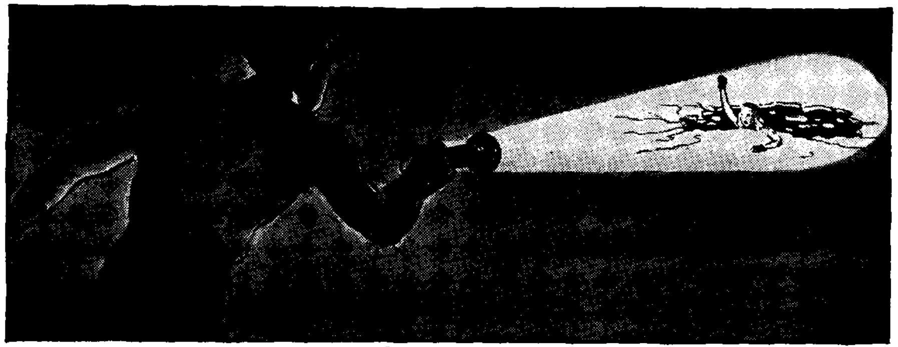

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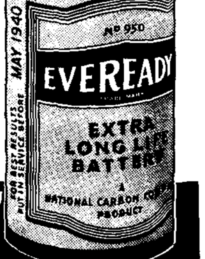
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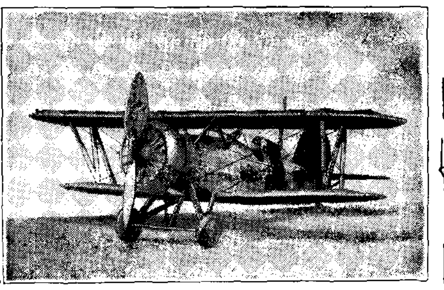


understand what you're talkin' about?"

"I'll tell you," says Hector. "I'll tell you. The last time ashore you were passing my house. My wife Sarah was in the front yard planting some kind of a bush somebody give her. While passing the house you said to whoever you was with: 'There's maybe some who think she's handsome, but I call her the homeliest thing I've seen in a long time.' "

"I said that?"

"You said that. And here—take the plug strap."

"Wait. I said? I said? Oh-h! Oh-h! I remember now."

"Oh-h! Oh-h! So you remember now?"

"I remember it, sure. And Sarah was listening to me say it? She must've been bent down over that rosebush."

"S'posin' she was. You said it. And why did you say it? Sarah never harmed you."

"I didn't see Sarah when I said it. I didn't know she was there. Jeepers, Hector, I had no more notion of referrin' to Sarah than—than—"

"No? Then who was you referrin' to?"

"I'll tell you. There was a fat woman in an auto a couple o' houses up the street from your house. She's one of those tourists, and she's sitting in the auto with a dog. It was one of them fluffy little dogs with a nose as flat as a suspender button, and a face that's wrinkled up like a prune afore Jud puts a dish of 'em to soak overnight in the galley. There's another woman standin' on the sidewalk alongside the auto. And the other woman says what's the name of the dog, and the one in the auto says: 'Her name is Fee-fee. A pretty name for her, don't you think? And isn't she the loveliest thing!'

"Now I'm comin' by your house, Hector, and still thinkin' of the dog. When I say what I said. And about Sarah, Hector—ev'rybody knows she's a handsome woman, and a good wife to you. There's women who tell me they think she's a bit bossy maybe, but for me—if I was a marryin' man it'd be somebody like Sarah I'd marry. If one like her would have me acourse. And Jud Harmon was with me at the time, Hector. When we get back aboard the vessel—if we get back—you ask Jud about it."

Hector don't say anything for quite a while and then it's: "Maybe Sarah spoke too quick, Sam. It'll be hard luck if we're lost and she never gets the truth of it!"

"It'll be hard luck bein' lost whether Sarah gets the truth or not," says Sam. "And I'll take the plug strap now." He's beginning to feel a bit sore because Hector was so quick to believe he'd disparage his wife Sarah.

AND now to come back aboard the vessel: As John Houghton said, mackerel don't show in a rough sea, but Josh, *the hopeful one, has an idea that* the sea will moderate under the lee of the land—we're off Block Island at the time and the wind is off the land. But it don't moderate inshore, and even Josh sees it's no use, and comes from aloft saying what a promisin' night for owling it started out to be and look at it now!

"Mebbe I shoulda stayed halibutin'. Heave the Cynthy to, Jud, and let the seine boat and dory be histed aboard."

It's only then he learns the dory ain't there to be hoisted aboard.

Josh is plenty worried about Hector and Sam in the dory, and he hurries to start tacking the vessel back and forth across the way she come that night. He's a good one to keep run of a vessel's course, but there's no seeing a capsized dory till you're fair atop of it on a dark night, so it's daylight when we pick them up.

They're two weary-looking men when they step over the rail. "You all right, Hector?" says Josh.

"I'm all right," says Hector. "And Sam's all right too."

"Did you hear that?" whispers Josh. "They're speakin' to each other."

Hector and Sam drop below and step into the galley for a mug-up. "So you two had to go and get almost lost to get things straightened out between you?" I say to them.

"That's right. And what'd y' s'pose it was all about?" says Hector.

"Would it be what Sam said about that funny-looking little dog, and your wife Sarah thinking he meant her?" I said.

"What!" says Hector. "You guessed it all the time, Jud?"

"Sure. I ain't been readin' mystery stories for nothing."

"Maybe I ought to take to readin' mystery stories," says Hector. "But look here, Jud, you won't never tell the crew what come between me and Sam, will you? I'm too ashamed."

I say of course not, and then ask him how about him letting old Josh get it out of him, and then him broadcasting it like he's a radio station.

Hector looks worried, and Sam says: "Leave Josh to me, Hector. I'll fend him off. And you go on now, boy, and change into dry clothes."

HECTOR is in the fo'c'sle getting out of his wet clothes when Josh comes below. He has a peek at Hector in the fo'c'sle and then at Sam, who's still having a mug-up in the galley. He moves in on Sam.

"So, it's smooth sailin' now with you 'n' Hector, Sammie?" says Josh.

"Yes, Capt'n Josh, smooth sailin' and a fair wind again."

"That's fine. But you 'n' Hector, Sammie, musta found the goin' tough on the bottom o' the dory."

"It wasn't like goin' *yachtin'* same's you promised before we put to sea," says Sam.

"Now, Sammie, I didn't promise nawthin'. I only hinted. You 'n' Hector must've exchanged some serious conversation afore you was picked up, Sammie."

"Was you and a dory mate ever on the bottom of a dory with heavy seas breakin' over, Capt'n Josh?" says Sam.

"I was oncet."

"Acourse. And how much gossipin' did you an' your dory mate do, Capt'n Josh?"

"Mm-m: It was a long time ago to be rememberin'. But mebbe we didn't do much gossipin'. But what about you 'n' Hector—did you two any time expect you'd be lost afore you was picked up?"

"I dunno about Hector, Capt'n Josh, but I was wonderin' about it one time."

"Ah!" Josh looks at me like he's saying here's the solution of the mystery, Jud. "And just what was you thinkin' then, Sammie?"

"I'll tell you, Capt'n Josh. We'd been halibutin' all winter and it was a rough winter."

"You're dang right it was a rough winter, Sammie. And then?"

"And it was springtime, Capt'n Josh."

"Yes, yes, springtime acourse. Then what, Sammie?"

"Why, along about then, Capt'n Josh, I was thinkin' it was tough luck to go *fishin' all winter and be lost in the* spring."

I pass Josh a mug of coffee till he's on an even keel again. He gulps down the coffee and heads for the deck ladder. At the foot of the ladder he stops and says: "Mebbe I oughta put the Cynthy back to fresh halibutin'. When a man's lost fresh halibutin' on the offshore banks, he ain't worryin' about bein' lost in the wrong season."

I Promise You Laughter

Continued from page 16

fall. "The boy is a first-rate juggler, Heinie," he said. "Will you give him a trial?"

And Heindrich Schilling's letter came on the darkest day—the morning before Ingabord was to return to the convent.

THEY didn't wait until after *Abendbrot* with this second miracle. They presented a solid front to Ludwig, in the workshop, five minutes after the morning post. Ludwig glanced up to find them standing shoulder to shoulder—Johann and Ingabord and Benno—their young faces stern with determination.

"Sir," Johann said, "I am a better juggler than a violin maker. Much better. Peter Ehlert agrees with me."

"He has an offer, Grandfather, to appear in a music hall, in Munich!" Ingabord said, and met Ludwig's eyes.

"We think it's the thing to do!" cried Benno. "Three heads are better than one."

They were braced for a storm.

"So?" said Ludwig, pushing aside his work. "I am to faint with surprise again?" He tapped Johann's chest with his forefinger. "Would Peter Ehlert go so far without consulting me?" He held out his arms to them. "Only an idiot could fail to see that you are stage-struck, Johann. Or to see that you are a better juggler than a violin maker. And a man must do what he's best fitted for, when he can." Enjoying their bewilderment, he concluded: "We shall go to Munich—all of us. It shall be a test. We shall know if our stage-struck Johann can impress the city people."

CITY people! There were millions of them, and streets more crowded than any they'd seen before, with banners everywhere, and bands playing, and crowds of uniformed men. It was the *Oktoberfest,* but nothing in Vrieling, or Mittenwald, or even Alpspitz had ever been like that. The Marien-Platz was thronged, so overrun with soldiers and tourists, and upcountry peasants in their green shorts and tapestry jackets, that the cab could not get through.

"It is because of the parade," the driver explained, as Ludwig paid him. "Two squares to the right, and one to the left. A little hotel, very reasonable." They jostled through the people. They were bewildered; even Johann was ill at ease.

"This is a special season," he said, fingering his tight, stiff collar. "Herr Schilling, perhaps, didn't realize it would be the *Oktoberfest*. He will wish me to postpone my appearance, perhaps." And he said, while Ludwig was arranging for their rooms: "I've never appeared in so large a city as Munich. I don't know how good I'll be in a large city."

Ingabord was frightened too; but she said, stoutly: "People are people, Johann—whether they live in Munich or Vrieling. They will admire you."

"It is to be hoped," Johann said devoutly.

Ludwig, too, was anxious. He unclasped his worn leather wallet and fumbled with his fingers deep inside it.

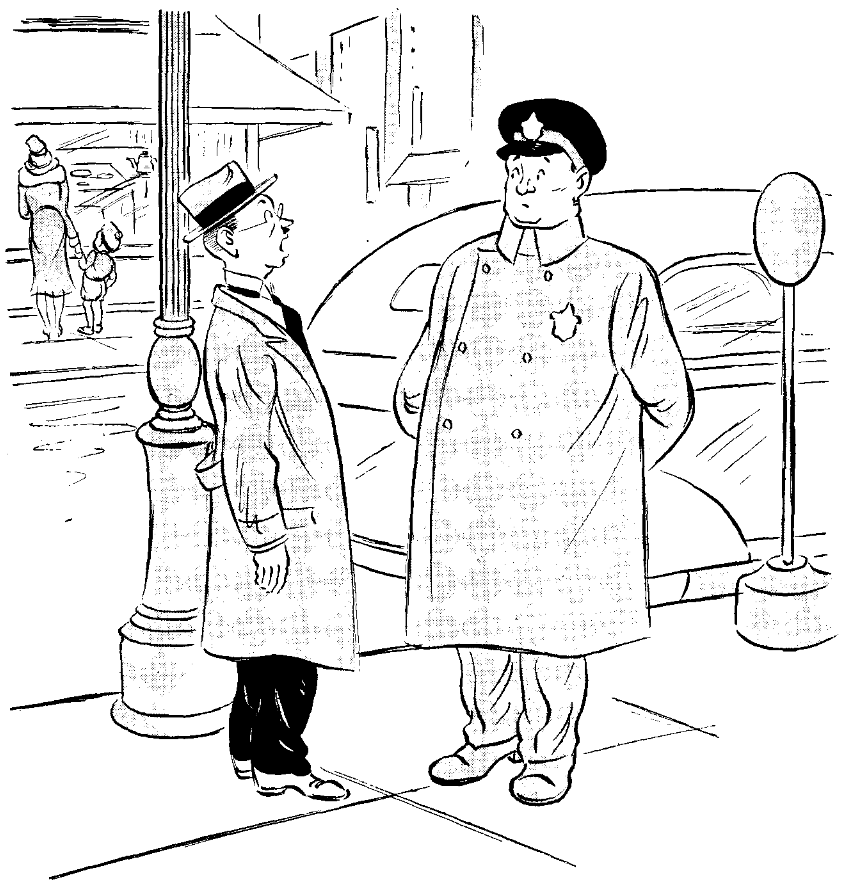
"Johann, you'd best get other clothes," he said. "You must look like a city boy. You must be easy and confident."

BUT when Johann came back to the hotel from his call on Herr Heindrich Schilling there were beads of perspiration on his upper lip, like a crystal mustache, and even his double-breasted blue serge suit had failed to lift his spirits.

"That's a big music hall," he said, grimly. "Seats two thousand people. It is sold out."

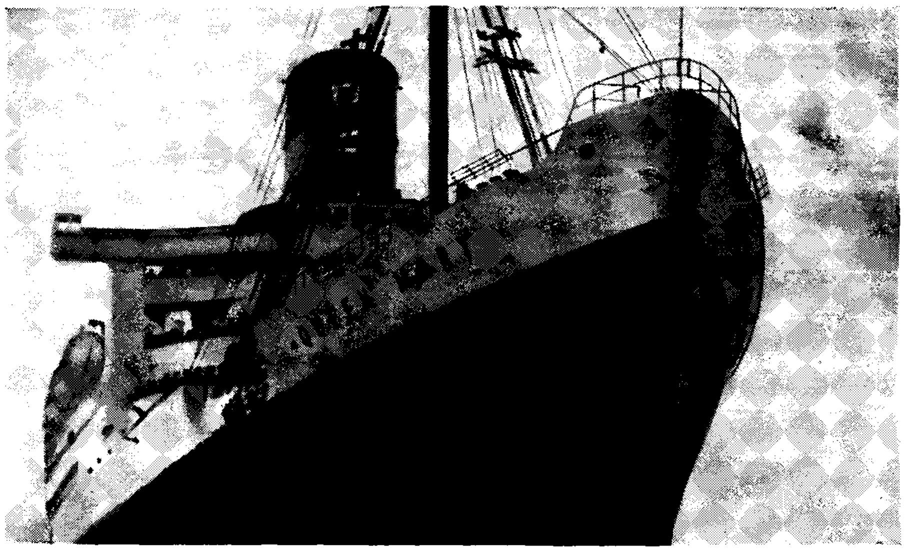
He paced up and down in the narrow room, and his nervousness was communicated to all three; they mopped their brows.

"At eight-forty-five I open the show!" Johann said, as if he were saying: "At eight-forty-five I am to be shot." "I



"I've been waiting here half an hour for my wife. Would you be so kind as to tell me to move on?"

BEN ROTH



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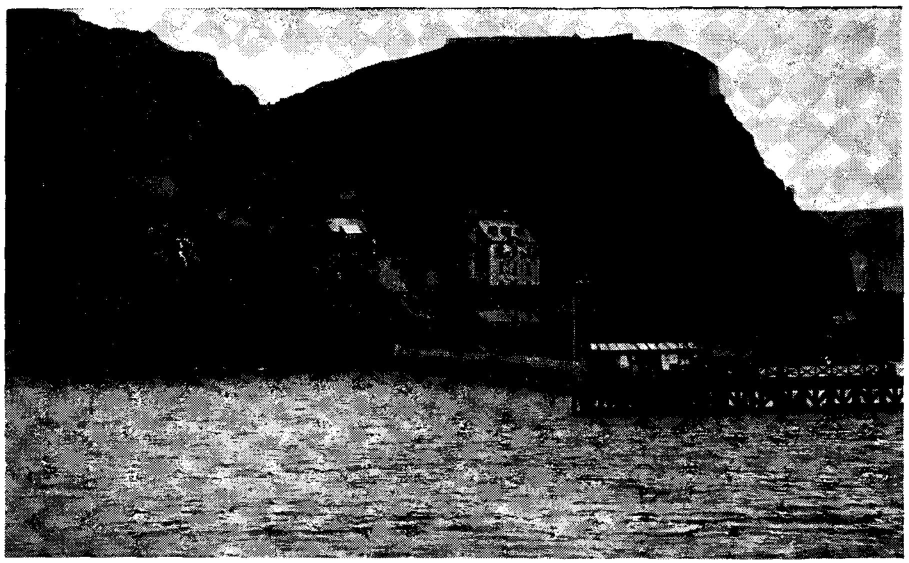

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juggled well for Herr Schilling. I didn't fumble. I juggled as well as I ever do."

"Then he thought you were wonderful!" maintained Ingabord. "Or he would have postponed you!"

But Herr Schilling had not thought Johann wonderful. He had thought him competent. "You'll do," he had said. "We are using many special acts tonight. Cut yours to seven minutes." And he had studied Johann's new suit. "Don't appear in that," he'd ordered sharply. "Wear a costume." And that was the end of the interview.

"My nervousness," said Johann, "my nervousness, it's nothing to worry about, Ingabord. It is merely a panic that actors have, and musicians. I will be splendid. You'll see."

"Perhaps we'd best go for a walk," suggested Ingabord, "to keep calm."

But they couldn't forget the impending performance even in the crowded streets. Not even when the people said that down at the Marien-Platz the great parade was forming. A triumphant parade, they said—thousands of men would be marching in a little while. It would be a spectacle.

"I like the hills best," confessed Ludwig. "I like it quiet."

"A nice little carnival like the one in Vrieling," Johann agreed, "that's where you can do your best. It's more intimate. Everyone knows everyone else."

"If you would do your imitations here," said Ingabord, grasping at a straw, "the people would laugh just the same perhaps."

"I'm not so sure," Johann decided.

And they mopped their brows, and waited for the parade.

It was tremendous. It was beyond anything they had ever seen. Down the wide avenues the bands came, with colors waving bravely in advance, and the steady tramp of thousands of marching feet was a low rumble in the sudden quiet: only the roll of the drums and the steady beat of marching feet. It was difficult to breathe, it was so tremendous.

The pallor left Johann's face. He put away his handkerchief and sat suddenly forward.

"Ingabord!" he cried. "I've thought of a way to distinguish myself. Tonight I need not be merely a juggler! Tonight, I will be a comedian, also. Look!"

A huge man on a white horse, a barrel of a man, in a white uniform, dazzling with medals, with a wide, gold sash against his enormous chest, with a sword at his side—a warlike general, was riding by, at the head of the marching soldiers. All about them, in the stands, people were muttering his name.

"Do you see?" said Johann. "He is as well known here, no doubt, as Mayor Frick is, in Vrieling."

"Oh, Johann!" breathed Ingabord. "Now you do believe me, don't you? People laugh at the same things everywhere—now you are confident again, are you not, my Johann?"

But Johann's attention was upon the magnificent warlike figure, riding at the head of the parade.

THE lights, at last, went down; the footlights at last colored the fringe of the curtain; the overture ended, at last, and the theater was still.

Then there was gay music and the curtain rose.

When Johann marched out, a diminutive caricature in his white uniform, hung everywhere with medals, padded to barrel-size, the six knives in sheaths about his waist, there was a gasp, which was followed by curious, choking laughter, which was strange, and disturbing. Here and there people rose nervously to their feet. But Johann scowled magnificently, drew out his knives and tossed them—higher than usual—his hands working in a smooth, revolving movement, and the laughter changed.

A heart-warming roar swept up and across the theater; it all but rocked the chandeliers. It grew until it was hysterical laughter, and people held their sides. But there was, throughout, beneath the waves of sound, a strange undercurrent of chatter; an uneasiness that spread from row to row and brought silences.

Yet the silences were followed by more laughter, mounting until, before he was through—before the knives had fallen in a circle about Johann's feet—the curtain came abruptly down and it died, and there was a busy rustling throughout the theater, and a shuffling of feet.

The lights came up, went down, the footlights glowed again, and another act was on.

THEY waited for Johann at the stage door. When he didn't appear they asked for him, inside. And when they found his dressing room deserted, his new blue serge suit still on its hanger, they hurried to Herr Heindrich Schilling's office. He would not see them. He sent word they were to wait for Johann at their hotel.

Appointment in India

By Lawrence G. Blochman

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NEXT WEEK IN COLLIER'S

"He has been detained for questioning," the assistant said.

And when they waited at the hotel, and he didn't come—that night, or the next day—Ludwig visited all the police stations in search of him. No one knew what had become of Johann Patz. Then Heindrich Schilling's office phoned. They were to go home, to Vrieling. They were to wait for Johann there.

They waited.

Johann did not return.

He had said, "I promise you laughter," and sometimes when Ingabord walked out along the trail in the moonlight she would imagine the blue immensity of the night sky was the dark cyclorama in the theater, and ghostly laughter roared from the canyons when the wind blew. Then she was afraid of madness. Wind sounds from the snow-capped ranges were all echoes of laughter. Laughter was in the song of birds in the spring morning. Laughter was in every sound for Ingabord. That is what Ludwig told Peter when he stopped at the cottage that last time.

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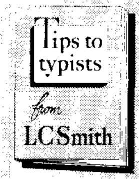

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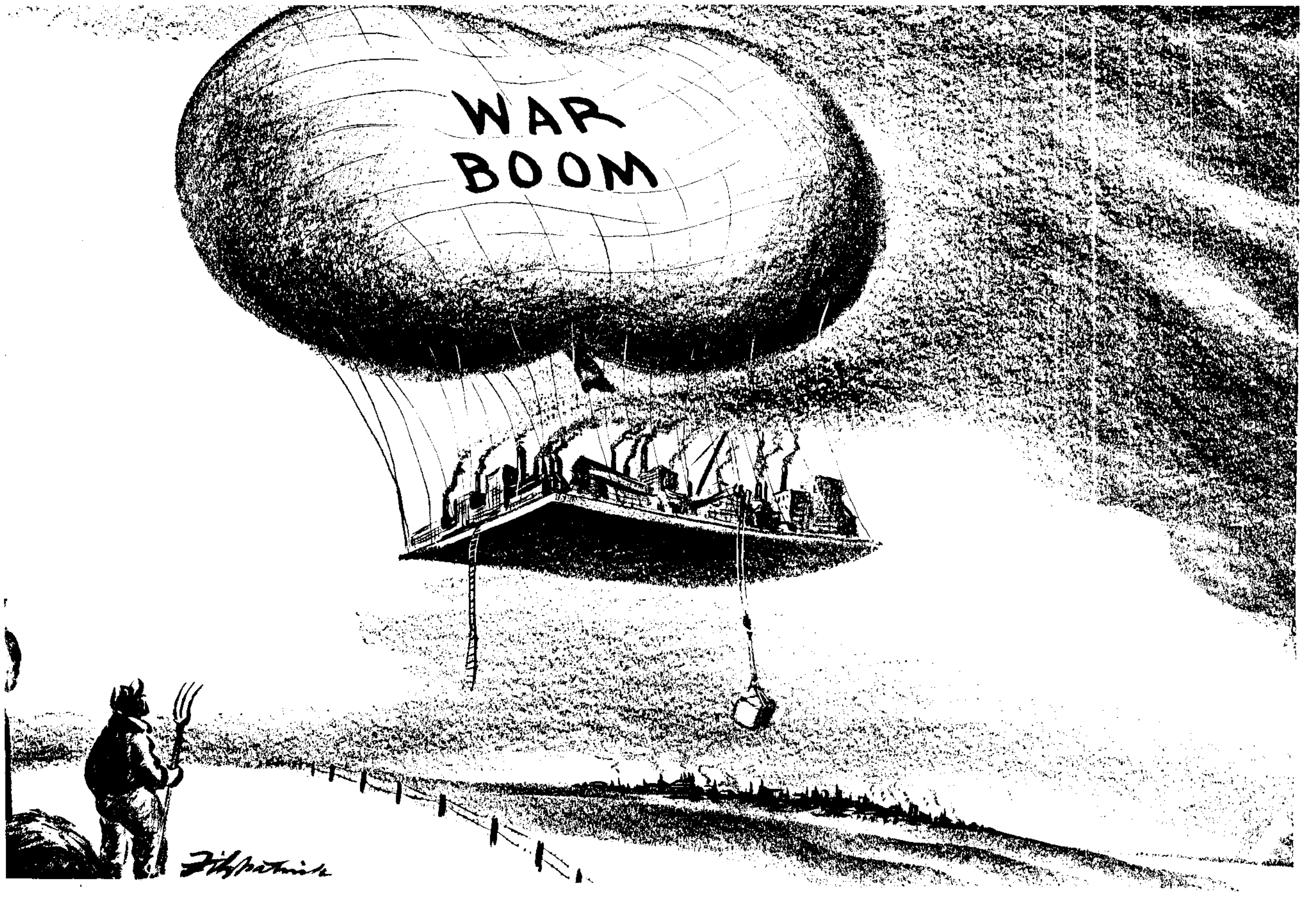


Collier's
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

The War Boom Shapes Up

IT SEEMS we're to have a war boom after all, if the European suicide pact continues in force for a while, as at this writing seems likely.

So it would seem to be common sense for us (1) to deplore the war boom, on the ground that nobody is likely to get any permanent good out of this war; but (2) to inform ourselves as to the boom's probable form, so as to be able to head off such of its evil effects as we may.

It promises in general to be an industrial boom in various special fields, with the farmers more or less out in the cold.

Airplane parts and engines as well as assembled planes, machine tools for Europe's war-geared factories, automobiles and trucks, tires, electrical appliances, medical and surgical supplies—these are a few of the things that ought to pour across the Atlantic in ever larger streams if the war lasts another year or longer.

The effect of the war on farm products, on the other hand, was indicated when the British switched their tobacco purchases a while ago from the United States market to the Turkish. The Allies, who will furnish our entire war boom until and unless the Germans can crack the British blockade, are buying farm products in their own colonial markets, or from hoped-for additional allies, and will come to our farmers only as a last resort.

So it looks as if we'd better be liberal with farm relief, taking some of the money out of industries profiting from war orders.

After the war, of course, the boom will collapse—unless history on this point fails to repeat for the first time in history. Can we do anything to soften the crash? We didn't last time; and we're still scratching pieces of brick, glass and steel out of the national hide.

Apparently, the wisest thing industrialists and workers alike can do throughout this war boom is to bear down constantly on the thought that it can't last forever. We'd better go easy on costly plant expansions, big stock or bond flotations and the laying in of silk shirts. Thus we should suffer somewhat less from the coming postwar collapse than from the last one.

To hold fast to this policy of caution in the face of mounting temptations to expand and spend and lend indiscriminately will require a lot of will power and won't power on the part of most of us. But if we don't remain cautious and cagey for the duration, we can look for some very serious consequences.

Youth on Its Own

AS ENCOURAGING an American youth story as we've seen in some time concerns the East Side Job Council, of New York City.

It's an organization of recent high-school graduates who got together a few months ago for the purpose of pooling their efforts to get jobs for themselves. No waiting for government to hand them jobs, or for the social system to merge magically into a Utopia where everybody would have a job. Just go out and buttonhole employers, list available jobs and pass the information around among the members.

The last time we heard, the Council had 150 members, $32 in the treasury, and a list of 200 employers who had promised to do what hiring they could through the Council.

Every member must take an active part in the organized job hunt, or forfeit seniority and other rights. Finding that some 50 members lacked the special skills for jobs found to be waiting for somebody, the Council arranged with the WPA Adult Education unit for courses in various practical subjects. It has also retained a psychologist to analyze each member for job aptitudes and potentialities.

The whole plan of the East Side Job Council sounds fine to us.

We realize the difficulty of finding jobs nowadays. We admit freely that we're just steam-heated editors discoursing from comfortable fur-lined armchairs, or whatever the latest radical-intellectual cutting phrase on this point may be. Nevertheless, we'll recommend the example of the East Side Job Council to all our younger clients who are worrried about the best way to connect with a pay roll. We think it's still true that heaven is more inclined to help those who help themselves than it is to help anybody else.

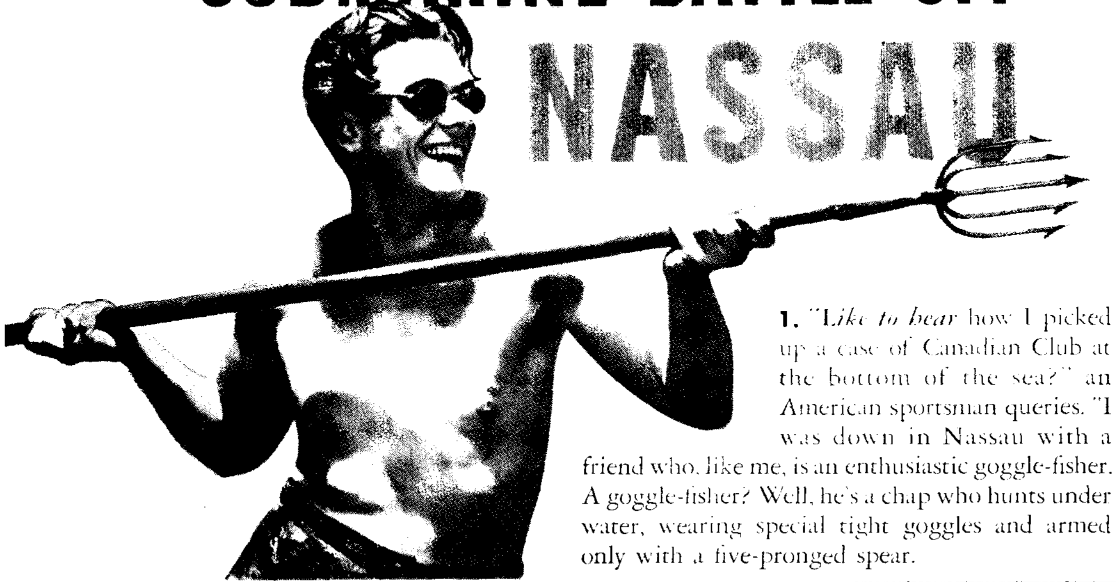
Confucius was Right

WE RAN across this saying of Confucius the other day (and this is a genuine Confucius-say, not one of the collection of phonies now going around): "Life is really simple, but men insist on making it complicated."

In our tanglefooted and cross-purposed world of today, isn't this quiet word from across the ages (Confucius lived 551-478 B. C.) worth almost anybody's pondering for a few moments now and then?

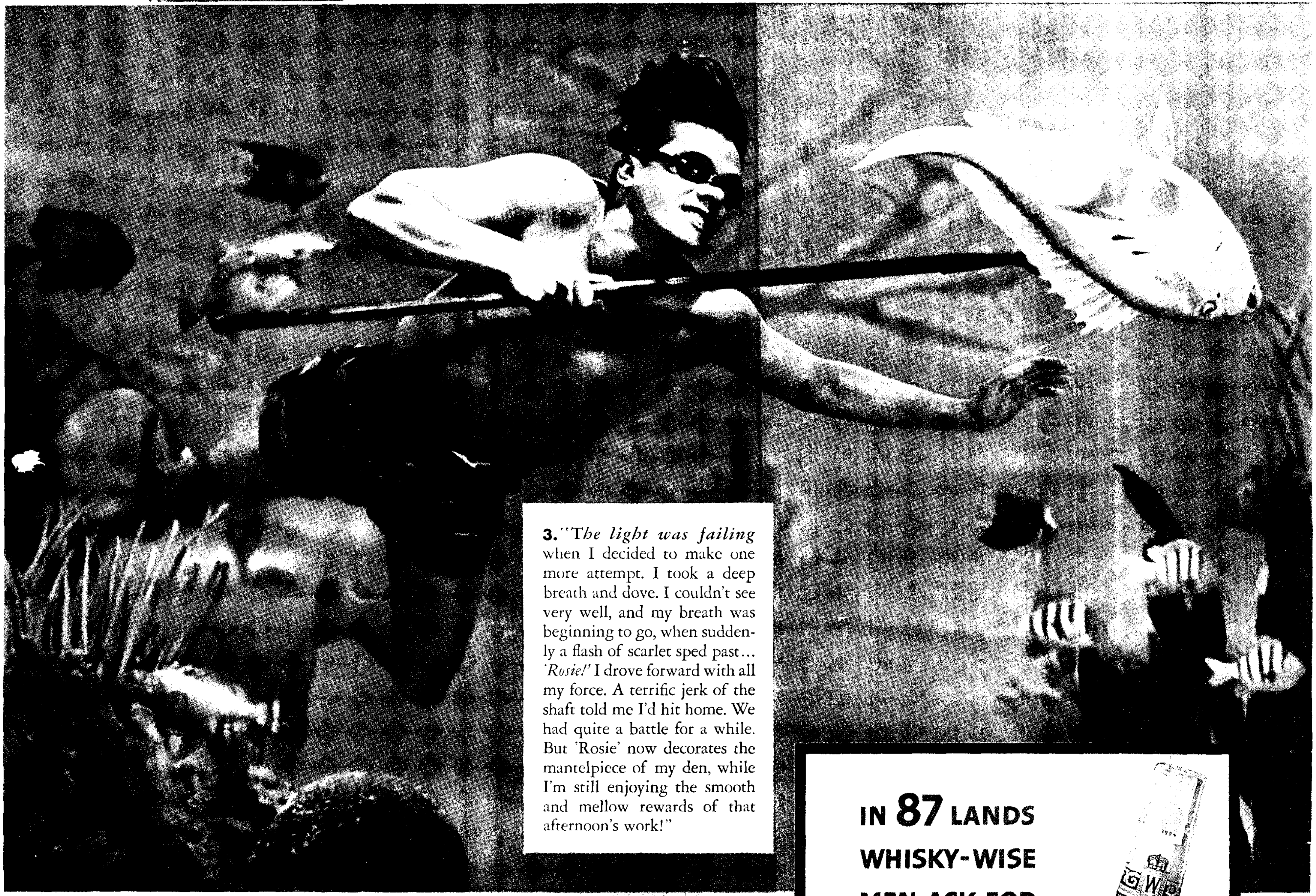
Business or professional men tormented by suspicion of their associates or hatred of their competitors . . . idealists despairing of the human race because it is so human . . . married couples expecting impossibly much of each other (or not enough) . . . parents worried sick because they can't live their children's lives for them . . . young people perplexed by the world unfolding ahead of them . . . anybody who has let life turn himself too much in upon himself—to all these, we'd like to pass along this diamond that was cut and polished by the great sage of China some 2,400 years ago. It looks to us like a blue brilliant of at least 60 carats: "Life is really simple, but men insist on making it complicated."

SUBMARINE BATTLE OFF NASSAU



1. "*Like to hear* how I picked up a case of Canadian Club at the bottom of the sea?" an American sportsman queries. "I was down in Nassau with a friend who, like me, is an enthusiastic goggle-fisher. A goggle-fisher? Well, he's a chap who hunts under water, wearing special tight goggles and armed only with a five-pronged spear.

2. "*For almost a week* we'd both been trying [illegible] Every day 'Rosie' eluded us. Our last day, we [illegible] us gaffed 'Rosie,' the other would pay off with [illegible] Canadian Club. But late that afternoon, there had been no sign of 'Rosie.'



3. "*The light was failing* when I decided to make one more attempt. I took a deep breath and dove. I couldn't see very well, and my breath was beginning to go, when suddenly a flash of scarlet sped past... *'Rosie!'* I drove forward with all my force. A terrific jerk of the shaft told me I'd hit home. We had quite a battle for a while. But 'Rosie' now decorates the mantelpiece of my den, while I'm still enjoying the smooth and mellow rewards of that afternoon's work!"

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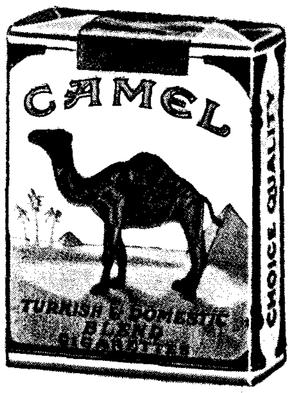

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